



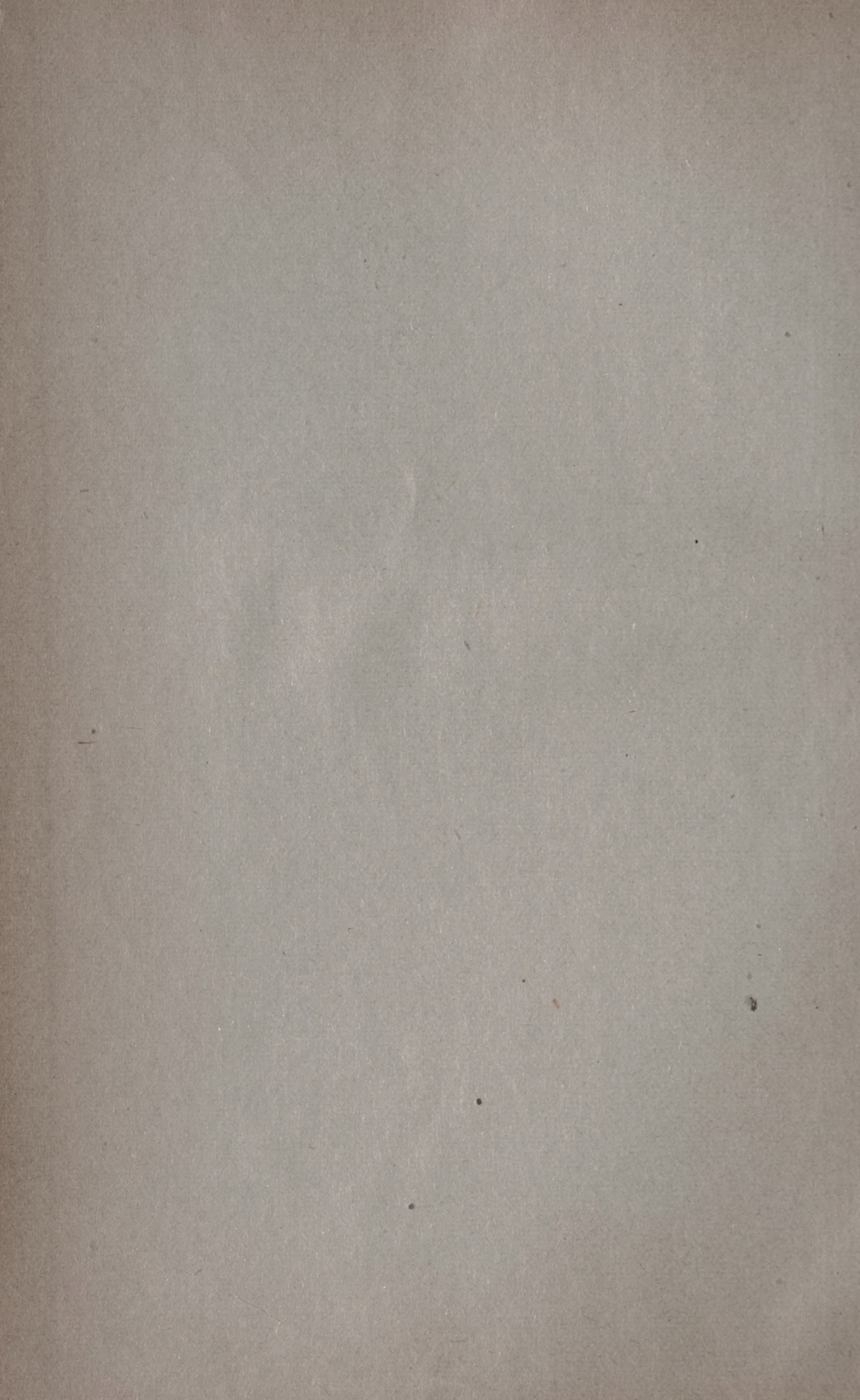
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OUT FROM UNDER CAESAR'S FROWN;

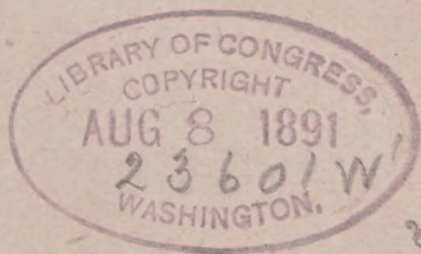
OR,

THE BELLE OF THE DISMAL.

amer
alter
BY REV. J. W. DANIEL, A.M.,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY REV. A. COKE SMITH, D.D.



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DEDICATION.

ON Thursday morning, December 26, 1889, the death angel entered my home for the first time, and carried to heaven the spirit of our darling little Lillian, aged one year, two months, and twelve days—a bright, beautiful child that attracted the attention of every one who came in contact with her. We buried her in Oak Ridge Cemetery, at Bennettsville, S. C. There her little body shall rest until the “resurrection of the just.” As the author penned the chapters composing this volume, Lillian was frequently at his chair, and he seemed to hear her sweet little prattling tongue as in by-gone days. There is no death: the veil secludes the spirits of our loved ones, but there is no separation. Hot, scalding tears have fallen while these pages were written; only to be driven away, however, by the precious promises of God’s word. The humble author has aimed to teach by these parabolic lessons the truth as it is in Jesus, and now he brings the bouquet gathered from lofty cliff, secluded vale, and broad plain, poorly arranged as these blooms of nature may be, and lays it reverently on Lillian’s grave.

Reader, if the lessons of this volume find a responsive chord in your bosom, and if it is ever your lot to stand by the little mound in Oak Ridge Cemetery, drop a flower there for our sakes.

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

"THE dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." This is true of physical darkness. Light is the best police regulation. The municipal authorities flood the dives and low places with the blaze of the electric light, and evils abate; opportunity is given for philanthropic work, and mental and moral elevation follow. This physical fact illustrates a truth in the higher realms: Ignorance is the fecund mother of a thousand evils more cruel than physical pains and tortures. The Son of man comes as the light of the world. The presence of his word and spirit dispels the darkness, and those who are evil must change their nature or flee away. Where ignorance is evils multiply. He who brings knowledge brings light, and light is life.

It is possible to be intellectually wrong and morally right, but the relation between mental and moral rectitude is closer than is often supposed. One may hold the truth in unrighteousness, but hardly hold righteousness in untruth. One can be saved with but little knowledge. To know one's self as a sinner and Christ as a Saviour is the only knowledge necessary to entrance into the Kingdom of God. But ignorance is a bar to faith as well as to progress. Light is needed. To spread the light is the duty of all Christians and philanthropists. As darkness breeds sin, sin in turn breeds deeper darkness.

Avarice will hoard, for mere love of holding, the means which would bring light, joy, and gladness to many a mind and heart. Such minds, left without light, fall an easy prey to appetite and lust, "and lust when it hath conceived bringeth forth death." Cruelty to the bodies of men calls for legal interference, but cruelty of a deeper and darker kind is practiced upon the immortal natures of our fellows, of our neighbors, and we enter no protest or at best lift up but a feeble voice. Is it not time there was an awakening to duty in this matter? Shall ministers of the word and teachers of the truth long for the flesh-pots of

Egypt when they can in the wilderness places witness displays of the divine presence and power, while with the rod of truth they call forth from the rocks the waters with which to slake the thirst of the famishing multitudes?

The times call for the spirit of heroism, and opportunities for its exercise are not wanting in our own land. Multitudes among us are dwelling under the "shadow of Cæsar," and under his rule are crucifying in themselves and in their locality all that is good and pure and true. Who will help such "out from under Cæsar's frown?"

A. C. S.

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OUT FROM UNDER CAESAR'S FROWN.

CHAPTER I.

CÆSAR'S HEAD AND THE DISMAL.

ABOUT thirty miles north-west of the city of Greenville, S. C., there may be seen a somewhat famed—locally at least—spur of the great Blue Ridge Mountains, familiarly known as “Cæsar’s Head.” Around the rugged sides of this atlas-shaped pillar of granite coils a well-graded stage road, and upon its bald cranium there has been erected a magnificent hotel, a very popular summer resort with the chivalrous sons and fair daughters of the old Palmetto State.

There is a beautiful legend connected with the discovery and christening of this statuesque mountain, which vindicates the classic title of this book, if in the estimation of the reader it should require such defense.

When the greatest of Roman generals, Julius Cæsar, was assassinated by Brutus and his coadjutants, it is said that the gods were displeased, and that they therefore erected, in a distant and undiscovered land, a superb monument, to commemorate forever the name of that illustrious chieftain. This wonderful piece of mythological statuary was placed in a foreign land as a curse upon the Romans, who had so ignominiously put to death Rome’s best friend and

the pre-eminent favorite of the gods among all the teeming millions of the habitable globe.

The instigator of so great a crime was also adjudged by the gods as meriting the extremest humiliation and punishment after death. Therefore a ghost appeared to Brutus, we are informed, on the night prior to the disastrous battle of Philippi, as he sat in his tent planning his military operations for the next day. The unwelcome visitor from the unseen land of spirits informed the old senator on that occasion of the penalty which the gods had determined to impose on him who had dyed his hands in Cæsar's blood. After his violent and untimely death, and the humiliation and defeat that would take place on the following day, his spirit was doomed to go to that distant land and guard the monument which the gods had reared to perpetuate the memory of the murdered emperor.

The term of this mortifying service, however, was not eternal in its duration; but the punishment for his nefarious and ungrateful crime was to continue till that monument should be discovered in after generations, and then the spirit of Brutus should be freed from its long vigils over this lonely mausoleum built by the gods to perpetuate the virtues of him who had served them so faithfully.

Century after century rolled into the ever-receding past, and at last a Spanish nobleman, descended from ancient Roman stock, Don Fernandez Cordoza by name, together with his escort of hardy and adventurous countrymen, landed upon the then unexplored coast of South Carolina, and was captured—he and his companions—by a noted chief (Orinoco, or Coiling

Snake), who at that almost prehistoric period, so far as America is concerned, was the great leader of what was then the famous tribe of Cara, or Cheraw, Indians, which inhabited all that fertile and beautiful tract of country lying between the Great Pedee and Cape Fear River.

This whole party of Spanish navigators were sacrificed, one after another, day by day, as they were taken farther and farther into the interior by the chief and his warriors—except Don Fernandez Cordoza, who was spared in order that his death might grace a somewhat more than ordinary occasion.

When the chief and his party reached the territory of the Catawbias, whence they had gone to meet that tribe in council, all due preparation was made for putting to death this last and most important prisoner. Their wigwams dotted a beautiful and well-shaded savanna, on that “broad, purling river that heads in the great blue ridge of mountains,” as Adair afterward described it, “and empties itself into Santee River, in Amelia Township,” now known by the name of the tribe that once inhabited that portion of the State—Catawba; but, as it was called in the Indian tongue, Eswa Tavora. Here Don Fernandez witnessed the ceremonies incident to his execution, which was to take place on the following day.

But Orinoco, or Coiling Snake, had a beautiful daughter—Winona, his first-born, as the name signifies. This beautiful princess had become greatly enamored with the tall and handsome Spaniard. Therefore on the night prior to the day set for his execution Winona succeeded in liberating the prisoner from the wigwam in which he was incarcerated, and together

they made good their escape, on a pair of King Orinoco's fleetest horses. They traveled a north-westerly course, through the territory of the Cherokees, and toward the great blue chain of mountains in the distance, which they determined to put between them and their pursuers. In this they succeeded, and spent, says tradition, their lives happily in the region beyond these great piles of earth and rock.

But when they, while fleeing from Orinoco, reached the summit of a great, high mountain, the legend says that a spirit seized the bridle reins, and their panting steeds were instantly stopped. Thus the mountain was discovered not only by a scion of the old Roman stock, but also by a lineal descendant of Sextus, the son of Pompey, who after his father's violent death in Egypt took up his residence in Spain. The spirit of Brutus was therefore released from its long vigils by the remote offspring, and that, too, removed by fifteen centuries, of one before whom the victim of his blood-stained hands (Julius Cæsar) had retreated from Dyrrhachium, but who, alas! reaped in turn the full measure of Cæsar's frowns on the bloody plains of Pharsalia, in that memorable battle of August 9, B.C. 48.

The term of punishment decreed by the gods having been thus consummated, the ghost of Brutus was liberated and fled away to its final abode. And now immortal Cæsar's monument, as built by the hands of these Roman deities, stands out beneath the blue Southern sky to remind the tourist not only of his world-wide fame as a leader of the vultures and dogs of war, but to impress us with the fact that from the hands of our enemies God frequently evolves for us,

through successive generations, the greatest good; and that his government, as demonstrated in all of his works, is positively redemptive in all of its multiplied features.

Notwithstanding this interesting legend, however, we must insist that Cæsar's Head was thus named on account of a fancied resemblance between its lofty summit, which is shaped very much like a profile of a human head and face, and the supposed facial expression of the conquering old Roman whose name it bears. It would require, perhaps, a lively imagination to trace any real likeness between our vague conception of the countenance of that grand old military hero and this piece of divine handiwork. But, while there may be no facial similitude between them, one is sure to think them alike in some respects, as he gazes upon the frowning mass of rock which forms the face, stern and warlike indeed, of this towering peak.

When one stands at its base and looks upward, he is reminded by the granite nose, cheeks, and firmly set jaws that frown down upon him of the flinty features which one of so great decision as Cæsar must have possessed. One is also impressed with the fact that they were contemporaneous, and that the namesake, even, stood out officer-like in front of the blue column of soldier-like peaks, stretching in regular battle line away toward the east and west till lost in the distance, before—ay, centuries before—the old Roman was born; so that from nature's bust of "the grandest Roman of them all" might have been read, prophetically, the military achievements of the invincible old chieftain a few thousand years before they came to pass.

But Cæsar, like all great characters, was a revolutionist. So, too, this silent sentinel of the ages has witnessed many disruptions and revolutions, and will doubtless see many more. Even within comparatively recent years the whole face of nature has been transfigured within the scope of his vision. Railroads have invaded the old monarch's territory, and his granite pedestal almost trembles as the gigantic Front-extension engine, with its long line of cars, rushes past him in the distance. Factories, with their thousands of revolving spindles, hum in his ears a symphonious requiem to the ashes of the quietly slumbering long ago. A bustling, busy city, together with many smaller towns, abide almost under his shadow. In a word, the silent old sentinel could, were he blessed with Cæsar's mind as he is with the likeness of his cranial exterior, weave a more interesting web of sectional chronology and history than that which has come down to us from the pen of the illustrious old conqueror of antiquity.

But, like the marshes along the river which Ezekiel saw trickling in its incipency down the sides of the altar in that mysterious temple, and thence gathering force and volume as it penetrated the thirsty sands of the desert eastward, carrying life whithersoever it went, except to those "miry places" which the prophet tells us "were given to salt;" so the ever widening stream of civilization and progress has not penetrated all the territory of this stern old advance guard of the great column of blue that stand motionless in the background, as if intently listening for the clarion voice of Cæsar's great namesake to call them on to battle.

If we climb to the top of the granite forehead of this ancient warrior, and look toward the south-west, we will behold an apparently level plateau of land stretching away, mile upon mile, from the very base of the mountain. If we look downward, we will discover that the side of the mountain is almost perpendicular, and that this apparently level tract of country upon which our eyes have just feasted, and which stretches so innocently and lazily out beneath the clear blue sky, seems now to be actually eating away the very base of the mountain upon which we are standing. As the observer looks upon the wild, tangled forest springing up out of the gloomy abyss at his feet, and beholds the tree tops swaying back and forth under the influence of the stiff breeze; as his ear catches the sound of the sepulchral moan of the restless wind, he grows somewhat dizzy, and is impressed that the destroying monster is shaking his tangled mane, growling and crouching preparatory to the awful attack. Then great Cæsar's proud form appears to be reeling over into the shadowy abyss, quivering in every part of his gigantic frame at the "unkindest cut" of this treacherous Brutus. He quickly retreats when these impressions seize upon him, for fear not of falling with Cæsar

At the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood;

but for fear of falling at the base of nature's frowning Cæsar, a mangled, lifeless trunk.

That tract of country of which we have just written seems to have been reserved from the encroachments of man by the frowning monarch upon whose granite brow the observer stands, just to remind

him—as well as the observer—of the days that are forever past, when all nature stood out beneath his august form, dressed in her primitive garments. The observer is prone to think that way, at least, because men are apt to cling tenaciously to what once was, just for the sake of by-gone associations, if for no other cause.

That part of this gloomy forest adjacent to the base of the mountain is never visited by the sun's rays for any length of time. The day king sometimes steals kisses through the parting crags, but in a moment his beaming face is again curtained off by the overhanging rocks. The ever increasing and decreasing shadow of the mountain hovers over it as a vulture flutters over its prey. It is indeed too gloomy and too primitive in all of its aspects to tempt any one not accustomed to such scenes with a desire to enter it, even for the purpose of exploring its dark coves and secluded forests. Even the tourist in search of the awe-inspiring in nature inevitably avoids its abysmal shades. Locally this dark valley has been very appropriately christened "The Dismal." As lonesome and repulsive, however, as The Dismal appears from the bald head of Cæsar's colossal form, it is inhabited. Truly it is a dark corner, bordering even upon the great stream of civilization and refinement, as it flows westward from the magnificent eastern temples of learning and progress. Indeed, it has been hitherto "given to salt," an unprofitable marsh on the river's bank; but perhaps the ever-swelling waters of this fertilizing and enriching Nile will one day overflow its banks, and thus purging the dark coves and valleys of The Dismal, that desolate and lonesome tract of

country, hedged in as it is by some of the most magnificent specimens of divine statuary, may yet become verdant with the foliage of Christology, and its now forest-covered valleys and knolls may yet give place to flowery-kirtled plains and vine-crowned hills, breathing forth the sweet aroma of the "Rose of Sharon," and rejoicing multitudes with the immortal fruit of the life-giving Vine. Who can tell? Cæsar's massive forehead may yet become a sounding-board for echoing the praises of redeeming love, and every bald crag may one day open their stony lips and, with hearts symphonized to heaven's never-dying theme, shout, with the Messianic choir, "On earth peace, and good-will to men."

Even already corruscations of light have flashed athwart those dark and lowering shadows—an earnest, at least, that despotic Cæsar cannot forever frown down all progress, even in the waste places of the earth. The school-teacher and the clergyman will one day penetrate and clear away the shadows over this valley; break off, through God's favor, Cæsar's dominion; and the volume of light thus reflected from this now dark vale will remove the frown from Cæsar's war-clouded features; and one is also inclined to believe that the old heathen monarch himself will yet be transfigured by the light thus introduced and thence reflected from a frowning despot to a minister of righteousness.

Redemption is the grandest work with which men are conversant, and it becomes sublimer as we consider its results. But its sublimity and grandeur are not without cost; it is a transcendently expensive work, but never so costly as ignorance and mental in-

ertness. One who stands here upon oppressive Cæsar's bare crown, and looks yonder to the teeming city in the distance, with her millions of merchandise and stocks and bonds, almost impulsively cries out: "Truly she has broken away from Cæsar's clutchy arms, and defiantly smiles the triumphs of redemption."

The secession from such primitive darkness and inertness and that rebellion from the autocrat's exacting demands, though they cost so much labor and pain and money, are ever justified in the eyes of the observer when he notes the results. But to get a clearer view of the stupendous cost of ignorance, let him turn and behold the shadows thrown by Cæsar's tall form across The Dismal. Let him look into the rude homes of that benighted cove; let him notice the effects, mentally and morally, of Cæsar's frown upon the inmates of those homes; let him consider the oppressive environments resulting from Cæsar's rule; and then, summing up all these negative and positive costs, what observer would not willingly turn from such a scene and gasp: "Redemption, redemption from the thralldom of nature's tyranny, at any cost!"

Such thoughts once filled the young heart of a resident of yonder secluded valley—Tom Grant—as he climbed, orphaned, homeless, and heavy-hearted, to the top of the granite-capped warrior, and looked away toward the South.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOME OF MICAJAH GRANT.

MICAJAH GRANT lived in the gloomiest part of The Dismal. It seemed that he courted Cæsar's presence, and that he loved dearly his frown; for the blighting shadow of the old monarch's form never for a moment left his humble little cabin.

The crude little building jutted up against the great granite rocks that composed the nethermost base of the overshadowing mountain. One beholding the little log house thus placed in the lap of the old despot, and marking how two great, clutchy granite arms came forth on either side, embracing the rude little hut, was thoroughly impressed that old Cæsar loved Micajah Grant and all his possessions. And when the observer passed around the little building sufficiently to get a partial side view, and noticed how the cabin leaned toward the mountain, he was as strongly impressed that the frowning old despot's love was reciprocated. May it not be a fact that love is sometimes born of waning shadows? Day after day, at certain hours, Micajah's house was, because of the sun's position in the heavens, in the penumbra of the mountain's dark image, as it hovered like a funeral pall over the secluded valley. Perhaps he loved the site and surroundings of his house because the shadows sometimes decreased, thus giving temporary promise, at least, of approaching sunshine. This strange interblending of light and darkness at such times was

really life-like; and its influence, though like the fascinating strains of a siren, may have been all the more enchanting on that account. Truly Cæsar frowned angrily, but sometimes he gave promise at least of paternal smiles.

But there was another phase to the picture. When the observer looked upward, it seemed that the great perpendicular mass of rock, stretching upward for hundreds of feet, was actually heaving itself over into the densely wooded valley that lay silently and breathlessly awaiting the awful crash, and that in a few moments every thing would be crushed beneath the ponderous mass. This view changed the whole aspect, and impressed the beholder that Micajah's home was in mortal dread of great Cæsar's threatening attitude. The picture thus presented was that of the suppliant looking beseechingly into the face of the angry oppressor, and clinging to the hand that unmercifully plies the cruel rod.

These three aspects of Micajah's home give us a true picture not only of many homes, but of many individuals everywhere in our fair land. Almost every home, as well as many a man, has some "skeleton in the closet," or some frowning despot in the form of fashion, prejudice, habit, or evil spirit of some kind, towering threateningly above them. They cling tenaciously to that which threatens to destroy and crush forever, while the destroying angel lovingly embraces them. And yet who can tell how much past environments, training, and ignorance had to do in determining such states and conditions?

Micajah loved his humble home in its rocky aerie, and under the frown of the mountain, because no

better one was afforded him by the *dark corner* in which he lived. His citizenship in The Dismal had been determined by his forefathers; and he, having accepted the situation as he found it, knew of no dearer spot. Around that log cabin clustered all the associations of the past, so far as he was concerned; and to him it was a sacred and dear spot, the focal point where all the lines of his interest intellectually, domestically, morally, and socially met. The barriers that shut him in also shut out from him all knowledge of a better country or a pleasanter home, and he was contented and happy to that degree, at least, which ignorance permits; for no ignorant man can ever experience genuine happiness in the true ethical sense of that term, for it is indissolubly connected with thought and knowledge. Therefore, how responsible a thing life is! for even the choice of that plot of ground upon which man rears his habitation and christens home may environ generations to come.

Micajah Grant was a man of ordinary natural ability, but utterly without training so far as books were concerned—not even knowing the letters of the English alphabet. His wife (Elvina Grant) was more fortunate at one time in her life, having gone for five months, in her girlhood days, to a school-teacher who had dared to invade the forests of Transylvania County, North Carolina, of which she was a native. But, having taken upon herself the multiplied cares of the home, as she herself affirmed she soon found that “larnin’ never fotch a pail of water from the spring nur made the soap pot bile.” Hence the faithful dame and sharer of Micajah’s fortunes had long since laid by her erudite attainments, and had fallen to a

level with her consort, so far as a knowledge of literature was concerned.

They were blessed with two children—Jerusha and Tom. The former was about seventeen and the latter about thirteen years of age at the time with which this bit of biography has to do. The children, however, had been more fortunate than the parents. Just prior to the beginning of the great civil struggle between the States a school-teacher, capable of teaching after a fashion the art of reading and writing, had drifted into The Dismal, and Micajah's children had in a few months rivaled, to the surprise of everybody, the teacher himself.

The illiterate father and mother were proud of the attainments of their children. This they evidenced by their deportment.

The teacher had brought with him some elementary reading books, in which were some beautiful little stories. Jerusha and Tom had been fortunate enough to obtain one of these, to them, wonderful books. It, together with the great American standard in those days—Webster's spelling book—composed the entire stock of literature in the home. But those two books were a treasure indeed to that isolated family.

When Tom or Jerusha read to the old people, the scene inside of the humble cabin was directly opposite to that which was external, and which we have described at some length in the first part of this chapter. The reader always selected a seat near the door of the rude cabin, which was on the side opposite to the mountain, in order to get the benefit of as much light as possible.

The wonderful feat began. Death-like stillness

pervaded the little cabin, broken only by the reader's monotonous voice. Elvina, taking the pipe from between her teeth, and holding it between the thumb and first finger of her right hand, while the monotonous strokes of the old-fashioned churn-dasher, held in her left hand, were hushed for the time, leaned forward in utter amazement as her own offspring waded into the mysterious depths of that wonderful elementary reader, or read the explanatory statements of the pictures in the latter part of Webster's spelling book.

Micajah, who seemed to pride himself on being a "*little* hard of hearing," pushed his 'coon-skin cap far back on his bullet-shaped head, raised both hands wide open to the rear of each ear; then bending forward till his elbows rested on his knees, thus demeaned he sat with dilated eyes and parted lips, affording a perfect picture of intense attention.

The reader always tilted the chair in which he or she sat against the door-post, letting the feet rest on the first round of the rude seat. Such were their several positions on these interesting occasions, and one looking upon the scene at such times, within the little cabin home, was impressed with its prophetic aspects.

There was then a general leaning away from the clutchy embrace of great Cæsar's towering form. By the rays of light that came not from Cæsar's shadow, but flashing athwart the valley and reflexively gilding portions of his dark image with robes of splendor as it rested upon The Dismal, coming like the teacher from a region beyond, the reader traced the words of the wonderful book. Cæsar's frown seemed to grow

deeper as these scintillations of light invaded his territory. They were indeed harbingers of better homes and happier scenes than The Dismal then afforded.

But there was another event in the lives of Jerusha and Tom worth recording because of the influence which it exerted on the little home. A "singing master" had crossed the State line from the woods of Transylvania County, and had organized a class in The Dismal. Thoroughly impressed with the importance of his position and person, he took the liberty of dressing a little different from the common people. His pants were made of the inevitable blue jeans, and, in strict accord with highland style in North and South Carolina, they were about five inches too short, but amply proportioned otherwise. They were attached to a red calico sailor bodice by large white agate buttons. His appearance was, as a matter of course, very ridiculous; but the denizens of The Dismal simply thought that the peculiar suit of the "professer" was one of the fashions allowable for professionable men of the far away and more civilized outside world. His suit and calling, however, made him the center of attraction while he remained in The Dismal. He had good, strong lungs, and could read music in its simplest forms, but was somewhat defective in literary attainments. First, with a blast that made the great form of Cæsar tremble, he sung the notes of the simplest pieces in "Old Harmony," in which feat he was followed by the class. Then, after much throat-clearing on his part, and a general mopping of his perspiring face and hands with a great yellow cotton handkerchief, he would try the words. But in this undertaking he frequently broke complete-

ly down. He explained these failures, however, by declaring that his talent for music was so great that he "could sing much faster than he could read," which was no doubt true.

But Tom and Jerusha, having made some progress in the science of music under the tuition of the wonderful "perfesser," always came to the rescue when the master ran against a word puzzle; so that this musical genius was frequently heard to say that if he had the *larnin'* of Tom and Jerusha Grant, he would not be *afeard* to go into any community "fur to larn the folks ter sing." Indeed, Jerusha and Tom got their instruction gratis, by learning the "perfesser" how to pronounce the words in his favorite pieces; but this was a secret understanding between the contracting parties, for fear that it might injure the "perfesser's" reputation were it generally known that he was being taught by two of his pupils. However, Jerusha and Tom made rapid progress, and when the school closed it was universally admitted that these two pupils could sing the notes as well as the master.

The peculiarly dressed "perfesser" made his way back to the deep forests of his Transylvania home, but he left behind him a spark that continued to scintillate in the rude home of Micajah Grant. There was now a wonderful addition to the small stock of literary treatises that lay on the shelves of Micajah's book-case (?)—"Old Harmony," with its store of sweet music and sublime poetry. Jerusha and Tom mastered the wonderful volume, and even Micajah became so familiar with the songs that he was able to call by name his "favorite" piece.

Micajah's home became a lively place, the general meeting-place of the young people of The Dismal. The lusty songs there poured forth, from time to time, made the little cabin tremble from underpinning to rafter. Even stern old Cæsar took up the refrain and hurled it back, in echo, to the valley beyond. Some light had indeed entered the valley, and home became sweeter, even if it did nestle in the lap of highly prejudiced old Cæsar. His frowns from day to day were growing less severe, the result of the reflection from beneath.

May we presume to believe that frowning prejudice of every kind will one day be compelled to yield up his territory, and that grander blessings await the home of Micajah Grant? Yes; Cæsar's frowns shall be driven from The Dismal, and instead of the dark shadows there shall come light. His granite lips shall fill the dark valley beneath him with the triumphant shout: "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ: and he shall reign forever and ever."

But progress is not always peaceful or uniform. "I came not to send peace, but a sword." The old Roman adage is even scripturally true: "There is no victory without dust." Stern, uncompromising resistance contests every inch of ground over which eagle-plumed truth would wave her unstained banner of peace. Just as these echoes of the progress that fills the regions beyond reach The Dismal, Cæsar pricks his granite ears, dons martial airs, and sniffs the battle from afar. The dark days of '61 deepen the shadows already over The Dismal. As the clarion call "To arms!" reverberates from hill-top to hill-

top and from valley to valley, Micajah Grant hears it; and, though hid away in The Dismal, he is too true a son of Cæsar not to heed it. But alas! in the track of that blood-stained warrior's frowns and prejudices there cannot but be suffering of the keenest type. On the field of battle Micajah Grant proves himself valiant as a lion, but there are bleeding hearts yonder in the cabin which he calls home. A soldier's wife and two children in the wilderness depths of The Dismal suffer the extremest privations, and Cæsar frowns more angrily than ever. His shadow, as it gathers over the sorrow-burdened trio is black as Erebus itself, and the song of which he once gave promise has fled from his lips, while the expression of his flinty features is that of war and rumors of war.

God will bring good seed to maturity, however, in spite of the storms that sweep the field. The songs of "Old Harmony" may yet delight the inmates of a home under more propitious circumstances; and the elementary treatises may multiply their strength, day by day, until the dismal shades of ignorance shall give place to a crown of light, gracefully encircling the brows of those who were once Cæsar's subjects.

CHAPTER III.

THE ORNITHOLOGIST AND HERBALIST.

ON a cold, threatening afternoon in February, 1862, a stranger made his appearance at the door of Elvina Grant's humble dwelling, and politely begged a night's lodging. The sky was overcast with dark, lowering clouds, and the cold wind whistled through the leafless tree tops, and howled along the cavernous mountain side like legions of hungry wolves. The poor soldier's wife thought of her empty larder, and of her inability in every way to accommodate the chilled and shivering petitioner; but her womanly sympathy was too deeply stirred by the thin garb of the pedestrian, and with the thought, too, that somewhere around the gleaming camp-fires her own husband was shelterless, to turn him away from the scant hospitalities of her roof. Therefore his request was granted.

If the inmates of that home had lived out from under the shadow of the mountains they could have readily observed that the applicant for the hospitalities of their home was by no means a Southerner. As it was, however, they only knew that he was not a mountaineer, an inhabitant of that narrow world to them—The Dismal—the boundary lines of which shut out all the petty differences of classes that might inhabit the far-away earth that seemed to kiss the blue sky in the distance. Therefore they looked upon him as simply a stranger from the great outside world, it made but little difference to them where.

The facial features of the stranger wore rather an intelligent cast. The length of his nose and the breadth of his forehead were about equal. There was a very slight indenture in the nose where it joined the forehead, while the button, or end of that organ, was neither hard nor fleshy, and its under lines were well delineated. His nose—the best facial index to character—was neither pointed nor very broad; near his eyes, however, it was perhaps half an inch in breadth, yet by no means disproportioned on that account. His eyes were set well under a prominent forehead, and were dark and keenly penetrating. The lips were neither thick nor thin, but while in repose were kept firmly pressed together: but there was an expression of humor about the mouth that completely dissipated all rigorousness. A dark moustache curled from his upper lip. His cheek-bones were high and rather prominent, indicative to the physiognomist of great mental power. The chin was somewhat pronounced, and his complexion—once fairer than now—was bronzed by exposure to the weather.

He was a little above medium height, captivating in manner, and withal handsome. He was yet young, and his carriage, as well as the expression of his countenance, impressed one that his manly body enshrined a bouyant, fearless soul. This wandering stranger was of that class of men sometimes met with who have the remarkable gift of seeing in a moment into and through any thing that presents itself, and also of adjusting themselves to any group of circumstances or to any condition just as quickly. Therefore the family were soon made to feel glad that they had admitted the stranger to the hospitalities of their roof and board.

His clothing was soiled and in rags, and he presented the appearance of one who had traveled, continuously, many miles on foot. In one hand he carried a little bundle, containing a change of raiment as ragged as the garments he had on his body.

One could easily see, from the trend of his conversation, as strangely contradictory as it may appear from his physiognomic characteristics, that transcendent individualism was the system of mental philosophy which gave shape to all of his acts. He had been a soldier in the United States army, but after the first battles in Virginia his crude system of individualism completely mastered him; and, deserting the "columns of blue," he drifted into the great Appalachian Mountains, and thence he had drifted westward along the great blue chain until he had reached The Dismal. He seemed to have but few or no affinities which bound him to any particular section of country—just the kind of man, therefore, to make friends anywhere, when he conceived that such friends would be of advantage to him.

The visitor was a regular walking cyclopedia for this secluded family. He had seen war, walked the streets of America's greatest cities, read books, and had even twice crossed the foam-capped billows of the great Atlantic; having, therefore, become conversant with many of the most classic sections of the old world.

His name was Edward English, and as he sat before the great blazing fire that cold night in February, 1862, and talked of what he had seen, Jerusha and Tom were enraptured with his presence, and wished that it were possible to have such a visitor every day in the year.

Next morning the heavens were dark with great black clouds, and a fearful snow-storm was sweeping over the mountains, so that the visitor was shut in for another day and night, at least, with this delighted family. It was immaterial with Edward English whether he traveled or remained in this humble home. If he had been asked where he was journeying, he could not have told if his life had depended on it. He was simply *drifting* along the line of great blue mountains like a chip on the surface of a rolling stream, conscious of the fact that he had separated himself from the great organic block to which he properly belonged, and only anxious that this fact and his whereabouts should be concealed alike from friend and foe.

Since the enlistment of Micajah in the Confederate army there had been quite a gap in that little mountain home. Micajah, though he did little else than hunt when he was at home, kept the family larder well supplied with fat venison and turkey, and occasionally with the delicious meat of the black bear. He was therefore greatly missed, as well as the results of his long tramps across the mountains; so that his dependent family were not only deprived of his to them cheerful company, but of those many provisions implied in the very name of father and husband. Now his trusty rifle rested on the crude rack of buck-horn, and his traps remained unbaited.

Persons drift sometimes, as if by providential appointment, into such gaps, and seem to exactly fit the vacuum in every way. Such was the case with Edward English. The little family had grown brighter and more hopeful since his coming. Perhaps a gra-

cious Ruler had sent him to complete a work begun by the humble school-teacher and the musical singing master. Who knows but that such designs entered the great plan of God?

Anyhow the morning had not half passed before the genial deserter had donned a pair of Micajah's coarse cowhide boots, at the solicitation of Tom, and had shouldered the trusty old rifle, and with Tom as his guide was clambering along the sides of the steep mountain toward the great shelving rocks where the deer congregated during these snow-storms in order to keep warm and protect themselves from the driving snow. Their tramp was rewarded by a fine buck. They dressed him and threw the savory meat across a pole, one end of which was supported on Tom's shoulder, and the other end was grasped by the strong hand of the hardy Northerner. Thus they began their homeward march. They had, however, descended the mountain but a little distance when the keen eye of the hunter discovered, crouching in the crevice of a great shelving rock, a large owl. The trusty old rifle soon brought the prize to the ground. These, together with a great, ugly catamount that happened to scamper across their pathway, made up the results of their day's tramp over the snow-covered mountain side.

Tom was wild with boyish delight over the fat buck; but the deserter, taking but little interest in that part of the game, seemed to fix his attention entirely upon the large gray owl and the savage-looking wild-cat. The owl was a new species to him, while the catamount was the first one that he had ever seen.

Reaching home at last, they salted away the ven-

ison, while Elvina and Jerusha prepared a dinner of corn-cakes and savory bits of steak. When dinner was over, the deserter surprised the entire family by the expert manner in which he removed the skin from the frame of the great cat and the huge gray owl, without even a break in the delicate fiber of the latter. He was somewhat of a taxidermist; and when he had stuffed the owl and placed it upon a pin in the wall, as if it were on its perch, their amazement was great indeed.

Edward English had now completely won the affection and confidence of the entire family. His short stay of only a day and night had been long enough to link Tom's heart, especially, to him with hooks of steel. If he were to leave them now, the whole family would feel bereaved. Such was the impression of every member of the little household, as Edward English sat by the great, crackling, blazing fire, and talked of the various species of owls and birds, and about their habits, haunts, and plumage. No, they could never suffer him to leave their humble roof. These thoughts, it is true, were not spoken, but they seemed to be tacitly agreed to and understood by all parties. So Edward English remained with the little family in *The Dismal*, and he and Tom spent many a happy day in hunting and trapping.

Elvina Grant's cabin was soon literally lined with stuffed birds of every species, so that it became the museum of the whole community. The neighbors said: "The new-comer can thess all but put life in a dead bird ur varmint 'fore you can turn round three times."

The larder was kept well filled with game of every

kind, while Tom and Jerusha improved their little stock of knowledge under the tuition of the deserter. But Edward English's knowledge of botany made him a herbalist as well as a taxidermist. He knew every herb of the forest, and understood their medicinal virtues. Many indeed were the wonderful cures that he performed throughout The Dismal. He became, therefore, the great central figure, in every respect, of the community; and, notwithstanding Cæsar's unrelenting frowns and the sad results of his martial spirit, as it influenced Micajah, one home at least in The Dismal was beginning in some measure to emerge from the dark shadows which had fallen upon it.

The light which the father's enlistment as a soldier had almost extinguished had since the coming of English passed into a steadier flame. Jerusha had learned much. Contact with the cleverly educated deserter had enlightened her thirsty mind; and while Tom had shared her progress, he had also imbibed a burning desire for knowledge. As he sat by the broad fire-place during the long winter evenings, and listened to Edward English's talk, his very form, clad in a suit of ill-fitting blue jeans, seemed to resolve itself into an interrogation point. Such deep-seated desires are hard to eradicate. Cæsar's veto shall never triumph.

The simple current of home life in The Dismal moved thus quietly along, day after day, without a single unpleasant incident to ripple its placid surface.

English, despite his individualistic trend of mind, was drawn more and more to the little family.

His sympathy had so entwined its tendrils about the trio that he felt a deep interest in all that pertained to their welfare. It was a subject of frequent meditation with him as to how and why this to him apparently practical innovation of his selfish system of philosophy had been brought about. He could with stolid indifference still exercise his individualistic attitude toward other people and other things, but not so toward the Grants. "There must be a defect in a system of ethics that breaks down even at one point," he would sometimes soliloquize. The secret of the whole matter was simply the fact that he had done much for the Grants in their time of want and of suffering; yet this thought, perhaps, had never occurred to him. The very idea of his almost paternal solicitude for this secluded family frequently amused the cold, calculating deserter, and he would try to persuade himself that he only cared for them because it brought to him for the time a more comfortable home than he would probably otherwise find. But after all this philosophizing on his part, he discovered that day after day he was striving more earnestly than ever before to bring joy and a measure of comfort to their hearts and home.

Such were the problems that exercised English's mind, till at last such a dark cloud of sorrow and grief gathered over the little cabin as to render him incapable of even thinking of his cherished system of selfish ethics. A wise but bitter providence opened an ample channel for the practical operation and application of every sympathetic energy of his soul.

One night, a few days after Lee's memorable charge on the slopes of Cemetery Heights, at Gettysburg,

July 3, 1863, as the little circle sat pleasantly conversing around the crude hearth-stone of the little cabin in The Dismal, a messenger arrived from the country adjacent to the lower edge of the gloomy valley, to break to the family the sad news that Micajah Grant was among the brave men who had fallen on the bloody field of Gettysburg.

Gettysburg! how the name rang in English's ears! What childhood memories floated through his mind! A mother's sweet face arose before his eyes, and the tender tones of her voice again greeted his ears. The steep slopes of Cemetery Heights, the broad valleys covered with apple orchards, the large old red barns, the comfortable farm-houses, together with the guttural tones of the old Dutch populace, came rolling back from memory's well-stored chamber like echoes from another world. Amid these scenes sacred to English on account of childhood's sweet associations the father and husband of his dearest friends had fallen and was buried.

English could do nothing during these hours of grief but sit and weep with those who wept; but he determined to be a father to these orphans, and to devote his life to their welfare.

Strange providence this, that evolves from the grave of the father in an enemy's land a comforter for the wife and children buried under the bitter frowns of nature's Cæsar, and hid away in the gloomy depths of The Dismal; a providence, too, that selects a man to all appearances most incompetent of all others, because of the selfish system of ethics by which he lived, to perform this benevolent work; a mysterious providence because it proceeds from God, whose thoughts are higher than our thoughts!

CHAPTER IV.

THE RECLUSE.

VERY soon after Edward English made his appearance in The Dismal, strange stories became current among the denizens of that isolated section relative to a weird figure that had been frequently observed, on moonlight nights, clambering along the bleak sides of the frowning precipices of rock that arose so abruptly out of the melancholy solitudes of the valley. This strange specter had been seen standing upon a great jutting crag directly over Micajah Grant's little cabin. His beard, so popular gossip affirmed, was as white as snow and reached nearly to his knees; his hair fell in great white locks about his shoulders. A large white mantle was thrown carelessly over his somewhat stooped form. He leaned upon a long staff, and seemed to be intently watching the little cabin beneath where he stood. The wind toyed with his white beard and locks, and the white mantle fluttered in the stiff breeze like a pennant from the mast-head. Thus he stood motionless for half an hour. Then starting up suddenly from his reverie, he drew his tall, angular form to its greatest height, jesticulated wildly, and made thrust after thrust with his long staff at what seemed to be an imaginary enemy, after which encounter he vanished suddenly from the sight of the beholder, sinking apparently into the great granite rock upon which he had been standing.

Again he had been observed to wander along the

craggy heights, casting ever and anon quick glances toward the cabin which clung so tenaciously to the frowning mountain side. He seemed, by his jesticulations, to be in earnest conversation with some imaginary companion, and the topic seemed to be about some matter of business, for he frequently drew out from under his white mantle what seemed to be packages of papers; holding them up to the light of the moon, he would finger rapidly through the bundle until he came apparently to the right one, when he would draw it out, point excitedly, it appeared, to its phraseology, place it between his thumb and finger, and with his arm stretched out toward the little cabin on the side of the mountain, he would violently shake the document held in this position, as if the contents pertained in some way to the little hut or to some of its inmates. Then the strange figure would retire quickly behind some great boulder, as if seized with sudden fright, and remain concealed from those who had beheld the weird visitor and his strange freaks. The deportment of this shade, apparently of some aged deceased person, was ghostly in the extreme sense of that term, and enough, really, to impress the bravest of men with feelings of awe.

One can, therefore, easily imagine the impression which such unnatural appearances, purported to have been witnessed by some of the most truthful inhabitants of The Dismal, were calculated to have upon the minds of the ignorant and superstitious populace. The "*hant*," as this peculiar phenomenon was generally designated, was the common topic of conversation around every fireside in The Dismal. The children and the more timidly disposed adults would not lift

their eyes after night-fall toward Cæsar's frowning brow for fear of beholding the much talked of specter. The belated hunter, or those otherwise compelled to be out after dark, were conscious of a quicker pace than usual, though they would not have acknowledged, perhaps, that the thoughts of the hoary old cliff-walker had any thing to do with their energetic steps; for only truly brave men, who are not as plentiful as one might suppose, will own their fear.

Various theories, of course, were put forth in order to solve this mystery of the cliffs. Some of the more superstitious affirmed that it was nothing else but the "sperit" of Micajah Grant, which was dissatisfied about some earthly interest or which possessed some great mystery which it was anxious to make known to the denizens of The Dismal; for they said if one died in any way dissatisfied the spirit of the deceased was sure to come back to this world, to execute, presumably, as a matter of course, any item of unfinished business that might remain on the calendar of life.

Others maintained that years ago, quoting tradition, a belated and unknown traveler had missed his way in the darkness of night and had ridden his horse over the brow of the great precipice and been dashed to pieces upon the rocks below; and inasmuch as he had not been buried, for they said his bones had been found years afterward bleaching upon the mountain side, that his spirit still hovered about the spot. A strange freak, to be sure, of superstitious frenzy that even disturbs the shades of the reposing dead, because items of unfinished business, necessitated by insurmountable circumstances, pertaining not so much to the dead as to the living, yet remain. With these two

conjoint causalities of the appearances of ghosts, as ascribed by these ignorant mountaineers, it is passing strange that hades has not been emptied of its dissatisfied millions.

But theories born of error, superstition, and ignorance are always numerous as well as inconsistent and incongruous, therefore a third party declared that it was simply a "ha'nt," and that nobody would ever find out any more about it than was already known, but that the death of some one of the trio then living in Micajah's cabin would surely take place before it ceased its visitations, and that such "ha'nts" were always sent as a warning to the living.

Such, in part, were the theories put forth by what might have been termed the thinking classes of the denizens of The Dismal to solve this wonderful phenomenon. And it is presumable that each speculator saw through and thoroughly understood the abstruse problem which his speculations satisfactorily solved. Many persons had visited the Grant family in order to talk with Edward English relative to it; but he had always turned away the subject by laughing at the idea of any such appearance, affirming that there was no such thing as a spirit being discerned by natural eyes and that those who claimed to have seen this aged cliff-dweller had simply beheld some white animal climbing along the mountain side or some floating skirt of fog as it arose from the valley and was resolved into drops of water as it came into contact with the cold surface of the overhanging rocks, and that the beholder, laboring under intense excitement, had surmised that it was an old man leaning upon his staff or walking rapidly along the precipice. The ig-

norant visitors, therefore, were much impressed with English's learning as he explained to them the philosophic principles upon which his latter theory was based, but they always went away grieved at his skepticism relative to "ha'nts," and many were heard to utter the wish that Edward English himself might behold the white-mantled old denizen of the crags as he took his moonlight strolls and that the skeptical stranger might get so near to the "ha'nt," or rather that it might get so near to him, that every doubt might be removed from his mind as to its reality.

And, strange to say, such was the case. He beheld it with his own eyes, and his ears were greeted with the hoarse, croaking sound of its voice. One night as the young Northerner stood with his two pupils in front of their little cabin home pointing out to them and describing also the mythological history of the constellation of Orion, tracing the stars that form the drawn bow and the girdle and sword that hung at his side, as well as the other stars which go to make up the astronomical picture, he and his pupils were startled by a voice that rang out upon the still night air from the cliffs that towered above them. Looking up in the direction whence came the voice, they beheld the much talked of ghost standing upon a great jutting rock directly over their crude dwelling. Sure enough there was the fluttering white robe, the tall stooping form with his great mass of hoary hair and snow-white beard waving in the slightest breeze. As the ghostly figure stood leaning on his staff, while the mellow beams of the moon fell full upon his aged form, he indeed presented a weird-looking figure.

The first impulse of Edward English was to climb

immediately into the presence of the specter-like figure, but a second thought assured him that no mortal could climb up the perpendicular sides of the rocky cliff; therefore he was forced to stand where he was and gaze upon the strange figure.

Again the ghostly figure spoke, and the croaking tones of his voice, rebounding from a hundred craggy granite sounding-boards above him, appeared in echo to the astonished listeners like the voice of ghost answering ghost from every rocky cavern and every jutting crag.

"Ha! ha! ha! thou no longer fightest thy country's battles, but teachest ignorant mountain lad and lass what thou hast learned in unprofitable books. Curses on thy dead father's foolish freak that caused him to sacrifice his son on the altar of vain learning. Why pointest thou to the stars? Do they remind thee of the glittering gold thou hast lost? Ah! friend Edward, my losses are greater than thine! Miriam, the fruitful vine is not, Jacob and Nathaniel and Lemuel and Moses have fallen before the fierceness of the uncircumcised invaders. They turned not the left cheek when smitten by the enemy on the right; verily, they were not men of peace, therefore they are fallen; their homes were as the chaff under the hottest blast of hell! But behold, friend Edward! here are the deeds and titles and bonds and notes; the enemy hath not destroyed them, ha! ha! ha!" demoniacally laughed the aged ghost as he concluded this sentence burdened with his fearful losses and crushing misfortunes.

"But," said the mysterious figure in subdued tones, as if what he was saying was too awful for all ears, "Rebecca hath fled from her home, and Naomi and

Ruth—accursed be the days wherein they were born, ha! ha!” he laughed as a fiend laughs to drown his misery and mock his conscience.

“Friend Edward!” he confessed, “I coveted thy father’s gold, and heaven’s curse hath overtaken me! Farewell, children, count the stars if you can, but thirst not after that which glitters, for verily, ‘the love of money is the root of all evil.’”

At the conclusion of this wild, demoniacal address, which sounded in the ears of the fear-stricken auditors like a wail from the nethermost pit, the mysterious old man vanished among the great boulders that composed the settings in the granite crown that encircled frowning old Cæsar’s brow.

Tom Grant was the first to break the silence that naturally prevailed for a few moments after the conclusion of this strange episode.

“That, indeed, was no skirt of fog floating along the mountain’s brow,” said the astonished youth, “for fog has neither hair, beard, nor tongue.”

“You are correct,” replied English, as the trio directed their steps toward the door of the little cabin; “neither is it a ghost, but he is a crazy old Quaker, whom I have had every opportunity to know even more intimately than I desire and whose very blood has been jaundiced by his thirst for gold. I shall seek out his dwelling-place among the cliffs, and strive to renew his acquaintance where there are no impenetrable barriers between us.”

“What!” said Jerusha, looking up into Edward’s face from under the long, drooping eyelashes that shaded cheeks now pale with fear, “you would not kill the poor old man?”

"Nay, verily!" exclaimed Edward just as they entered the house, "but I should like very much to get my hands upon the bundle of papers which he shook so menacingly at me, for they are justly my property. Tom, we will seek to-morrow the aerie of this old bird, who has fed on human flesh long enough, for it seems that heaven's vengeance has already overtaken him. He has devoured homes, and now it seems that he, himself homeless and comfortless, would haunt me, whom he has irreparably wronged, with the agonies which his own covetousness has brought upon him. But, I pray you, speak to no one about what you have heard and seen to-night, for were it known that I am the cause of his nocturnal visits, as you well know, the superstitious populace would chase me from The Dismal as they would a bear. I will explain the whole matter to you, who have been the dearest friends of my life, and if I regain that which is justly mine, I assure you I will not possess it alone, but will divide it with those who have been friends indeed."

When they were seated around the crude hearth-stone, Edward English explained to them the mystery of the cliffs, which it would not be proper to introduce at this place. The explanation was satisfactory to the inmates of the little cabin, and, indeed, it drew their hearts closer to the sharer of their humble home than ever before.

On the following day, however, Tom and Edward sought throughout every nook and corner of the frowning precipice for the old recluse, who, to all appearances, had taken up his dwelling-place there; but they were compelled to return without finding the faintest evidence anywhere of his whereabouts.

The "ha'nt," as the mountaineers generally denominated the phenomenon, however, rarely ever appeared on the overhanging crags after this revelation of himself to English; but stories of his awful presence and clarion-like voice still lingered in The Dismal, and many persons connected, in some way or other, Edward English with the weird figure that had been so frequently seen standing upon the great crags that protruded from the precipice. Prejudice and superstition waxed stronger and stronger, and many people actually affirmed that English was a conjurer, or in some way in league with the devil. We shall, nevertheless, see the "ha'nt" again.

CHAPTER V.

DICK IVEY ON CUPID'S TERRITORY.

DICK IVEY was the only son of a well to do little farmer, who lived on the head waters of North Saluda, and just in the edge of The Dismal proper. He entered the Confederate service at the beginning of that bloody struggle between the States, and fought bravely almost to its close. His arm was shattered by a minie-ball during Johnson's retreat across Georgia in September, 1864; so that in the autumn of that gloomy year to the almost prostrate South he reached his home on furlough, being thus disabled from all service.

When he arrived at his father's little plantation in the edge of The Dismal, it was only to awake to the sad realization that troubles and misfortunes rarely come alone, but in growing clusters and ever increasing groups.

The father and mother had both died during Dick's long absence, the little mountain farm had gone very considerably to wreck, and each returning soldier brought only news of defeat to the Southern army, so that the clouds of gloom and disappointment continued to thicken day by day until Dick Ivey became almost desperate under the constantly growing burdens which he had sustained and which were being rolled upon him in such rapid succession; and not upon him alone, but shared by many brave Southern men.

Sorrows and disappointments, like all things, have within them a twofold possibility. They may be so harvested by the sufferer as to bring out all the latent forces of his nature and thus strengthen and develop all within him that is beautiful and manly, or they may so react on their unfortunate victim as to bring out all that is loathsome and detestable in man's nature. One frequently beholds in great factories or in other pieces of mechanism two wheels turning in opposite directions yet contributing to the same resultant force, as their combined forces are thrown, by means of belts or cogs, upon a third shaft or wheel. So it is with what may be termed the pleasant and bitter things of this life. If under divine grace we humbly submit to all the providential occurrences of this life, the disastrous, so thought of and denominated by us, as well as the fortunate, the sweet as well as the bitter, and the joyful as well as the sorrowful things of this life will all contribute to one resultant force, "For we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." But if we break away from and rebel against God, if we murmur and repine, then it is that we spoil the designs on the Master's trestle-board, and are ourselves the only sufferers.

Dick Ivey's sorrow embittered his heart. The very time itself, as he sat nursing his wounded arm, hung like an unsupportable burden upon his soul. He resolved, therefore, to seek some diversion, and, having heard of the expert woodsman, Edward English, who was staying with his old friends, the Grants, he determined to pay the family a visit in order to meet him, and to participate in his hunting tours across

the mountains. He accordingly set out early one morning for Micajah's cabin, and reached it just as Tom and Edward were about to go forth on their day's sport. After the usual greetings and mutual interchange of good wishes and congratulations between the Grants and Dick Ivey, Tom insisted that his old friend accompany them on their hunting excursion, and that he also remain their guest for some days to come. Of course Dick readily accepted the invitation; for he had not only come with such a determination, but already the sweet voice and the physical beauty of Jerusha's person had caused him to forget, for the time, his sorrows; and really, when he looked upon her charming figure, he discovered that all the anguish and bitterness of his soul vanished as the impression on the wax when subjected to the heat of the flame. "Verily," thought he, "I have found a perfect antidote for all my troubles." And indeed he had; for love is the wings of the soul, and when you clip the pinions of the joyous songster life itself becomes a burden, and "the soul may sooner leave off to subsist than to love; and like the vine, it withers and dies if it has nothing to embrace." Every thing which Dick Ivey had loved was either dead or dying; and being an utter stranger to the graces of Christianity, he was embittered, dejected, and crushed when those earthly props were cut away from the life which they supported. So a life based on mere temporalities must suffer much, and at last be crushed and despised forever. A life, therefore, forgetting all its own selfish interests, and losing itself in the service of those it loves, may be happy for a time; but, philosophically considered, such a life is only re-

moved one degree from the most detestable individualism; in the one the end of life is in self alone, in the other the end is solely in somebody else or something, therefore it is patent that the difference between the two is not in quality but in kind.

That profound thinker and philosopher, Hamilton, has beautifully declared that "there are some plants which grow right up, erect in their own sturdy self-sufficiency; and there are some feeble ones which take hold with their hands, and clasp and climb. The soul of man is like the last. Even in his best estate, he was not meant to grow insulated and alone. He is not strong enough for that. He has not within himself resources sufficient to fill himself. He is not fit to be his own all in all. The make of his mind is an outgoing, exploring, petitionary make. The soul of man is a clasping, clinging soul, seeking for something over which it can spread itself, and by means of which it can support itself. And just as in a neglected garden you may see the poor creepers making shift to sustain themselves as best they can—one convolvulus twisting round another, and both dragging on the ground; a clematis leaning on the door, which will, by and by, open and let the whole mass fall down; a vine or a passion-flower wreathing round a prop which all the while chafes and cuts it—so in this fallen world it is mournful to see the efforts which human souls are making to get some sufficient object to lean upon and twine around. One clasps a glittering prop, and it scathes him. The love of money blasts his soul, and it hangs round its self-chosen stay a blighted, withered thing. Another spreads himself more amply over a broad surface of creature comfort, a snug

dwelling, a well-furnished library, and pleasant neighborhood, with the command of every thing which heart can wish or fortune buy; but death opens the door, and, with nothing but vacancy to lean upon, he falls over on the other side, a helpless and dejected being. And a still greater number, groping about on the ground, cleave to one another, and intertwine their tendrils mutually, and by forming friendships and congenial intimacies and close relations try to satisfy their leaning, loving nature in this way. But it answers little in the end. The make of man's soul is upward, and one climber cannot lift another off the ground. And the growth of man's soul is luxuriant, and that growth must be stifled, checked, and scanty, if he have no larger space over which to diffuse his aspirations, his affections, and his efforts than the surface of a fellow-creature's soul. But weedy as the world-garden is, the Tree of Life still grows in the midst of it, erect in his own omnipotent self-sufficiency, and inviting every weary, straggling soul to lay hold of his everlasting strength, and expatiate upward along the infinite ramifications of his endless excellences and all-inviting love."

Dick Ivey was adrift because his props were failing; they were no stronger than he was. Just here is the secret of all failure. The beautiful writer quoted above affirms still farther that "God has formed the soul of man of a leaning, dependent make; and for the healthy growth and joyful development of that soul it is essential that he should have some object far higher and nobler than himself to dispread his desires and delights upon. That object is revealed in the gospel. That object is Immanuel. His

divinity is the almighty prop, able to sustain the adhering soul so that it shall never perish nor come into condemnation; the omnipotent support which bears the clinging spirit loftily and securely, so that the whirling temptations which vex it cannot rend it from the Tree of Life, and that the muddy splash, which soils and beats into the earth its sprawling neighbors, cannot tarnish the verdent serenity and limpid glories of its flowering head. And just this divine strength is the omnipotent prop of the adhering soul, so his divine resources and his human sympathy make him the all-sufficient object over which each emotion and each desire of regenerate humanity may boundlessly diffuse itself. And however delicate your feelings, however eager your affections, and however multitudinous the necessities of your intricate nature, there is that in this heavenly Friend which meets them every one. There are in his unimagined compassions and in his benignant fellow-feeling holds sufficient for every craving tendril and eager clasper of the human heart to fix upon and wreath around."

We have thus quoted Scotland's greatest philosopher because it is a fine danger signal that he portrays, and also because the great man shows in this utterance the philosophy or cause of failure and utter ruin so frequently met with on every hand.

Dick Ivey had been made miserable because his love was centered on nothing above that which is of the earth; but if even now the tendrils of his affection find other supports than those which have and are falling, the bitterness of his heart will vanish, for "love, that geyser of the soul, can melt the ice and

snow of the most frozen regions; wherever its warm springs well up, there glows a Southern climate."

If therefore he succeed in winning Jerusha Grant's affections and hand, ample reparation will be made for all his losses—that is, so long as the object of his affection lives. He accordingly accepted the invitation, and set out immediately with the two hunters in their day's tramp across the mountains, while his thoughts remained with the fair occupant of the little cabin in Cæsar's rocky lap.

Woman's eye is quick to read any disturbing influence in the heart of those whom she esteems even as friends. While the hasty interchange of greetings were taking place between the two children of Micajah Grant and Dick Ivey, Jerusha had noticed the unusual deportment of Edward English. Standing motionless in the rear of the wearer of the gray, and facing Jerusha, he closely scanned the Confederate soldier from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet; and when his eyes fell upon the protruding breech of a large silver-mounted revolver which Dick carried at his side, there came a dark scowl over the turbulent features of his face.

When the wounded soldier shifted his position, turning away from Jerusha, she beheld somewhat artistically carved into the silver mounting of the revolver the initials, in large capitals, "E. E." Her woman's instinct was quick to invent many probable causes of Edward's displeasure. She very naturally suspected that the side-arms which the Confederate soldier wore had once been the property of Edward English; at least the letters "E. E." suggested so much. But as to how the pistol had fallen into the hands of

Dick Ivey she could not imagine; but she believed, from the Northerner's deportment, that back of it all there was something very unpleasant to her preceptor.

With the mystery still unsolved, in Jerusha's mind, except as to the theories born of her conjectures, the trio set out on their tramp through the forests of The Dismal. The day passed away, so far as Jerusha was concerned, full of anxieties for the welfare of the dearest friend of her life; and as it drew toward a close many indeed were the uneasy glances directed up the little pathway in anticipation of the returning hunters. The solicitude that filled the heart of the belle of The Dismal on that day made so long by dark forebodings was analogous to that felt by Israel's great king when he so pathetically asked: "Is the young man Absalom safe?" She must, however, await patiently for the final issue of all her conjectures.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WARNING.

NO bitter doom ever sweeps precipitately down upon any mortal without a providential warning of the approaching calamity. The difficulty with man is that he does not try to catch the sound of these premonitory voices that continually fill the air round about us. The greatest need that all men have is a lack of wisdom—that is, the power to practically apply the knowledge that he has; hence we *know* better than we *do*.

After the three sportsmen left the cabin of Elvina Grant the day passed away pleasantly, to all appearances, with all of them. Edward English's individualism had enabled him to master any bitterness that may have inflamed his heart; and, entering heartily into the day's sport, he had exhibited many feats of an expert woodsman, to the great delight of Tom, and at least challenging the admiration of Dick Ivey.

The latter, however, had been a Confederate soldier too long to mistake the Northern dialect of Edward English; and, despite the friendly bearing and admirable feats of the Northerner, his *shibboleth* was a ground of offense to the wounded soldier. This English was quick to discover, for he perceived that Ivey was earnestly trying to arouse his patriotism and resentment by the frequent allusions he made in his conversation to the cowardly "blue coats;" but English, delighted to discover that his companion did not recognize one

whom he had met before, was too individualistic to notice the thrusts made at that army of which for a while at least he was a fractional part. So the day passed away without any perceptible bitterness, at least to a casual observer, between these two representatives not only of the two great political parties of one great government; but also, practically speaking, of the two great systems of philosophy which conjointly have been instrumental in sapping and frowning down real progress and all forward movements of the Church, as well as the State, more than all other causes combined.

Individualism and humanitarianism do indeed constitute a Cæsar of flintier features and darker shadows than that which sways supreme rule over the tangled forests of The Dismal. We are aware that Dick Ivey could not be classed as a humanitarian in the strict acceptation of that term, but the motives which produced every act of his life were strictly analagous to those that govern the true humanitarian. That rule of conduct which prompts all the acts of one's life, and derives all of its force solely from a conceived inherent good in the thing done or the measure espoused or advocated, without reference to divine law and requirements, may very properly come under the head of that degrading system of moral philosophy to which we have just alluded.

Dick Ivey put his faith in measures, and no matter how good and just those measures may have been, his faith could of necessity rise no higher than that in which it was placed.

We have digressed thus far to show more clearly how a providential warning was sent to these two rep-

representatives of those systems of philosophy of which we have just written, and to make plain the application of the conversation which we are going to record.

The sportsmen rambled through the forest of the undulatory valley till they reached the cabin of Caleb Catsby, a Primitive Baptist preacher, who lived just in the edge of the western boundary of The Dismal proper. This backwoods divine was by no means an ignorant man, though he was neither educated nor refined in the common acceptation of those terms. He was emphatically a man of one book, having made the Bible his chief study for a period stretching over half a century. He was an original thinker, a close observer, and a natural logician. His tall form, white locks, deep bass voice; keen, penetrating eyes, together with the serene, thoughtful expression of his countenance, impressed any one with whom he came into contact with feelings of reverence and awe; reminding the spectator of those striking pen-pictures of Israel's old prophets, as they walked amid the solitudes of primeval nature and communed with nature's God.

Edward English had frequently sought the company of this old priest in the wood, though it cost him a long walk, just to hear the aged man of God converse upon those principles of philosophy which he had evolved, without the help of books, from the word of God and his extensive observation and experience.

On the occasion of this last visit, after the little company had partaken of a plain meal at the old preacher's hospitable board, and had gathered around

the broad, open fire-place, English, in order to draw the host into conversation, asked: "Well, Grandpa Catsby" (a name by which he was universally addressed by those who knew him), "what have you been thinking about since I saw you last?"

"The war," quickly replied the old preacher, "an' its lessons."

"And what have been your conclusions?" queried English.

The old man's reply to the first question and English's second interrogation had fixed Dick Ivey's attention upon the conversation, for he was always interested in what pertained to the war.

"Ah me!" groaned the old seer of the secluded wood, "we're goin' to be whipped; but that's not the worst that's in store for us. More'll be slain by the results of this war than have been killed on the battle-field," gravely responded the old man.

"How is that, Grandpa Catsby?" asked the shrewd yankee.

"Well, it's mighty plain, 'cordin' to Scriptur' an' common sense," the old preacher said; "for are we not told that 'whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.'"

After this somewhat lengthy quotation from the inspired volume, by way of application he said: "Ther's goin' to be thousands of people swept down the stream of despair, because that which they've put their trust in has failed."

"Then you think that Christ teaches in this parable the folly of putting one's faith in any thing earthly?" interrogated English, appreciating heartily the fact that the old man's application of this Scripture was very discordant with Ivey's way of thinking "and that our Saviour, appreciating the appalling dangers along such lines of human thought and action, seeks to warn men by this red danger signal which he has reared over this abysmal *wash-out* on the road of human action apart from divine supervision."

"Exactly," said the old man, while his countenance beamed with joy at the thought of English having properly conceived the lesson he was trying to convey.

"That is what I believe," responded English; and his reply was not the result so much of his sincere acquiescence to the scriptural application which the man of God had made as it was the consequence of his individualistic trend of mind in turning for selfish ends the full force of these pertinent lessons upon Dick Ivey, who sat listening intently to the conversation.

"And," said English, continuing to make use of the advantage gained, "to love issues or humanity, to cultivate patriotism or benevolence simply for the good we see in these things alone is idolatry, and is therefore dishonoring and detestable."

"Just so, Mr. English," said the hoary-haired preacher, its buildin' on a sandy foundation, an' when the thing in which men thus put their trust fails, they're mor'n apt to become wrecks."

How true indeed were the conclusions drawn by this unlearned man from the inspired volume! An immortal soul, the forces of whose life here must inevitably penetrate eternity, must have a higher and grander fulcrum upon which to rest the leverage of its mission while on earth than any thing terrestrial, immortal man not excepted. For Christ's sake alone must constitute the basic line of all his actions, otherwise his work must at last float like debris about him, to haunt him throughout eternity with the mistakes and follies of his earthly career.

English heartily assented to all that the good man had said, and as the trio were taking their leave of the humble minister he followed them to the edge of the yard, as if he were anxious to continue the conversation, and as he shook English's hand he said: "An' what I have said, Mr. English, applies to men who live only for selfish ends in this life; when troubles come they fail too, because self is a sandy foundation an', mark you, in His sayin's alone is there safety."

English felt the full force of the preacher's pointed and personal remark, though not designedly so, and as he shook the old man's hand he acquiesced to the truthfulness of his declaration and determined to at least give the line of thought which had engaged their attention on that occasion a more thorough investigation.

Will Dick Ivey profit by what he has heard? Events

yet to be recorded will answer that important question.

The trio returned, however, at the close of the day to Elvina Grant's little cabin, and Jerusha's anxieties were dissipated for the time at least by their cheerful demeanor.

CHAPTER VII.

DICK IVEY'S INCIPIENT COURTSHIP.

HAVING returned to the cabin, the earlier part of the evening was largely spent in listening to Dick Ivey rehearse the scenes of bloody conflict through which he had passed. His denunciations of the "blue coats," as he styled the Northern soldiers, were scathing indeed, and it was quite natural that such should be their character in the presence of Jerusha Grant, for while it would not be correct to say, perhaps, that Dick was in love with the fair damsel, yet probabilities were playing an important part in shaping his deportment. And what phase of Cupid's proceedings is more interesting and even more amusing to the close observer than the incipient stages of his freakish and often ridiculous career.

Dick Ivey was by no means insensible to Jerusha's charms; the way, therefore, in his estimation must be cleared of every obstacle, and knowing that English was at least Northern-bred, and might probably be a rival, the wounded soldier strove to beget within her heart such prejudices against all Northerners as to forever insure her against any probable overtures of love from that source. The mind, whether cultivated or debased, is ever conscious of the potency of prejudice as a weapon in aggressive or defensive combat: It has indeed slain millions. Hence Christ delivered one of his most pointed and convincing parables, that of "the good Samaritan," in order to break down that

barrier existing between man and man. But alas! how universally disregarded!

Well has Anthony Horneck said: "What will not prejudice do? It was that which made the Jews call Christ a Samaritan, a devil, a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners. It was that which made them hail the apostles to their governors and cry out: 'Away with them! It is not fit that they should live.' It was this that made Ahab hate the upright Micaiah and the Athenian condemn the just Aristides, though he had never seen him. It was this made the poor man, who knew not what John Huss's doctrine was, so busy and industrious to carry wood for his funeral pile, and as zealous to kindle it, inasmuch that the martyr could not but cry out: 'O holy simplicity!' It is this sets men against consideration of their ways and makes them give out that it will crack their brains and disorder their understanding."

But, like all dangerous weapons, one must be careful in the using, for it as frequently reacts on the wielder as it does execution in the ranks of the enemy. Dick Ivey might have learned so much had he been a close observer, as he vented his hate upon the foe he had met, and bravely too, in a score of well-fought battles. His promiscuous condemnation of the Northern soldiery and his declaration of their universal cowardice, drew repeated shadows across Jerusha's face, though she was as truly Southern in all her proclivities and sympathies as any woman South of the Mason and Dixon line. True manhood and true womanhood always detest a spirit of uncompromising abuse and of egotistic vaunting. Edward English had observed the countenance of his fair pupil and had

read unerringly the emotions that struggled within her heart; therefore this, together with his individualism, so completely fortified him against the attacks of his probable rival that he rather invited than defied his thrusts, for the enemy, he conceived, was valiantly fighting his battles.

But there was an incident related by the wounded soldier which, for a moment at least, threatened like a ponderous solid shot to tear away the strong bulwarks behind which English had taken refuge. Ivey had remarked that he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had at least sent one cowardly "blue coat" to his long home, and then proceeded to narrate the particulars. "I was out one morning," he said, "'tween the lines on a little foragin' excursion, when I ran suddenly on a yankee engaged in the same kind o' work. When he saw me he took to his heels, as any of 'em would 'ave done, for they wer' better at that kind o' work than any other. But I sent an ounce ball after him, an' as good luck would have it, I hit him som'ers bout the back o' the neck, an' fetched him to the ground, an' here's his revolver," said he, pointing with an air of triumph to the pistol which hung at his side, "that I took from his carcass, for I knowed he hadn't used it to no advantage while he was livin', an' that it wouldn't do him no good in death."

A flush mantled English's face, and he half-way arose from his chair, while he grasped the breech of his own revolver; which movement Ivey did not behold, for he sat with his back to English while addressing Jerusha in the words which we have just recorded. This demonstration on the part of English caused Jerusha to start up in fear, which seemed to

remind English of what he was doing, for he dropped back into his chair and quickly assumed his natural, disinterested expression. Ivey supposed Jerusha's fright to have been produced by what he esteemed to be the narration of a deed of bravery, but all the glory which he imagined encircled the bloody piece of warfare was dissipated when Jerusha, quietly resuming her composure, remarked in a sweet, offended tone: "And surely you did not shoot him in the back as he ran for his life?"

It was a happy thrust; for it put a quietus on Ivey's boasting, and calmed the storm, to some extent, that was brewing in English's heart.

The conversation, therefore, somewhat lulled, and the silence gave Micajah's widow, Elvina Grant, who had been a silent listener, an opportunity to declare that it was "well-nigh onto time for to go to bed," for she affirmed that "such chat 'bout dead folks will fetch that *ha'nt* back to the cliffs, and goodness knows," she said, "I don't want to see it no more, even if I thought, as some people 'lows it is, it wer' the sperit of Micajah." And then, dropping her voice to a lower and more melancholy tone, she said: "'Tan't no good sign nohow for sperits to be prowlin 'round one's house, for Jemima Grigsby said how that it was a token of powerful comin' troubles; and Jemima ought to know, for if she can't see into the future there is no fortune teller that can; for she's told me lots o' things that's come onmistakably to pass."

This bit of superstitious surmise had been born of what Elvina had witnessed in Edward English's deportment during the repetition of Dick Ivey's little piece of single-handed warfare. The weird specula-

tions of the old fortune-teller whom Elvina had consulted were well-nigh thoroughly confirmed in her mind, and she now looked forward almost every moment to a sad realization of some awful sorrow. But this allusion to the "ha'nt" and the black-art, together with Jerusha's rebuke, had completely silenced Dick's battery; for he was by no means free from superstition himself. So he sat moodily nursing his misgivings and disappointment until the little party of males sought their beds in a little back room.

Never before, perhaps, in all the history of the past had old Cæsar frowned down upon and nursed in his rocky lap a more confused medley of disturbing thoughts than on that long-remembered night. The wind howled about the little cabin as if it were angry with the inmates; the branches of the overlapping trees creaked and groaned as if they were bewailing the death of some dearest friend; great skirts of black clouds swept over the pallid face of the moon and across The Dismal as if they were hurrying away from some awful scene; the keen flash of the lightning lit up ever and anon the rugged, flinty features of old Cæsar's frowning countenance; the thunder pealed forth in awful, crashing volumes, until the echo from hundreds of granite crags made it appear that battery after battery of heavy artillery were belching death from scores of rocky forts. Amid this, the wildest of nature's diversions, there appeared on the crag of granite overhanging the little cabin the mysterious old cliff-walker. The storm gathered up his long white beard and hoary locks together with the loose folds of his long white robe and swept them to one side, as the wind sweeps the smoke from the chimney tops.

Amid this wild confusion the figure lifted up its voice in trumpet-like tones which mingled with the clash of thunders: "Hark! hark! my ward! Let not the thunders of God's wrath affright thee! Crave not the paltry wealth of this world; seek not other men's gold, but invest thy gettings in souls, and then thou shalt carry it with thee into the world that is to come, and verily thou shalt be delivered from the furious blasts that already sweep over my soul! Hark! hark! my ward!"

And then, amid the roar of the storm, the inmates of the little cabin heard the trumpet-like tones die away among the cliffs whither the strange figure had withdrawn.

While the scene we have just described was transpiring the deportment of those within the cabin was serious, as well as amusing. Jerusha Grant and her mother had not yet retired. They sat before the broad fire-place and looked at each other in silence and blank amazement. Tom and Edward occupied the same bed in the little back room; and the latter, resting his head on his hand and elbow, was in listening attitude; while Tom, who had not lost all of his superstition, crouched close to the side of his bedfellow. While Dick, who occupied the same room with them, when the first utterances of the mysterious figure had been heard, somewhat timidly raised himself in the bed and asked: "Is that the ha'nt?" On receiving an affirmative answer, he rolled himself head and ears in the heavy home-woven blankets, and lay until morning as still as death.

So the night passed away, and the earliest flash of dawn found the inmates of the little cabin astir en-

gaged with the chores. Jerusha had just started with a large pail to the spring, which was some distance down the mountain side, when she was joined by Dick, who rejoiced at the opportunity of thus having a few minutes of private conversation with the fair belle of The Dismal. He took the empty pail from her hand, and began very creditably to himself to assume the part of the gallant.

"Miss 'Rusha," said he, by way of introducing the conversation, "did you hear that ha'nt las' night?"

"Yes, I did," replied the fair damsel, "and I must confess that its loud voice and mysterious presence are any thing but pleasant to me."

"You are mighty right," declared the illiterate soldier, glad apparently that he had some one to sympathize with him in his feelings toward this strange phenomenon. "I have faced shot and shell, but you may hang Dick Ivey if you ever ketch him spendin' another night in these parts."

Jerusha intimated that she by no means craved to be his executioner, but that she was truly sorry that his stay with them had been made so unpleasant and that she hoped, should he ever change his mind, his next visit would not be disturbed by the hoary old cliff-walker.

The reply somewhat confused Dick, but his embarrassment lasted but a moment, after which he replied: "Miss 'Rusha, I hope I'll never be hung, but if I was, I tell you that there's no being on yearth that I'd ruther have ter hang me as you; but I b'lieve you've 'bout captur'd me anyhow, Miss 'Rusha, an' I hope you won't hang your prisoner or treat him like the yankees treat thern."

Jerusha joined Dick in a laugh over this purposely facetious remark, and replied that he spoke enigmas, "for," said she, "you have just affirmed that I might hang you if you ever paid us another visit, and now you claim to be my prisoner; how is that?"

"Be that as it may," said Dick, "there's but one thing that'll ever fetch me back to your house."

"Why, I'm really sorry, Mr. Ivey, that you have so little regard for us; but may I be so bold as to ask what that *one* thing is?" asked Jerusha, with that mischievous but sweet twinkle of the eye so common to her sex on such occasions.

"It's thess my love for you, Miss 'Rusha," answered Dick, somewhat confused at his positive confession.

The beautiful girl blushed and thanked him for his interest in her, and was then disposed, woman-like, after having caused him to confess what she knew was in his heart, to remain silent. All women are more or less coquettish, and this is the soul of courtship. Jerusha realized that the conversation had reach its climax along that line; and having obtained an avowal of Dick's esteem, was not willing to lead him any farther for fear that their somewhat frivolous conversation might be made by Dick to assume a more serious phase.

But the gallant and attentive visitor soon broke the oppressive silence with another expression of his abhorrence for the "ha'nt." Said he, continuing this line of conversation: "Miss 'Rusha, ef I wus you, I'd not live here an' have that speret a-bawlin' like a cow-critter right over my head tell the jist an' bo'rd's rattles thess like an ole cyart. Ther' an't no needcessity

fur you ter 'ave your years a-ringin' with the owdacious bawlin' ov that onyearthly creatur' beca'se I've got a good house on yon side ov the Dismal an' thur an't nobody ter he'p me look atter it, an' I thess am obleeged ter ax you ter come an' be—"

Jerusha anticipated what he was about to say, and, heartily repenting of her coquettish deportment, contravened the completion of the sentence by interjecting: "O Mr. Ivey, what if the ghost were to visit your house some night when you are alone?"

Dick by no means relished this expert ruse so common with Jerusha's sex in annihilating those questions which they do not want to answer or to hear. But he replied with a shudder: "Ef it wus to come, I'm 'feard I'd be wuss skeered than I was last night; Miss 'Rusha, I wus that beyant myself that I fully 'lowed he was a-comin' down the chimbly, an' I thess covered my face with the headin' [pillow] an' wished fur day. Why sich bawlin' would a-teched up ole Billy Bangs hisself, an' he wa'n't afeard ov nothin'; why he'd a fit Sampson hisse'f ef he'd a toted fa'r an' would a jes' give up the jaw-bone o' that mule. But ef, as you 'sposed it wus ter come to my house, I'd thess blow the gate outen hit with powder an' ball, providin' its 'ash an' blood; but that an't here nor yan, on yand' side o' The Dismal ther' an't no place for a speret ter hide, an' hit can't clim' on a rock right over my house an' bawl like a yearlin' 'bout milkin' time; hit'll find hidin'-places mighty sca'ce round about them parts."

"But spirits may go anywhere," said Jerusha, "and they do not need hiding-places."

"But, Miss 'Rusha, ther's no denyin' that ther's a power o' hants in them rocks 'bove your house," Dick

replied. "Hit's a master-place fur 'em, an' ef I was you I'd be mighty glad ter git a chance ter leave these parts. An' ef hit ever comes ter my house, hit'll ketch powder an' ball; an', as I wus goin' ter say back yander, ef you'll thess—"

"But," quickly retorted Jerusha, glad of an opportunity to thwart the designs of her would-be suitor, "Mr. Ivey, ghosts are not like yankees; they never turn their backs upon us, but always present a bold front." The beautiful girl tempered the pungent thrust with a merry laugh and a winning toss of her curled hair, that hung in such rich profusion about her shapely shoulders.

Despite this ruse, however, of woman's beguiling art, Dick felt the retort too keenly to have replied in a moment, if circumstances had permitted, for they had just reached the threshold of the little cabin as Jerusha concluded her sentence. But when he placed the bucket of water upon the crude shelf and when Jerusha bestowed upon him a sweet smile and uttered a soft "Thank you!" in recognition of his kind services, the smile made ample atonement for the keen dart of sarcasm which she had just hurled through his heart.

Ah! men are the more stupid of the two sexes, and they construe every sweet smile and every soft utterance of a beautiful woman into evidences of a deep regard for them. If all women are more or less coquettish, all men are, in some measure, conceited. Dick Ivey fully believed that Jerusha Grant loved him and that only womanly modesty kept her from a frank confession of it. When, therefore, he took his leave of the family, it was with the determination to renew

his suit at some future day. He resolved, however, that his visits to the isolated family should be made only in the day-time, lest he should again be disturbed by the apparition of the cliffs. And so he did become quite a frequent visitor to the little cabin in Cæsar's lap.

CHAPTER VIII.

FLYING ARROWS FROM CUPID'S BOW.

A FEW weeks had passed away since Dick Ivey's last visit to the Grants, but during the interim his thoughts had frequently recurred to the queenly belle of The Dismal. Indeed, much of his time was consumed in planning this last visit to the little cabin in Cæsar's shadow. A beautiful Sabbath morning at last dawned, and Dick was up early in order to execute his cherished hopes.

The arrangement of his toilet was quite an item, for the great civil struggle through which the States were passing at that time had so paralyzed every department of production, as well as manufacture, as to affect even the secluded coves of the mountains, so that there was not only great scarcity of material for clothing; but also a great lack of facilities for manufacturing it. In addition to this, it must be remembered that Dick was a lonely bachelor. There was not a woman within the bounds of his little plantation to look after his necessities relative to proper clothing, but he had become somewhat of a launderer during the years he had spent in the army, and really many expedients had been learned in camp life. Therefore, with these helps which he had acquired, together with the old adage, "necessity is the mother of invention," he finally made himself presentable, at least in mountain circles.

An ample application of suet to his coarse cowhide

boots had in some measure atoned for the lack of that almost or quite obsolescent article, at that time, blacking.

In rummaging through the effects of his silent chamber, Dick had come across an old suit of blue broadcloth, the wedding suit in all probability of some well to do ancestor. The pants were *tights* in the truest sense of that term, but after much tugging he succeeded in getting his muscular limbs on the inside of the antiquated trousers. They were a trifle too short even in Dick's estimation, and his feet had never appeared so much like the pedestals of a giant before, but the well-preserved and glossy fabric of his pantaloons made ample amends for all the other defects and lack of correlation, at least in the wearer's estimation. The defect in the length of the trousers, however, was concealed by thrusting them into his long boot-legs; and to give a somewhat martial appearance to his person, for he prided himself on having been a soldier, he fastened his large cavalry spur to the heel of one boot, and thrust the barrel of the large silver-mounted revolver into the leg of the other, letting the breech protrude so as to attract attention. Both of these instruments of bloodshed were intended on this occasion to be merely ornamental; for he meant to perform the visit on foot, and the pistol was indeed a useless thing in the quiet and secluded recess of The Dismal.

The coat was a trifle too small, and was of antiquated, claw-hammer style, but there was one consolation to the wearer: it was perhaps the only broadcloth coat in The Dismal. A large black silk neck-tie such as were worn by our great-grandfathers was

carefully wound around his neck. It served at least one purpose: to hide any laundry defects in his shirt and collar.

The next item that gave Dick unusual concern was a hat to correspond with his dress suit. The little army cap as he adjusted it before the diminutive mirror looked so much out of accord with the other articles of his toilet that he was not a little perplexed. He peremptorily declined, however, to wear it, and instituted immediately search for something more in keeping with his other articles of attire. His search was rewarded with an old silk beaver browned by age and somewhat pressed out of its original shape, but in Dick's estimation it was a wonderful improvement on the old greasy military cap. Thus attired he set out for the cabin in *The Dismal*.

As he passed along the tortuous mountain road the children of the mountaineers gathered in the doors of the humble huts and gazed upon him in blank amazement and profound admiration. Dick felt highly exalted in being thus the center of attraction of every group of flaxen-haired urchins.

While he was in this self-congratulatory mood he passed through a deep forest, and when he had about reached the center of it, a saucy little gray squirrel waved its bushy tail, as it sat upon the limb of a large hickory tree and chattered merrily at him.

"Ah!" soliloquized Dick, "it thess an't any use for 'Rusha Grant to try to keep frum likin' a feller that even the squir'ls praises. I'll thess take her by storm this mornin', like ole Ginerál Joe used to 'sprise the yanks. Tell you, ole Johnson was a trump." Thus concluding his little speech of self-commendation,

and comparison of himself with one among the greatest of Southern generals, and for whom he had a profound admiration, he stopped by the way-side and plucked from the crevices of the rocks a few plume-like ferns and tucked them under the band of his antiquated beaver with the whispered remark: "I'll give 'em to 'Rusha, for they'll as good as tell her that I've been a-thinkin' of her along the way."

Again he hurried forward with rapid strides, till he came to where a little path led off from the main road. Here he stood for several moments, as if seriously meditating which way would be the best to take. Then he spoke to himself: "Let me see! yes, this path goes up by ole Granny Grigsby's house, an' I b'l' eve I'll go by, for they say she's powerful knowin' in courtin' matters, and I'll thess walk by an' see what she'll say as I pass, for they say you can't go by 'thout her seein' you."

Therefore, suiting his actions to his words, he turned into the little pathway and walked rapidly along till he reached a point opposite the old dame's cabin. The furious barking of a little fice brought the old woman to the door. She looked at Dick for a few moments in blank astonishment, and then exclaimed: "If it han't Dick Ivey, all dressed up in a suit of them fureigner's clothes he's been a-fightin', you may burn me for a witch! Han't it?"

Dick was evidently nettled somewhat by the old woman's allusion to his clothes, for it just then occurred to him that his suit was really blue; he therefore drew his form up to its greatest height and replied: "You are mighty right, Granny Grigsby, 'bout its bein' Dick Ivey, but it an't ther clothes I've got

on. Thern an't made in the same style as mine, nur of as fine material. How do you come on?"

"Thess middlin', Dick. I han't never well, but that an't here nur yon. Whur in the yearth are you makin' for? Won't you come in an' set awhile with a body?"

"An't got time," said Dick as he moved off.

"Ah! ther's some 'oman a-knockin' at the door o' your heart, Dick Ivey, an' if you'll thess talk right, them fureign clothes'll win her," replied the old woman as Dick moved away.

"If there an't nobody in the way," laughingly responded Dick as he looked back over his shoulder. Then he mumbled: "I'm afeard the ole 'oman's prophecy has already come to pass, an' that fureign clothes, or leastwise that fureigner has won 'Rusha 'fore now. Wish my clothes wer'n't blue, any way."

In a little while, however, Dick was at the place of his destination, and the pleasant reception that was given him by the Grants caused him to forget, for the time at least, the color of his suit. His grotesque attire would have provoked laughter and criticism anywhere else perhaps, except in such dark mountain recesses as The Dismal. Edward English was thoroughly amused, but he controlled his risible nature with the acerbity of a stoic; but even his invividualistic stoicism was very nearly overcome when Elvina Grant, who associated every thing in some way or other with Micajah, innocently remarked, in commenting on Dick's suit: "I took him to be Micijah's ha'nt when I saw him comin' up the path toward the house. An'," said she addressing the visitor, "you looked thess like the *pictur*' of the ole man

when he were young, and used to come a-courtin' over in Transylvania. Them were powerful happy days, Dick, an' you needn't feel 'shamed of bein' 'pared to Micajah, for he was thess as good-lookin' a man as ever trod The Dismal."

"Quite a compliment, Mr. Ivey," quickly responded English, "but you will pardon Tom and myself for competing with you for the prize of good looks."

This remark provoked a laugh, and gave its author an opportunity to give vent to the pent-up risible forces that were aroused by Elvina's ghostly comparison.

"Well, that wern't sayin' that other people are not good-lookin,' too," said the matronly widow; "but ther's one thing Dick's got the best of you all in, an' that's his nice clothes."

To this English conceded, and remarked that he was always partial to their color.

Such personal remarks would have done great violence to good breeding anywhere else, but they were in strict harmony with the customs and manners of The Dismal. Dick Ivey did not exactly relish, however, the idea of being compared to a "ha'nt;" neither was English's expression relative to the color of his clothes at all palatable; but he congratulated himself with the thought that Elvina Grant, at least, would be favorable to his mission, as he reminded her of her husband in his palmiest days.

An opportunity soon presented itself, however, for Dick to deliver the ferns which he had plucked from the wayside. English and Tom Grant strolled out into The Dismal, and Jerusha and her visitor were left alone; for Elvina busied herself with the poultry

in the sunny barn-yard; for it was not often that the sun peeped through the lofty crags and lit up the yard with his warm kisses; and when he did, it was only for a little while at a time. Therefore the kind widow could not afford to miss his pleasant visitations.

"Here's some ferns I fotch you, Miss 'Rusha," said he, as he plucked them from his hat band and placed them in the hand of the fair maiden.

"Thank you," said Jerusha, in a sweet voice, as she took them from his hand and placed them on the crude mantel in a handsomely carved wooden vase that Edward English had whittled out of some richly colored specimen of mountain maple.

"I'm glad you were so considerate of my passion for ferns," she said. "I think they are very pretty; and don't you think this is a beautiful vase?" she added, as she lifted the little piece of art from its place and handed it to Dick Ivey for inspection. "It is a present to me from Mr. English."

Dick came very near letting the vase drop to the floor as the last sentence escaped Jerusha's lips. Was it really true that English's artistic workmanship had captured his ferns? The thought flashed through his heart pungent as the thrust of a Damascene blade; but his will assumed the mastery of his anger, and he coldly expressed admiration for the genius displayed in carving the designs upon the vase.

"But," said he, "Miss 'Rusha, them yankees ruther do such work as that than fight fur *ther* country." Then, as they resumed their seats, he remarked, drawing his chair nearer Jerusha: "I b'lieve Ed English is a yankee deserter, for he's thess like them fellers

we've been fightin', an' I'll bet he's after no good in these parts."

Jerusha's face colored when she heard her friend thus accused and suspected, and she replied with animation: "I don't know, Mr. Ivey, whether or not Mr. English is what you charge him with being, but I do know that he has been a very dear friend to us; I may even say that he has been our preserver when there was none to help us."

"O!" said Ivey, observing his mistake, and feeling keenly the unpleasant trend which his untimely remark had given to the conversation, "I don't mean that he mayn't be a good man, an' that he has not been a friend to you uns; but then, Miss 'Rusha, you wouldn't fall in love with a man you don't know nothin' 'bout, when ther's men that's fout for your country that's got a good home for you, an' that you've knowed all your life, would you?"

"Why, Mr. Ivey," said Jerusha with an air of surprise, and much amused at the apologetic tone of Ivey's reply, "I did not mean to make the impression that I am in love with any one, for I am not; but I appreciate any act of friendship, even if it be nothing more than plucking a few ferns for me from the rocks along the roadside." Then, becoming more serious, she said: "Mr. English has been a real friend to us. He has helped us to improve our little stock of learning, and has, I may say, almost supported us for two years; and I cannot forget or undervalue his services."

"I'll be a better friend to you, Miss 'Rusha, than any other man's ever been; an', while I an't got much larnin', I've got what's better—a good home; an' that's mor'n Ed English has got for you. An',

to make a long matter short, I thess come over this mornin' to tell you how much I love you, an' to ask you to be mine."

Jerusha's cheeks were covered with blushes, and she became the personification of confusion. It was her first experience in such matters—at least, when they had assumed such a serious phase. It is true that she had suspected Dick Ivey's high esteem for her from what had occurred during previous visits; but, notwithstanding the surmises on her part which resulted from those little episodes already recorded, she was by no means prepared for Dick Ivey's sudden declaration and pointed question.

Regaining her self-possession in a measure, she gave the impetuous lover to understand that she had not so much as given a moment's thought to so serious a step; and that really she could not say that his ardent affection for her met with any feeling of reciprocation on her part.

The somewhat indifferent reply thoroughly vexed the ardent suitor; and though Jerusha, touched with something like a feeling of pity for him, begged him not to press her with so serious a question, and to continue his present friendly relationship with her, he left her side with the assertion: "Ed English shall never marry you, 'Rusha Grant; an' if that's why you refuse me, he'll pay for it."

The unpleasant termination of the ardent lover's visit, coupled as it was with a threat against the dearest friend that the beautiful girl had ever known, threw a shadow across her pathway, which may ere-long assume darker hues, and envelop her young life like a pall of death.

CHAPTER IX.

MICAJAH GRANT'S MISFORTUNE.

WE are not responsible for what our ancestors have done, but they are frequently to blame largely for our environments, which often determine our deeds and which more frequently circumscribe our usefulness in this life. It is a fearful thought, nevertheless true, that all the force of our lives is swept irresistibly along into the future and takes tangible forms and positive shapes in real living beings. It is in this sense that God visits "the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate him." The consequences of crime inevitably follow the posterity of the criminal in some shape or other, and we have a pointed illustration of this truth in the history of the Grant family.

One looking upon the wild scenes of The Dismal, thinking of its isolation, the privations and hardships which a habitation within its dark and secluded depths would necessarily create, would naturally inquire as to what inducement could have possibly prevailed upon any one to have caused the selection of such a place for rearing therein that sacred place called home.

The truth forces us to record, unwillingly it may be, this bit of family history relative to the ancestors of our heroine, Jerusha Grant. Nathaniel Grant, the progenitor of the Grant family in The Dismal, lived, prior to the Revolutionary War, in what was known

as the "Welsh Neck Grant" lying on both sides of the Great Pedee River and covering that beautiful tract of country now known as Marlboro, Marion, and Darlington Counties. He was honored and respected as one of the best citizens of that community of hardy Welsh settlers. But when the United Colonies broke off their allegiance with England, Nathaniel Grant conscientiously espoused the cause of the mother country, and was henceforth regarded as a Tory and therefore an enemy to the provincial government of his adopted State and country. There are in this life great decisive crises, which either make or ruin men, and Nathaniel Grant's choice and subsequent actions determined the environments and secluded home of his descendants.

In the great struggles of our revolutionary sires there were many dark and fearful tragedies growing, necessarily, out of existing feuds and internal dissensions. A noted Whig named Hawthorne, who lived during the Revolutionary War in the upper portion of what is now known as Marion County and whose estate joined the lands of Nathaniel Grant, had, prior to the war of American independence, an angry dispute with his neighbor, Grant, relative to the boundary lines of the adjoining plantations. The matter was referred to arbitration for settlement, for in that day there were few, if any, courts held outside of Charleston; and Nathaniel Grant, who was not oversanguine of the success of his cause, bribed the third man on the committee of arbitration, who held the balance of power so to express it, and therefore won the contested claim. He had strengthened his cause by utilizing the rascality of another, as well as by be-

coming a criminal himself. He had therefore injured materially his neighbor, Hawthorne, and very naturally became his deadly enemy from that day henceforth, for in order to hate one we need only do that one a deed of gross injustice.

During the war which succeeded this event, Hawthorne's property was plundered and he was cruelly murdered by a party of seven Tories led by Nathaniel Grant.*

After the perpetration of this cruel crime, Hawthorne's son declared that he would be revenged by slaying five of the perpetrators. He solemnly "took a vow that he would not sleep on a bed or eat at a table till he had killed five of the seven. He pursued them for years and followed one or more of them to Tennessee, and is said actually to have fulfilled his vow to the letter."

Nathaniel Grant was therefore one of the two who escaped the vengeance of the pursuing son, and he did so by hiding himself away in the solitudes of The Dismal. After the war was over, the property, landed and personal, of Nathaniel Grant was confiscated; thus he was made penniless and a fugitive primarily by his greed for a few acres of land and the crime to which he stooped to obtain it. So man is more frequently responsible for the misfortunes that overtake him and the crushing trials that sweep down upon him than he is always free to admit. And it is often amazing to look upon the long catalogues of crime and disaster that spring from comparatively little things and indifferent acts.

In the picture before us we behold one century lit-

* "History of the Old Cheraws," page 349.

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erally packed with ignorance, hardships, superstition, deprivations, and all the long catalogue of suffering and sorrows incident to an isolated existence in the most benighted of mountain coves. Three generations of the Grant family had indeed reaped the bitter results of the nefarious deeds of their fugitive ancestor. Verily life is a responsible trust; and it is a trust designed for investment, and assuredly it is invested in some way or other by every individual who reaches the years of accountability, and frequently, alas! in disobedience to God and criminally against the fruit of our own loins.

Life! what pen is capable of recording its vast possibilities as it relates to others! Mythological history has its beautiful lessons, which find apt applications in the lives of men everywhere. Take, for illustration, the legend of the beautiful little cabinet of gold that was stored away in the temple of Apollo at Babylon. It lay there for years in its little niche and did no one any harm or any good, but O what a magazine of death it really was, if we may credit mythologic history. The rude hand of a soldier, one hardened in crime, tore away one day as he passed through the temple the closely fitting lid, and from that little golden chest there came forth such pestilence that at first infected the Parthenians and then spread through the adjoining provinces, thence sweeping with disease and death in its trail on and on till one-third of the inhabitants of the world were destroyed. How much like the little magazines of possibilities stored away in the human soul! Dare any rude hand of violence tear them open? If so, there is no wonder that he is accursed.

Well has good old Elihu Burritt declared: "No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disc of non-existence, to which he can retreat from his relations to others." The sunlight of eternity will indeed reveal our finger-marks upon the characters of many whom we never saw in this life.

A dispute over a few paltry acres, a bribe, a cruel hatred cherished from day to day in the heart, bloodshed and violence, and then a century's existence in the darkness of almost a living tomb for his descendants! Such were the fatal mistakes and the retributive consequences of Nathaniel Grant's life.

Then frown thy bitterest, insatiate watcher of thy dismal realms, cast thy dark shadows across the lonely cove, war and bloodshed, covetousness and pride, rapine and plunder, prejudice and hate, selfishness and disobedience have been thy friends! But remember, granite-helmeted warrior, that the time will come when swords shall be beaten into pruning-hooks, when nations shall learn war no more, and when Christ shall redeem even thy vassals and break off thy dominion forever and ever!

CHAPTER X.

DICK IVEY CONSULTS THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

JEMIMA GRIGSBY'S house was almost on the direct road leading from Elvina Grant's cabin to Dick Ivey's little farm. The fact that Dick had really been unable to pass her house without being observed, on the morning of the day in which the events of which we write transpired, together with the old dame's assertion, "Ah! ther's some 'oman a-knockin' at the door of your heart, Dick Ivey," when he had declined her hospitable invitation to "come in an' set awhile with a body"—that occurrence, her prediction, and her general reputation for foretelling future events, had been burned into the very soul of the disappointed lover; and as he plodded his way homeward in the evening of that eventful day, with the fires of jealous hatred consuming his heart, he determined to call by and consult the old fortune-teller as to the fate that should overtake him, relative to the matter which had, only half an hour ago terminated so unsatisfactorily to him.

Having reached the little cabin, he knocked for admission, and was answered by a voice from within: "Thess push open the door an' wâlk in, providin' you an't no enemy."

Dick obeyed the command, and entered the humble apartment. It was occupied only by Jemima, a fice, and a large yellow cat. The old woman sat leaning over a few coals that smoldered in the broad

fire-place, while the cat and dog each shared a place on the hearth at the lonely old dame's feet. The little hut was tidily kept, and every thing within presented a neat and cleanly appearance.

When Dick stepped through the open door, and across the narrow apartment to the hearth-stone where the lonely occupant of the cabin sat, she arose and, after passing the usual salutations, motioned the visitor to a chair. The little dog growled furiously at the intruder; while the cat, frightened either at Dick's antique appearance or the fierce snarls of the fice, scampered away to a place of concealment in the rear portion of the room.

"Begone, Snap!" sharply commanded the old woman; "the man's not goin' to bother us." Then, turning to Dick Ivey, she said: "Three's a lucky number, but a fourth fetches trouble. I know of a place in this settlement wher' ther's bound to be a sight of botherment, beca'se ther's a stranger took up his lodgin' with a family of three."

This utterance, born apparently of the disturbance among her pets by the entrance of the visitor, but more directly of her hatred for English, who ridiculed her pretensions, was very readily conceived and applied by Dick Ivey, as it was designed that it should be by the old impostrix.

Dick's hatred for the Northerner was intensified by the old fortune-teller's declaration, while it was instrumental also in augmenting his embarrassment. The thought of being in the presence of one who could penetrate the future and read the secrets of human hearts was enough to bewilder the superstitious visitor.

The old dame quickly perceived the confusion of her guest, and immediately informed him that an unseen power had told her that he was in great trouble and perplexity, and that a beautiful woman was the cause of his sufferings.

It was enough. Whatever misgivings or doubt Dick Ivey may have cherished relative to her art were dissipated by the apt guess, and he was now prepared to receive and act upon any instruction the old impostrix might give him, never dreaming for once that he had carried the information which he had received photographed on his very countenance and stereotyped in his very deportment.

"Let's see your han', Dick Ivey," she said, as she adjusted a pair of old spectacles, and grasped nervously the hand of the arm in which Dick had been wounded, and which had not thoroughly healed. A dart of pain shot through his body; and the wounded man, with a yell that made the cabin tremble from rafter to foundation, squatted writhing to the floor. The little fice, no longer courageous enough to hold its position at its mistress's feet, drew its caudal appendage between its miniature limbs, and with a yell that did credit, at least so far as shrillness is involved, to the canine family, sought concealment with the cat under the lonely old dame's bed in the extreme lower end of the building, whence tremulous whines issued so long as Dick remained upon the old fortune-teller's premises.

Jemima Grigsby was not a little startled herself by this unusual demonstration in her quiet home; and, thinking that Dick had fainted from some cause or other, she dashed the contents of a pail of cold water

into his face and over his body. This was too much for the superstitious inquirer at the shrine of the black art, and he arose from the floor saturated and chilled by the icy fluid; and his clinched fist, together with his firmly set features, told too plainly that it was fortunate for once that Jemima was a woman.

Equilibrium was at last restored, however, by the old dame's apology and Ivey's explanation; but it may not be amiss to say that the reconciliation did not reach the two denizens of that home which had taken refuge under the bed, and that it was not till the small hours of night brought perfect silence that they dared to venture from their hiding-place.

Again the old fortune-teller took hold of his hand, making sure of the sound one this time, and as she traced the lines in the open palm she said: "I see an enemy 'tween you an' the one you love. You'll have to get him out of the way 'fore you can claim her heart an' han'. If you succeed in that, I see no reason why your lives mayn't be full of happiness for both of you; an'"—

"That's 'nough," said Dick enthusiastically, as he withdrew his hand, and turned around preparatory to leaving the little hut.

"Hold," cried the old impostrix, fearing that her visitor was not satisfied; "I can tell you mor'n that."

"Not now," replied Dick; "I'll come again."

Thus the poor deluded wretch stepped out from under the old dame's roof, thoroughly impressed with the fact that she could not only look into the mysterious future, but could also read the secrets locked up in the deep recesses of the human heart; and, strange

to say, it never for once occurred to the poor deceived man, as he revolved the matter in his mind, that he had himself uttered, only a few hours prior to the incident which we have just recorded, the identical words to which he had listened with such intense interest as they fell from the lips of the old fortune-teller, and which so thoroughly impressed him with her magic power.

The credulity of the human race in matters bordering on the ridiculous and absurd is really amazing. No less a person than Charles II., when about to flee his kingdom, consulted by a female agent an astrologer, to ascertain where he should seek refuge. Again, it is affirmed that Mary Stuart consulted the fortune-tellers of France on more occasions than one during her sadly romantic history; and the Bible informs us that even Saul consulted the witch of Endor. Dick Ivey was not, therefore, alone in this absurd work of folly. These instances show to what transcendent depths the soul of man, unfortified by a proper conception of divine truth, is capable of sinking.

Ivey had proceeded but a short distance after he left Jemima Grigsby's when he stopped almost in the identical spot where he had stood that very morning, but the subject of contemplation with him now as he stands just where the path came into the great thoroughfare that wound itself around the great mountain that overshadowed the Dismal and thence leading away into the great columns of rock and earth that looked like pillars supporting the sky, was very different from that of his morning meditation. The sun had sunk behind the western hills; and his globular form, which only a few moments ago hung in the

horizon like a great blood-shot eye, was no longer visible, but his last lingering glances still crowned the highest peaks with a flood-tide of mellow, golden light. Dick Ivey stood motionless amid a hundred peaks, whose crests gleamed like torches while the great blue reflector above them gathered up these last rays of light and ejected them into the valleys round about. It seemed that the day-king, through the co-operation of lofty mountains and the sky, was endeavoring, kindly, to illuminate the path of any belated creature. But Dick Ivey stood unmoved by the splendid scene. He was too deeply engaged in thought to notice any thing. His lips moved, and he soliloquized: "Yes, he's a deserter, an' I'll git the people ter help me drive him from The Dismal; an' if he'll not go, we'll hang him to the limb of some tree an' let the vultures eat his flesh, an—"

The sentence was not completed, but was arrested by the clattering footsteps of the steed of an approaching horseman. Dick was startled almost at the noise that had dared to disturb his meditation. He looked up the road whence came the sound, and beheld a man dressed in a gray uniform approaching him, and his heart thrilled with joy at the prospect of meeting again a Confederate soldier. "Ah!" said he in suppressed tones, "may be he'll help me in my work."

Dick had scarcely finished the utterance when the horseman reined up his steed, saluted him, and asked with a smile wreathing his countenance (whether it was natural or provoked by Dick's costume, we will not affirm): "Will you be kind enough, sir, to tell me where a Confederate soldier could probably secure lodging for the night?"

"There an't many places 'bout here," said Dick, as he looked leisurely about him, "but I guess if you an't much particular 'bout your quarters, an' bein' that you're a soldier like myself an' 'pear to be a good-natur'd fellow, you can bunk with me down the road a piece, providin' you can put up with a bachelor, who an't got nobody to cook for him."

The traveler bowed politely at the close of Dick's somewhat lengthy reply, thanked him for his kindness, and, accepting his hospitality, in company with his prospective host moved off down the road. When they reached Ivey's home, the obliging host stabled and fed the traveler's horse, exchanged his antique suit for one of modern style, cooked a meal, and the two men sat down to the humble repast apparently in the most cheerful mood. What transpired is reserved for the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

TWICE WARNED.

DICK IVEY was rapidly approaching a terrible crisis, and again a merciful Providence was about to lift its warning voice. From the lips of a fellow-soldier, drawn nearer to him, therefore, on that account, and wielding a greater influence over him than a man of any other profession, he was now to hear pronounced his awful doom if he persisted in pursuing the trend of mind which gave shape to all his actions.

When the guest and host took their places at the table to partake of the humble meal which Ivey had prepared, the visitor asked permission to invoke God's blessing upon them, and his entertainer, of course, assented; but the trivial incident was a death-blow to all of his conjectures and anticipations, for he had hoped that his guest, a soldier as he was, would be available to him, and also favorable in laying some plan and to the execution of it, by which Edward English could be driven from the Dismal or pay the penalty for daring to remain within its vicinity. But when the Confederate soldier lifted his voice to God in praise and thanksgiving for the blessings with which his heavenly Father had crowned the humble board, all of Ivey's cherished hopes were dissipated, for he knew that his guest's religious proclivities would not permit him to take part in the work which the host desired so much to see accomplished.

However, Dick Ivey hoped to at least secure the sympathy of the soldier, if not his active co-operation in his anticipated work, hence when the meal was finished and they had drawn their chairs around the cheerily crackling fire, he opened the conversation by asserting that he believed it to be the duty of all Southern men to uncompromisingly put to death any Northern man who dared to come upon Southern territory.

"O no, my dear sir," said his guest, as he drew his pipe from his lips and thoughtfully curled the smoke toward the blazing fire. "That would be very wrong, and then, my friend, we are being driven before the invaders like chaff before the wind, and there is no help for us but to make the best terms with our conquerors we can, and—"

"I don't mean that we can keep 'em back," exclaimed Ivey, interrupting the speaker, "fur the rastle with 'em is 'bout over an' times is mighty jubous; but when we find one of 'em by hisse'f we can make 'im bite the dust."

"But that would be murder," said the guest with much emphasis, "and God would hold us accountable for shedding the blood of our fellow-creatures."

"They're bound ter giv' we uns a power o' interruption; them blue coat's as sassy as pompered cow-brutes, an' when they re'ch these here parts they'll scatter over the whole face ov the yearth, a-s'archin' fur what's lef'; an' ther' an't no law agin killin a b'ar fur breakin' inter yer gyarden a-s'archin' fur yer beegums, is ther'?"

"A bear and a man are two very different things, Mr. Ivey," said the guest, "and if the enemy does

wrong, we must never forget that two wrongs can never make a right; so we must make the best of our defeat and trust in God. I am persuaded that the enemy will not be as cruel as some people anticipate."

"They'll be a heap wuss'n they're recommended to be, fur I've fit 'em face to face. When they come, they'll be thess like a bealin' [swelling], for bealin's never does come at the right time nur at the right place. You could pick a better place thess a half'n inch from where they comes ev'ry time, an' ther' an't no time that's fitten fur 'em. They'll be as sly as deer a-mossin' in the river at night, an' I'll tell you now I'll not take nothin' f'om none ov 'em. I'll thess up with this 'volver an' blow the life outen 'em."

The guest smiled at these ridiculous comparisons and bombastic threats, and ventured to remind the speaker that the course which he intended to pursue might be equally as well executed by the other party, "for you must remember, Mr. Ivey, that they outnumber us, and that we will be powerless in their hands."

"Ther's one up in The Dismal now," replied Ivey, "an' he's thess b'en a-hidin' up yander in them rocks like a wolf that's s'archin' fur pompered sheep. I seed 'im ter-day, an' as shore's yer pap's a man, he an't atter no good in these parts."

"Why, he is very reckless," said the guest with a degree of surprise that a Union soldier should drift so far ahead of the army; "you must be mistaken. How long has he been there?"

"Nigh onter three years," said Dick, "an' he's powerful knowin', too. He's thess as larned as ole Solomon hisse'f, an' as tricky as a skew-bald hoss. Ther'

an't b'en no res' fur the people ov this deestric' sence he drapt down thar f'om som'ers, I don't know whur. But he's fotch a sight o' trouble inter The Dismal, shore's yer mammy's a 'oman. He's fotch a power o' ha'nts to them yander rocks that's stickin' outen this side o' the mountain. When ther' comes a hurricane, the ha'nt's shore ter bawl like a cow critter a smell-in' blood. I've hearn it myse'f. It thess steps f'om p'int to p'int on 'em big rocks on yan mountain like a wood-pecker a-huntin' o' worms, an' ther' an't no chance ter re'ch its hidin'-place."

"That is remarkable," said the guest, "surely there must be some mistake about this matter of which you speak. I cannot see why a Northern soldier would come to The Dismal and spend nearly three years there unless he is a criminal evading justice; and if this were true, how is he connected with the strange appearance that you speak of as stepping from crag to crag. Does the yankee of which you speak hide in the cliffs?"

"Ther' an't no mistake 'bout its bein' thess as I said, beca'se I've hearn an' seed what I'm a-talkin' 'bout. The yankee's name is Ed English, an' I've talked with 'im many a time. Why, mon, I've seed 'im ter day! He lives with 'Viny Grant fernen [opposite] the Peacock's pictur', an' right at the bottom ov the mountain on yan side o' the valley. He's done kunjer'd the family, an' they're mighty frien'ly with 'im. He knows every yerb from one eend o' the deestric' ter the funder, an' endurin' the time he's b'en thar' he's cuord more ailments than I ever mind hear-in' of bein' doctored afore. An' when he kunjers up that ha'nt the very yearth trimbles when it bawls like

a crock when it thunders. He's fotch sights o' trouble an' botherment, an' ther's bound ter be a heap o' comin' interruption fur the people o' The Dismal ef he an't put outen the way 'fore long. He ought ter bite the dust, an' I'm ready to help in the work."

"There is some explanation, my friend," said the guest, "for whatever mystery may hang over the man of whom you speak. Let him alone, and dare not imbue your hands in his blood."

The answer of the clergyman—for he was a chaplain returning to his home from the now demoralized Southern army—completely dispirited Ivey as to any hope of sympathy or any thing of that kind he may have cherished. Thus foiled and disappointed in his hopes and expectations, he sat for awhile vacantly gazing into the fire; and then, as if startled by a new idea, he abruptly addressed his guest: "I b'l'ieve ther's people that can tell you what's comin' to pass, an' that can tell what's in a body's mind, an' that what they say is bound to come true; for ther's a 'oman that lives near here that's told me lots o' things that nobody ever knowed but me. What's your idee 'bout sech people?"

The minister was amused, as well as mortified, at the question and statement of his host. He was a good judge of human nature, and knew that there was something weighing heavily upon the poor man's soul; and determined if possible to dispel the disquietude that was evidently preying upon the superstitious man's heart. Therefore, in answer to the interrogation addressed to him, he said: "You have asked me a question, my friend, in which much is involved. There is in man's mental composition what may be

termed the faith faculty, and it must have some object upon which to rest itself, and if it does not find that which God has given—Christ the Saviour—it is liable, like the unkept vine, to trail along the earth and climb any object that presents itself. In this fact alone we have one of the most forcible arguments of the necessity of a divine revelation, and nothing laying claim to the supernatural should for one moment engage our attention that is not clearly defined by that revelation. Because when the faith faculty is once torn away from that stay, the very demands of this component element of the soul are liable to lead him into any and every species of error from which may result crimes of the most serious nature. Therefore when I tell you that I believe in Christ, that excludes belief in spiritualism and every species of necromantic presumption."

The preacher's observation was no doubt prompted by the Spirit of God, for his cogent reasoning reached the very heart of the difficulty that was crushing out Dick Ivey's life; his faith, no less than his affection, was struggling for some stay upon which it might support itself, and was it not an insult to human intelligence that it was really taking hold of the ungainly conjectures of an old impostrix? But such is human life. The soul of man continually seeks for something in which to believe, and hence are born not only the absurd acts like that under consideration, but also those sublimer speculations of the supernatural and unfathomable. Man will grasp when once separated from his living Head, like a drowning man at straws, any thing to feed the believing soul; and his natural predisposition is to seek a spiritual

power superior to himself. Hence all speculation, and especially that which borders on the absurd.

Dick Ivey felt the force of his guest's declaration, but his hate for Edward English, and cruel jealousy, kept him from admitting the truth he had heard. His very soul was drifting, hence he replied: "I don't b'lieve a man's 'sponsible fur what other people force him to do, faith or no faith in the right object, as you say."

This declaration was a key in the hand of the minister to the real state of his host's mind, therefore he observed: "That is a clear demonstration of the truth of what I have just said. Christ assumes all responsibility when we put our trust in him; but the natural disposition of man being, as I have just affirmed, to place his faith in some object, he is naturally inclined, when it is placed in a wrong thing, to shift the responsibility which God has fixed upon him to that absurd something upon which his belief has taken hold, and thus make shipwreck of that which earth nor heaven has any values by which to compute its worth: the soul."

"Well," said Ivey, "there's one thing that's a master mystery to me, an' that's how an ole 'oman can look into your han' an' thess tell you the cause o' all your trouble in this life. Now ef you can explain that, I'll be satisfied."

"The trouble lies just here, my friend: You discard practically the teaching of God's word, and your faith seeks the mysterious and supernatural not as revealed, but as conjectured by yourself. In such a state we look beyond ourselves for the wonderful and great; but such a disposition, apart from the teaching of

God's word, is neither wise nor commendable, for God has crowded more wonders into the human soul as it exists here than will in all probability be placed into any one thing in eternity. To illustrate my meaning, let me affirm that a common center for all telegraphic lines might be established somewhere on the surface of this earth. The wires that would then gird the earth about in every direction would pass by and over many wonderful freaks and scenes of nature. They would go through the most magnificent tracts of country, flash along the grandest art galleries of divine handiwork, climb the sublime heights of the loftiest mountains, span the deepest abysses, penetrate the gloomiest jungles, arch the most enchanting valleys, and undergird the deep-blue waters of the wonder inspiring sea itself.

"Now suppose, for the sake of illustration, that the electric current which leaps along the wires is human thought; then it follows, no matter what line it may choose, starting from the central office, flashing along the wires, taking cognizance of every object along its pathway to earth's remotest bounds, it would meet with and chronicle many wonderful things; indeed, let thought pass over every wire, and how great the sum of wonderful things it would harvest! But there is one fact more remarkable and more wonderful than the sum of all these things combined; and that is that there is one focal point where all these vast possibilities meet. Here, indeed, in this central office is the supremely wonderful point. Here in this fact alone, grasping so many inconceivable possibilities, is enough to arouse and thoroughly startle every faculty of the soul. And this central office is man. There is

crowded into his existence here all the vast and unfathomable possibilities of a world to come, of immortality inconceivable. I take the liberty, therefore, my kind friend, to exhort you to look into your own heart, and discover whether or not there are dispositions that lead you out along the fearful lines which I have indicated; and if you find that there are such tendencies, crush them at once, and take firm hold upon the imperishable, unchangeable, and eternal, as embodied in Christ the Saviour."

The preacher grew sublimely eloquent as he endeavored to implant in his hearer's mind the right idea and proper conception of life and its eternal correlatives; for he readily conceived, from the absurd, crude, and ridiculous, as well as disconnected utterances of his host, that the poor man would soon be engulfed in a perfect whirlpool of trouble, if his heterodox impressions were not completely dissipated.

Dick Ivey listened with rapt attention to the eloquent exhortation of the divine; and when he had concluded his lengthy utterance, the poor deluded man heaved a sigh and declared, in tremulous voice, that every thing seemed to be against him, and that life was a hard lot when every object which was dear to the heart was wrested from it by the force of circumstances.

The reply of Dick Ivey showed that the truths to which he had listened had in some measure found the way to his heart not by the words spoken, but by the manner in which they were uttered. The voice, so full of emotion, told plainly that his confidence was at least shaken in those things to which he had so te-

naciously held, and that a degree of penitence had fastened itself upon his guilty soul.

In this state, halting as it were between two opinions, the good man took leave of his host on the following morning, never dreaming for once that in the future he would meet face to face with the object of Dick Ivey's bitterest hate, which really prompted the host's desultory conversation during the night which had just passed.

The soldierly preacher threw himself into the saddle and rode away from the dark shadows of these "everlasting hills," toward his home in the lower portion of the State, congratulating himself that he had endeavored to break off the yoke of bondage that fettered one poor soul. We shall meet the chaplain again.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE TOILS OF THE MURDER DEMON.

THE chaplain, Rev. William Dorsey by name, had scarcely gotten out of Dick Ivey's sight before the demon of hate and jealousy began to drive his fiery darts through the poor man's heart.

The disappointed lover sat down upon the door-step after having bid adieu to his guest, dropped his face into the open palm of his hand, supporting his elbow upon his knee, and was soon absorbed in thought. His brow was contracted, and the fist of his wounded arm was firmly clinched. There was a scowl upon his features that grew darker and more repulsive as his meditation increased and intensified under the uncompromising thrusts of the fiend of bitterest hate. The old watch-dog that had faithfully guarded the little farm cottage in the days that Dick's father occupied it sat a few paces from his present master's feet, and looked earnestly up into his perplexed and troubled face. One would have conjectured, from the sober and sympathetic expression that beamed from the faithful animal's eye, that he was troubled for his master; and may he not have shared at least the sadness that wreathed Ivey's countenance?

At last Dick arose, and as he assumed an upright position he said between clinched teeth: "If the wonderful's within, he that's fotch me this trouble is without, an' he shall pay for it."

The old dog had arisen simultaneously with his

master, and still looked beseechingly into his face, and as he spoke the faithful mastiff whined piteously. The noise attracted the attention of the sorely tried man, and he stooped down and gently stroked the old dog's head; and as he did so the brute yelped joyfully, as if a great burden had been rolled from its heart. And what creature does not appreciate kindness?

The lonely and tempted man turned and walked into his house, closely followed by the old watch-dog, and as he did so he again soliloquized: "Granny Grigsby knows mor'n a preacher, an' I b'lieve I'll risk what she says anyhow."

Then taking down from a peg in the wall the holster of his pistol, he buckled it around his body; and as he did it he said: "He's nothin' but a yankee deserter nohow." Again the dog whined as if he were in pain.

The dog's behavior almost unnerved the would-be murderer. By an association of ideas he thought of his dead father and mother. Could it be possible that the faithful old watch-dog was taking their place and deporting himself as they would were they present on that occasion? The superstitious man dropped into a chair, and for a few moments he was nearly overcome by the thought that flashed through his mind. Mastering his emotions, however, he arose from his seat, and it was evident that the demon of hate and Jemima Grigsby's insinuating counsel had prevailed.

Now behold in the picture before us an immortal man seeking an outlet for the pent-up forces of the soul; and mark how their energies, designed for higher and infinitely grander ends, take hold of

Dame Grigsby's impostures. O the depths of the degradation and spiritual ignorance of this denizen of a mountain cove! And is there no blame attached to the Church, under the divine command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature?" If there is, in what light shall they appear before the judgment-throne of Christ who have neglected their duty not only to these denizens of so-called Christianized lands, but also to the masses of heathens who are bound by the same galling cords of superstition?

Scarcely an hour had elapsed from the beginning of the scene which we have described when Dick Ivey might have been seen directing his steps toward Elvina Grant's little cabin. Having reached its vicinity, he left the pathway, and began to climb the cliffs in the rear of the crude building.

Only half an hour prior to the time that Dick Ivey reached the overhanging rocks Edward English and Jerusha Grant had strolled out amid the rich sylvan scenes and magnificent natural spectacles that crowned the steep declivities in the rear of their sequestered cabin. With that solicitude common to her sex, when they were seated upon the edge of a great mossy rock Jerusha had told her benefactor of the little episode between Dick and herself, that had transpired the day before the incident which we are recording, and with a voice full of emotion she alluded to the threat which the enraged lover had made when he left her presence. Edward English had not been blind to the fact that Ivey was smitten by the enchanting beauty of the belle of The Dismal, but he had never dreamed that the rough mountaineer cher-

ished so bitter a degree of jealous hatred against him as to drive his rival to such violent measures; but it was so, as the sequel proved.

Dick Ivey had not proceeded far, when he had reached the cliffs, when his ear caught the sound of voices, somewhat subdued. He crept noiselessly to the edge of the precipice and looked over. His eyes were greeted with a scene that set his soul aflame with the unquenchable fires of jealous hate.

Jerusha Grant and Edward English were sitting upon a large rock. He held her hand, and was looking down into her blushing face; and just as Dick Ivey looked over the precipice Edward encircled her beautiful form with his left arm, still holding her hand with his right, and, drawing the lovely maiden close to his side, imprinted a kiss upon her glowing cheek.

It was more than Dick Ivey could bear. There was a flash, a report, and Edward English fell prostrate at the feet of Jerusha Grant. She beheld the spouting blood, and attempted to raise her bleeding lover from the ground, when she beheld through the veil of mist that was gathering over her eyes, some dark object fall from the precipice above her with a heavy thud at her feet. Then her ears were greeted with the almost unearthly tones of the old cliff-walker: "Ha! ha! my ward, art thou hurt?" Then she remembered no more, having swooned.

The report of the pistol, together with the shrieks of Jerusha, had reached the ears of the inmates of the cabin (Tom and Elvina Grant), who hastened with all possible speed in the direction whence came the report. When they reached the spot, they beheld Dick

Ivey in a sitting posture, dazed and bruised by the fall from the cliff—for just as he turned to flee he lost his footing and fell—and Jerusha lying in a state of unconsciousness. But Edward English was nowhere to be seen.

Jerusha was soon restored by applying to her face cold water from the stream that murmured at their feet; while Ivey, having recovered from his shock, was able to walk unsupported. Tom and his mother bore the fainting girl to the house, while Dick Ivey skulked away they knew not where. When Jerusha sufficiently recovered from the shock which her nerves had sustained, she related the incident as she had observed it. But no trace of Edward English could anywhere be found. So for days the deepest gloom and mystery hung like the curtain of night over the home of the Grants.

CHAPTER XIII.

DICK IVEY'S SELF-IMPOSED DOOM.

ONE of the saddest features of life is the disastrous consequences to which misapplied belief and misdirected aspirations lead. The faculty that enables us to believe, that divine implantation which capacitates the human soul for the reception of the supernatural, and therefore for the highest and grandest achievements in this life, when prostituted by suffering it to take hold of and to entwine itself about that which is only material or base and absurd within itself, will of necessity lead its possessor to drink of the bitterest dregs of disappointment and death. This heaven-born faculty has but one legitimate use; and when turned aside from that supreme end for which it was designed, it becomes worse than useless. God has beautifully set forth this truth under the imagery of the vine turned aside from its natural use. In depicting its utter uselessness under such conditions, he says: "Shall wood be taken thereof to do any work? or will men take a pin of it to hang any vessel thereon?" Therefore we are shown its transcendant unserviceableness for the meanest and most insignificant purposes.

The trees of the forest have their inherent value:

The sailing pine; the cedar, proud and tall;
The vine-prop elm; the poplar, never dry;
The builder oak, sole king of forests all;
The aspen, good for staves; the cypress, funeral;

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage; the fir, that weepeth still;
The willow, worn of hopeless paramours;
The yew, obedient to the bender's will;
The birch, for shafts; the sallow, for the mill;
The myrrh, sweet bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike beech; the ash, for nothing ill;
The fruitful olive; and the plantain round;
The carver holm; the maple, seldom inward sound.

All these sylvan beauties, like the other faculties of the mind, have within them multiplied possibilities for good; but this remarkable gift—faith, the vine of the human soul—when abused by unlawful prostration, is meet only for destruction.

“Behold, it is cast into the fire for fuel; the fire devoureth both the ends of it, and the midst of it is burned. Is it meet for any work?” The blessed Master, emphasizing this same thought, declared: “If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.”

Such indeed is God's presentation of the awful consequences of the prostitution of that faculty which alone holds the possibility of linking us to the supernatural and divine. Therefore, in view of these great truths, it becomes our painful duty to trace the steps of the would-be murderer of Edward English from the bloody scene which we have already described to his final decease.

When he had returned to consciousness, and had recovered sufficiently from the shock occasioned by the unlucky fall to walk, we have already said that he hobbled away through the rocky glades, the Grants knew not where. He had gone but a little way, how-

ever, when he reposed his bruised and aching body upon a moss-covered sylvan seat, and began to meditate upon the horrible scene through which he had just passed. The unlooked for accident had revealed the murderer; of this he was thoroughly conscious; and he knew, furthermore, from what his eyes had witnessed, prior to the shot which had sent English reeling from the rock upon which he was sitting, that Jerusha had pledged her heart to the one whom he had deliberately shot from ambush. Therefore, he was fully persuaded that Jerusha Grant would ever hate the murderer of her lover, and that all hope of winning her heart and hand was now forever dissipated.

There sat the poor crime-stained man, with the wreckage—so to express it—of every object in which he had put his faith gathering like driftwood about his accursed person. He had loved the cause for which he had fought, and like many a Southerner of far nobler heart now looked upon the last death-throes of truly a lost and just cause with all the bitterness and anguish that his heart was capable of containing. He had just put his trust in the declarations of Dame Grigsby, only to behold every hope dashed to pieces within a day after he had left her little cabin. The wounded arm, now hurt afresh by the fall, throbbed faster and more acutely than ever before; and each throb of pain was like a shaft of hate; red hot it appeared from the forges of the nethermost pit, shot through body and soul by an unseen hand. Thus he sat writhing in soul and body because of the fatal miscarriage of all that he had ever trusted and had ever hoped to see succeed. In this agony of soul and

body the poor culprit determined to put an end to his existence at once. Reaching, therefore, to his side for the only trophy which he had brought forth from the bloody scenes of conflict through which he had passed, he discovered that the silver-mounted revolver was gone, and that only the empty holster hung at his side. He had even been disarmed by his cruel fate. The scowl on his countenance, already gloomy with despair and disappointment, was indeed fearful to look upon, and made as dark a setting as ever was seen to the rich sylvan scene by which he was surrounded. The frantic and forlorn criminal determined to return at once to the unfortunate spot, and secure, if possible, the instrument by which he could put an end to his miserable life; but just as he was about to arise to retrace his steps, his ears were greeted by the hoarse tones that fell from the lips of the ghost of the cliffs: "Ha! ha! I have found thee, O mine enemy! Why hast thou murdered Edward English, O miserable son of Belial? Begone! or thou shalt pay with thy life for the crime thou hast committed."

These words fell upon the criminal's ears, amid the stillness that prevailed, like a thunder-bolt; and the affrighted man, forgetful now even of the pains and disappointments that racked body and soul, sprung to his feet; and, looking up through the branches of the trees which overshadowed him, and in the direction whence came the voice, he beheld the white-mantled old cliff-walker standing upon an overhanging crag, flourishing in his hand the very revolver which only a little while before had sent a ball through Edward English's body. The extremity of the long white beard of the apparition was tinged with blood,

while the fluttering white mantle which wrapped his tall form was literally spotted with human gore.

The poor wretch who only a moment prior to the advent of this mysterious visitor had fully made up his mind to send his immortal soul reeling into the abode of none other than blood-stained and crime-imbued spirits of every degree of wickedness, now chartered every spark of energy and every particle of strength in his bruised body to bear him away from the accursed spot. He swept forward over the rough ground and through the tangled undergrowth like a deer stung by the hunter's bullet. On and on he went, conscious of nothing but a bloody apparition and a desire to reach a place of safety.

His wild flight was stopped, however, in a very unexpected manner. As he entered a deep ravine and began its descent he was hailed by a familiar voice: "Hello, Dick! what's the matter, old fellow?"

Thus accosted, he stopped; and as he turned his face in the direction whence came the voice he recognized his old *ante bellum* friend, James Hamby.

"Shorely my eyes don't deceive me," said Hamby, as he approached to where Dick Ivey was standing, pale as a corpse from his recent fright, and who as yet had made no reply to the familiar salutation of his friend. "Are the yankees atter you? or have you seed the ha'nt?"

"The ha'nt," said Dick, gasping for breath.

The two old friends now stood facing each other; and Dick's bruises and wounds, caused by his precipitate fall from the cliff, as well as his intense excitement, were clearly perceptible to his old comrade.

"Why, Dick! what's to pay?" exclaimed the astonished interlocutor.

"The ha'nt! the ha'nt, I say, Jim!" replied Ivey, becoming somewhat more composed.

"Why, Dick, shorely the ha'nt an't atter blood. I didn't know he dealt in any thing but moonshine and white robes; leastwise I an't hearn of the old moonlight stroller hurtin' anybody 'ceptin' you."

"O," said Dick, becoming more collected and somewhat ashamed of his hasty flight from something that had never hurt any one, "he didn't bruise me up this way. I fell down the cliff, and was knocked beyant myse'f; an' when I came to myse'f, I missed my 'volver; an' when I started back to hunt it, would you b'lieve me, I met the old bundle of hair and beard, bloody as a stuck hog, with my pistol in his han'."

"My! that was enough to make a fellow run," exclaimed the deserter, for such he was; "but wher' did you come from, an' wher' are you goin', old friend?"

"I came from wher' I fell off o' the rock, an' I'm goin' I—I don't know wher'," answered Dick.

"Then come an' go with me," said Hamby, as he turned and walked back up the deep ravine, followed by his old friend whom he had thus chanced to meet. He led the way into a carefully concealed dug-out, or cave, which he claimed as his dwelling-place, gave Dick a drink of corn whisky, which he himself had manufactured, and the two old comrades sat down to talk over old times. Under the exhilarating effect of the beverage Dick soon became loquacious, and rehearsed to his old friend all that had happened. The deserter listened attentively to all that was related, but was unable just then to account for Edward En-

glish's mysterious disappearance and the part which the ghost played in the unfortunate occurrence. The two old friends determined, therefore, to remain in their place of concealment and await whatever developments might take place.

On the night following these occurrences old Cæsar nursed in his bowels a medley of pain, anxiety, and bitter hate. The following chapter will partially reveal some of these cruel and accursed spectacles.

CHAPTER XIV.

A LOOK INTO THE DESERTER'S CAVE.

THE night following the events recorded in the last chapter, James Hamby and his guest sat before a blazing fire in the deserter's comfortable cave. The red glare of the crackling flames as it was reflected from the rocky walls, the external surroundings, the secluded depths of the lonesome forest, the great bare rocks that jutted out from each side of the deep ravine in the side of which the cave was located, over which the light from the entrance of their crude apartment flickered and waned, making them to assume a thousand different shapes and shadows, together with the melancholy cry of the night-birds and the sepulchral tones of the voices of the two men as they sat conversing, made the scene indeed weird and spectral.

The two men talked, very naturally, about the mysterious disappearance of the body of English and the part which the inexplicable and cabalistic old ghost of the cliffs played in the tragic affair.

"Its powerful strange to me," said James Hamby, an' since I've put my mind on the matter I've thess come to believe that Ed English is that ha'nt, an' nobody else."

"No, 'tan't him," Ivey replied with a shudder, "for I mind sleepin' in the same room with him one night at 'Vina Grant's when the old sperit took on awfully, while it danced a jig on that big rock that hangs over 'Vina's cabin. I was 'feard it was goin' to jump

right down on the top o' the house an' tear off the boards an' come right into the room. Tell you, Jim, it was a powerful tryin' time! Ed English was a-ly-in' all the time on his bed a-listenin' at the old ha'nt's screams, an' it stan's to reason, 'cordin' to my mind, that he couldn't be in two places at the same time."

"Thess apt as not a sperit can be in mor'n two places at the same time, Dick," asserted James Hamby as he gulped down a draught of corn whisky and passed the decanter to Ivey, who followed his example, "for it stan's to reason that Ed English turned into the ha'nt thess the very moment you shot him, for didn't he pick up the pistol an' follow you thess as bloody as a stuck hog?"

Dick Ivey was almost bewildered by the theory advanced by his host, but the stimulating effects of the beverage which he had just swallowed soon overcame the confusion and stupefaction of his thoroughly depressed soul, and he ventured to reply: "Yes, does look like what you say mus' be true; an' if 'tis, Ed English's not dead."

"Dead?" exclaimed Hamby. "Sakes alive, no he an't dead, for powder an' ball can't kill such as him, unless the bullet's made of silver instead of lead, as I have hearn it said."

"Wish I'd took the silver off the handle of that pistol then an' molded it into a bullet an' shot him with it," said Ivey with a sigh.

"Why, did your pistol have silver on it?" asked Hamby with a degree of surprise plainly depicted on his countenance, "the gover'ment must 'ave got richer, for they didn't have any silver on the arms, 'cept the gen'ral's, the little time I was in the war. May be

that's what makes silver money so sca'ce: old Jeff is a-havin' it put on the guns an' pistols."

"No, he isn't," Ivey affirmed with an air of pride. "I took that pistol from the body of a dead yankee that I shot one mornin', an' it was a thing of beauty, too! thess as fine a weapon as ever burnt gun-powder. An' you may hang me higher than the top o' this mountain," said he as his brow arched with surprise, "if it didnt have two letters, 'E. E.,' cut into the silver on the handle. I never thought that they might stand for 'Ed English' before."

The two men looked at each other in amazement. The revelation of the probable meaning of the initials awed them for awhile into profound silence, and the very crackling of the flames in the fire-place seemed like an uncouth intrusion on the stillness that prevailed.

James Hamby at last broke the predominant quietude. Looking directly into Ivey's face, he slowly pronounced the letters, "E. E.—Ed English, shore as we're the sons of a 'oman. Thess as I said, that ha'nt's the sperit of Ed English, and you've slept in the room with the sperit of the man you killed!"

"That's a fact," said Dick Ivey in suppressed tones, as he shuddered at the very thought of the idea advanced by his friend; and then, dropping the tone of his voice to a still lower key, he added: "An' hunted with it too, an' saw it only a few hours ago a-kissin' 'Rusha Grant.' Pears powerful strange she's not found out he's a ha'nt."

"He's kunjured the whole family of 'em," gravely remarked James Hamby, "an it wouldn't be no big s'prise to me if 'Rusha Grant's a witch herself, for she

don't talk like other people, an' wher's another 'oman in The Dismal that's like her? She knows mor'n all the world put together, an' looks thess like an angel dressed up in common every-day clothes."

Dick Ivey heaved a sigh burdened with disappointment and remorse. Mentally he cursed the war, and even the glory of his record as a soldier was turned to bitterest gall within his throbbing heart. Thought after thought flew rapidly through his perplexed soul. Was James Hamby right in his assertion? Had he been drawn on and on by Jerusha Grant as an accomplice of the spirit of the man whom he had murdered to this point of extreme punishment? These thoughts and kindred ones shot through the poor man's brain like red-hot darts of steel, and after all there was no solution of the enigmas that troubled his soul. He could only think of the ghastly, upturned, and convulsed countenance of the yankee soldier whom he had shot that accursed morning as he foraged between the lines of the great crouching columns of blue and gray uniformed soldiers. The letters "E. E." on the handle of the captured revolver, together with the fact that now came rushing back upon him from the well-stored and indestructible chambers of memory that there was a striking resemblance between the countenance of the murdered soldier and that of Edward English. All of these things, with the thought of the complete failure to win Jerusha's affection and the total miscarriage of every effort to remove the barrier between them, now came rushing back upon his soul, and the one supreme result was that his violent love for the belle of The Dismal was turned, almost in a moment, into bitterest hatred.

After these moments of meditation the poor man raised his head and replied to James Hamby's declaration: "That's what I believe now, Jim, an' I'll bet the whole set of 'em Grants is in league with the sperit of that dead yankee, an' they ought to be run out o' The Dismal."

"That's thess my 'pinion," said the deserter, "for I for one am mighty tired o' hearin' the sperit o' that dead yankee bawlin' round in these parts like a lost cow brute."

Again the two friends swallowed large draughts of the strong beverage, and thus drowned their guilty fears in the intoxicating bowl.

"A guilty conscience needs no accuser," This old adage was perfectly illustrated in Dick Ivey's deportment after the scenes through which we have just passed. Notwithstanding the fact that he had persuaded himself that there was no law against killing a yankee deserter, and there was really but little enforcement of law, so perilous and distracted were the times during those eventful days of '64 and '65, yet he kept himself well concealed in James Hamby's secluded cave. These two real cliff-dwellers rarely ventured from their hiding-place during the day-time, but they made frequent excursions into The Dismal under the cover of darkness, and as they came into contact with the ignorant and superstitious inhabitants of that dark valley they utilized every opportunity to poison their minds against the three innocent inmates of Micajah's little cabin.

CHAPTER XV.

THE APPARITION.

MANY persons now living in the upper part of Pickens and Greenville Counties remember a peculiar and mysterious old man who rambled over the above-named territory during the last three years of "the war between the States." His hair was long and fell in a silvered mass about his shoulders; his long gray beard reached to the abdomen. He carried a long, pilgrim-like staff in his hand, a roll of blankets strapped about his shoulders, and a small oil-cloth sachel hung at his side. Thus equipped he wandered from house to house, and treated, when permitted, any diseased person he found within the compass of his circuits. He was therefore familiarly known as "the old root doctor," because from the little sachel at his side he was always able to bring forth some root or herb that was, as he claimed, a sure specific and remedy for any ailment to which humanity is heir.

He slept, for the most part, out-of-doors, rolling himself in his blankets and storing himself away for the night under some bush or hedge wherever darkness overtook him. He appeared to be simply an eccentric old tramp wandering from point to point without any affinities for any special section of the United States or any love for that sacred spot which most men call home.

This peculiar old man styled himself Doctor Heal-

all, and on that account, as well as other things, was generally looked upon by the intelligent people of the country as an imposter trying to cover up his real name and mission. He was regarded, by many people, indeed, as a spy in the employment of the United States government to ascertain the real strength and home resources of the Confederate States. Many were the theories advanced to explain his existence in that portion of the country. Most people, however, looked upon him as an innocent old crank upon the subject of the medical virtue of roots and herbs, and therefore he was permitted to roam unmolested over the country.

This roaming old herbalist, however, had a history, which it is necessary to rehearse in order to a proper appreciation of the life and character of Edward English.

Prior to the late war, Doctor Healall, whose real name was William Crookshanks, lived in the State of Pennsylvania, and was for many years a steward in the Methodist Church at a little country chapel known as White Oak Ridge. He was habitually moral, and with that exception had no other qualification for so important an office in the Church, unless the fact that he was the richest member of the little flock gave him, as is sometimes the case, the right to exercise the functions of that divinely instituted office.

Many of the older preachers of the Pennsylvania Conference can to this day easily call up the scene that always took place at White Oak Ridge when they filled their appointments at that place. When the preacher made his appearance on the hitching-ground of the little country chapel, he was always met by

William Crookshanks, who assisted in unharnessing the horse, after which he invariably paid him a few dollars *quarterage*. The manner in which this was done was amusing, as well as humiliating. The steward always began the episode by drawing from the side pocket of his coat, the one nearest to his heart, a large old greasy leather wallet filled with bank-notes and papers and securely tied together in more places than one with strings that had been wound around and around the old leather money bag till it was made doubly secure at every opening. When thus unbound, one was impressed that the knife of the butcher and the chemicals of the tanner had not quite succeeded in extracting all the life from the hide of the dead animal from which the skin was taken, for the old wallet stretched itself open and one could almost imagine that the sides heaved as if gasping for breath. This feat accomplished, the steward thrust his clumsy fingers into one of the pockets, drew forth a coin, and placed it in the preacher's hand slowly and in the most deliberate manner, as if it was with the greatest reluctance that he parted with the bright little piece of silver. Thus the payment was made, piece by piece, until the entire amount which had been collected was handed over. Then the old wallet was again subjected to the galling bondage of cords and replaced near the steward's heart.

This feat having been consummated, the covetous old steward walked with the preacher to the door of the little chapel with something like a smile of triumph wreathing his features. It was evident that he was congratulating himself that he had so far overcome his natural propensity and love for money as to

turn over to its rightful owner the sum which had been committed to his trust by the poorer yet more *liberal* brethren.

William Crookshanks always paid his own *pro rata* share, as he conceived it to be, at the end of each quarter. Four dollars was the amount which he contributed yearly to the support of the ministry. He divided the amount into four equal parts, and paid it in the following way: When the Quarterly Conference for his charge convened, he was always on the ground in ample time to meet the pastor, as already described on other occasions; but instead of giving the old wallet a breathing-spell, as at other times, he kept it securely bound in its resting-place, and, secreting a silver dollar in the palm of his right hand, he proceeded to execute his wonderful feat. Advancing to the preacher's side, he extended his hand containing the coin, shook hands with his much-loved pastor, and thus transferred the dollar to the hand of the preacher. This accomplished, his business at that important Church meeting was finished.

Some of William Crookshanks's admirers looked upon this eccentric act as an attempt of the steward to conceal his *charities* according to the Bible rule of not letting your left hand know what your right hand does; but others, who understood the old man's niggardly spirit, conceived it, and very justly too, to be an attempt to hide his own meanness. And such, indeed, is frequently done on a larger scale by men who are really ashamed to let the world know what they do for the kingdom of Christ. It is really surprising to know that fallen humanity will even sometimes

take refuge behind the inspired declarations of God's holy word to conceal the defects of their lives.

This eccentric old steward was looked upon, universally, as being thoroughly honest; and even those persons who condemned and abhorred that spirit of stinginess which characterized all his financial transactions, gave him credit for uprightness and honesty. Men of more liberal ideas looked upon the narrowness of the miserly old man with a degree of pity which softened their condemnation of his money-loving propensities. For William Crookshanks had made his wealth by hard strokes, said they, therefore he was close and miserly. But covetousness and honesty are never found to exist in the same heart. One necessarily excludes the other. Therefore men, forgetful of this fact, frequently give niggardly men credit for being at least honest.

So the covetous man, while he was not by any means loved or admired, became really the banker and broker for the little community. If poorer men had a little surplus cash, they always put it into his hands for safe-keeping; and if men were pressed financially, they could always secure money to relieve their embarrassment by giving him good security and a handsome interest. Therefore, it is easy to see how his financial connections with the people, together with the fact of his great wealth, secured to him, notwithstanding his insatiate love for money, a greater degree of respect than was accorded to any other citizen in the whole community. Money will give any thing in the shape of a man the respect of almost any community. It is a sad fact; nevertheless it is true.

But inspired truth teaches that "none of us liveth

to himself, and no man dieth to himself," therefore the life of one who had been successful financially was bound to impress itself upon the little community of which he was the chief individual. And this is in strict accord with the great principle which the great apostle to the Gentiles has laid down in the eighth chapter of his first Epistle to the Church at Corinth: "For," says he, speaking of a comparatively indifferent matter, "if any man see thee which hast knowledge sit at meat in the idol's temple, shall not the conscience of him which is weak be emboldened to eat those things which are offered to idols; and through thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish, for whom Christ died?"

Therefore, when it is asserted that the entire community of White Oak Ridge became so intensely imbued with a spirit of individualism, through the tuition of this miserly old steward, that all active and every shadow of progressive Christianity died, it is not by any means a statement that evokes surprise. Almost any person may call to mind such a picture of decay and death as actually having transpired within the range of his observation.

White Oak Ridge became, therefore, what is termed in Methodist preachers' nomenclature *short grass*, and the minister who was read out for that work always felt afflicted, and the covetous old steward was individually responsible for the just reputation which the charge sustained among the ministers for narrow-heartedness and niggardliness. The whole community was, furthermore, as much under the doom of heaven as ever the wicked cities of the plain; for it is a great mistake to suppose that divine judgments

are confined to only a few isolated and extreme cases dotting the vista of the indestructible past at intervals of a few thousand centuries. They continually occur, and it is only necessary to attain a plain of experience and Christian culture above the causes which produce them to behold the real portrayal of these awful visitations. Of course it is perfectly natural and reasonable that the sufferers are not able to see that they are worse than other men or that their misfortunes are the results of their criminality, for the most absolute blindness is an inseparable characteristic of sin. That God's curse rests in special severity upon the sin of covetousness is a revealed fact, and that his visitations will sooner or later come upon the devotee at the shrine of Mammon is so clearly photographed upon the pages of Holy Writ that he who runs may read it: "Woe unto them that join house to house, *that* lay field to field, till *there be* no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth!" "In mine ears, *said* the Lord of hosts, of a truth many houses shall be desolate, even great and fair, without inhabitant." (Isa. v. 8, 9.)

Such, indeed, had been the prosperity of William Crookshanks that he had not only added house to house and land to land, but much of his wealth, and of that of which he was a trustee, was invested in the — railroad and in a magnificent line of steamers which plowed the blue waters of the Chesapeake, and also in many paying public enterprises in the city of Philadelphia.

But amid all of this prosperity, he and his neighbors had forgotten that "the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof," and year after year the servants

of the Lord had gone, with much foreboding, to the little chapel at White Oak Ridge only to witness the stinted breathing-spells of the old leather wallet and the eccentric meanness of the wealthy old steward and his well-trained brethren. Many a depressed Methodist preacher went up to Conference year after year from that hard field of labor *minus* the Lord's rent, and was forcibly reminded of that parable wherein it is declared: "A certain man planted a vineyard, and set a hedge about it, and digged a place for the wine-fat, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went into a far country. And at the season he sent to the husbandmen a servant, that he might receive from the husbandmen of the fruit of the vineyard. And they caught him, and beat him, and sent him away empty. And again he sent unto them another servant; and at him they cast stones, and wounded him in the head, and sent him away shamefully handled. "And again he sent another; and him they killed, and many others; beating some, and killing some. Having yet therefore one son, his well beloved, he sent him also last unto them, saying, They will reverence my son. But those husbandmen said among themselves, This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours. And they took him, and killed him, and cast him out of the vineyard. What shall therefore the lord of the vineyard do? He will come and destroy the husbandmen, and will give the vineyard unto others." (Mark xii. 1-9.)

Reader, think not that the great principle here illustrated refers only to the Jews, for since God is no respecter of persons, he is always true to the great principles of retributory justice in every age of the

world. The Son has come. Who will cast him out of his own rightful possessions?

In the last great day with trumpet-like voice he shall proclaim from the judgment throne: "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not unto me."

As the humble Methodist preacher went away from this hard field year after year with these inspired truths ringing in his ears, he could not but heave a sigh of pity for the dishonest possessors of the Lord's vineyard in that portion of the Conference territory. Covetousness and theft and robbery are synonymous terms really, and the preachers could not but be forcibly struck when they considered the enormity of the crime that lay at the door of the little chapel, with the long-suffering and forbearance of God. As they thus meditated this parable would come floating into the mind: "A certain *man* had a fig-tree planted in his vineyard; and he came and sought fruit thereon, and found none. Then said he unto the dresser of his vineyard: Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig-tree, and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground? And he answering, said unto him, Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it: and if it bear fruit, well: and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down." (Luke xiii. 6-9.)

In all of these utterances the faithful servants of God could do naught else but read the impending doom of the covetous little community, and especially of its leader, who was individually responsible for the state of affairs that prevailed at White Oak Ridge.

Thus things continued to move along this line of parsimony and stinginess, until the Conference in its session of 1860 appointed a bright, young, fearless preacher to this much dreaded work. He entered upon his labors for the ecclesiastical year 1860 with a determination either to drive this covetous spirit out of the little chapel or to drive them from the Church which they had so long disgraced. He therefore bearded the lion in his den, and his philippics, together with the general political upheaval that pervaded the entire country, brought down upon the heads of these narrow-minded individualists the long-delayed visitation of heaven, and from scenes of wealth the old miser of White Oak Ridge passed to the vocation already described in the first portion of this chapter. Let us therefore trace more minutely in the following chapter the providential visitations which led to this remarkable change of estates and conditions.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE APPARITION CONTINUED.

THERE was an unusually large audience at White Oak Ridge on the first Sunday of the ecclesiastical year 1860. Many had doubtless come, as is usually the case, to *size-up* the recent appointee to their charge.

We wish to call attention to two persons in the audience. One has already been noticed at some length, William Crookshanks. The other was one of his satellites, George English. The latter's ancestors had emigrated to this country before the Revolutionary War, and had settled in Pennsylvania; thence the paternal grandfather of George English had moved, in 1761, to Welch Neck, on the Pedee River, in what was then the province of South Carolina. He secured a grant of several hundred acres of land in the lower part of what is now known as Marlboro County, adjoining lands already noticed belonging to Nathaniel Grant and Hawthorne. He was a very near relative of the latter, a maternal uncle. But in a few years he became dissatisfied with his wilderness home on the banks of the Great Pedee, and returned to his old home in Pennsylvania, carrying with him the piece of parchment upon which the terms of the grant were written. The terms, or conditions, of the grant had been violated by the grantee, and of course it

was of no value as a legal claim, but it had been carefully preserved as a family relic, and was, at the time of which we write, in the hands of George English. I merely make this statement here because it is necessary to throw light upon a portion of the narrative yet to be recorded.

William Crookshanks and George English sat together on the front pew of the little chapel. They were both official members, each holding the office of steward; or rather Crookshanks was *the steward*, and English was, as already stated, a satellite that revolved about the greater body. Crookshanks had for a number of years invested all of English's savings, and being the mental superior of the twain, he had so impressed his friend with his superiority that the little sycophant and parasite was so overshadowed by the colossal figure of his financial adviser and manager that his word was law in all matters.

The men were very different so far as physical make-up was involved. *The steward* was tall and angular; the parasite was small and lean. The former wore a heavy beard, while it was evident that the latter had determined to pattern the *cut* of his after that of his great adviser as far as the thin, light growth on his face would permit. The fact was patent to every one that, notwithstanding their great physical difference, the inferior aped in walk, bodily carriage, and even in the very tones of his voice, his superior. So great, indeed, was Crookshanks's influence over English that a mere word from him would even cause the poor parasite to contravene any desire or request of the wife of his own bosom, or that of the only son with whom God had blessed their union, the individualistic

Edward already extensively noticed within these pages.

Some years prior to the occasion of which we are writing, Edward had imbibed such a thirst for knowledge that he had insisted on an education superior to that which the schools of his community could give him. *The steward*, of course, was consulted. A mere word from him convinced the father that a collegiate training only made spendthrifts and failures in this life. Thus friction was produced between father and son, which ended in the latter's surreptitious departure from home. So matters stood at the time of which we write, and it has been necessary to make these apparent digressions in order to make clear the causes which led to Crookshanks's change of condition, as already described, as well as to make plain an intricate piece of family history.

At the time of which we speak, Edward English was a wanderer, and public opinion was somewhat bitter against his father on account of his apparent unconcern relative to his son's whereabouts and condition, and also because of the difficulty between them. These facts are mentioned to show the cause of a disturbance in White Oak Ridge community purported to have arisen because of the young divine's sermon. The reader is, therefore, now prepared to appreciate the sermon which was delivered upon this the occasion of the young itinerant's first visit to White Oak Ridge.

We introduce here an imperfect sketch of that ever afterward famous sermon in that covetous-smitten community. It was noted for its *destructive* rather than its *constructive* results.

THE SERMON THAT KILLED WHITE OAK RIDGE.

“Thou hast consulted shame to thy house by cutting off many people, and hast sinned against thy soul.” (Hab. ii 10.)

There are many sublime pictures in God's word. Quite a number of paintings are frequently drawn by the inspired artists to exhibit the various phases of one subject. I want to place on exhibition for your inspection to-day some photographs of covetousness and its effects on men taken by God's unerring camera. The sin under consideration is a very comprehensive one, and in its vast sweep it takes in many men who are esteemed by the populace as public-spirited and in some measure the world's benefactors.

Habakkuk's vision—that is, the picture which God showed to him, and of which he was commanded to write a perfect description—was of a very progressive, public-spirited man. He had built a magnificent city, fortified it by great walls, and had perched the citadel, which was a credit to his engineering skill, upon the highest point of the city's site. The people lauded his enterprising spirit, stood in his presence with uncovered heads, heaped upon him mausoleums of earthly honors; in life his name was on every lip; in death the people said the greatest of men had fallen, and they calendared his name on the imperishable bronze and the spotless marble.

But God wrote his obituary on the eternal pages of truth: “Woe to him that coveteth an evil covetousness to his house, that he may set his nest [citadel] on high, that he may be delivered from the power of evil! Thou hast consulted shame to thy house by cutting off many people, and hast sinned against thy soul. For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the

beam out of the timber shall answer it. Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood, and establisheth a city by iniquity." (Hab. ii. 9-12.)

By way of parenthesis, let me say that a sufficient number of anti-prohibition municipal politicians, mayors, and boards of aldermen, moved primarily by covetousness and appetite to grant license, high or low, for the sale of intoxicants, that municipal expenses may be met, will come at the last day under the comprehensive sweep of that last woe to make the nethermost world, I had almost said, straitened for room.

A public-spirited, covetous man, he who makes expenditures to aggrandize himself, he who cherishes an insatiable desire for wealth and honor that he may be deified by the populace, what does God's word say of him? Ah! if every other witness is dumb, the very stones, polished by sharp practice and dressed by shrewdest artfulness, and placed in position by nicest engineering skill, will cry out from their places in the massive walls, "*Blood*, BLOOD, BLOOD!" And the very beams of the palatial dwelling, his *nest*, the citadel of his strength, the pride of his life, the glory of his being, shall roll back the awful refrain: "Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood, and establisheth a city by iniquity."

Build factories, spin the fleecy staple, and say to the world: "Be ye clothed at moderate cost." Span every valley, scale every mountain, penetrate every jungle and forest with steel rails and panting engine, and thus practically bring the products of the whole world to every man's door. Undergird the deep-blue sea with the wonderful cable, and thus flash messages

from continent to continent, from island to island; it may bring the people of the earth closer together. Multiply commerce, erect for her magnificent depots and chambers and custom-houses, plow the foam-crested billows with iron steamers, make even a highway there; it will enrich the people. Flash brilliant electric lights along every street and alley and into every building; it proclaims that the world is advancing. Dig reservoirs, build aqueducts, spout the purest water into every home; it will bring with it health and comfort. Dot the earth with palatial residences and magnificent public buildings, cover their floors with the pride of Brussels; for Adam, even in his pristine purity and glory, was commanded to dress and keep the garden of Eden. Raise aloft the banner of progress, let the pure breezes of heaven fan the ample folds upon which are written "*Enterprise, Push, and Public Spirit.*"

God made the breeze to unfold such a banner; but if back of all this progress there is an unsanctified spirit, a desire for earthly emoluments and glory; if blood money enters as a component factor, if selfish motives constitute the motor of progress, then "woe to him that coveteth an evil covetousness to his house, that he may set his nest on high, that he may be delivered from the power of evil"—that is, from the apprehended evils of this life, such as poverty, want, earthly enemies, and a measure of dependence, even upon his fellow-man.

If the cry of the heathen has been ignored, if the wants of the Church have been passed by, if the banner of progress has been hoisted to the highest possible point, while the blood-stained banner of Christ droops at half-mast, then "thou hast consulted shame

to thy house by cutting off many people, and hast sinned against thy soul."

Therefore we see that the punishment and curse pronounced against the covetous man are farther reaching in their results than merely the immediate transgressor, his house, or family is involved. So much is directly revealed: "He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house." (Prov. xv. 27.) A great many men do not believe that to be true. They think that, by putting forth all of their energies that they may amass fortunes, even to the neglect of the requirements of Christianity, they are doing the very best thing possible for their children.

This was doubtless the way Laban thought when he imposed upon Jacob, deceived him, and changed his wages ten times within twenty years. But in the end he had lost parental authority, the love and esteem of his daughters, his household gods, and was in turn deceived by the fruit of his own loins. (Gen. xxxi.)

Achan in all probability had visions of wealth and independence for an impoverished family as he concealed the garments and golden wedge in his tent; but alas! his family reaped with him the fatal results of his covetousness. (Josh. vii. 21.)

Saul no doubt thought that he was enriching his sons and daughters when he spared the best of the sheep and oxen of the Amalekites (1 Sam. xv. 9), but the battle-field on Gilboa's heights was made immortal by the wail of disappointments and ruined hopes.

Ahab doubtless thought himself to be the fairest of traders when, under the pressure of covetousness, he offered Naboth the best possible price for his little

vine-covered plot of ground; but the awful depths of his criminality is seen in his submission to the scheming Jezebel; and long after the murder of poor Naboth and the unlawful seizure of his property (1 Kings xxi.), the arrow let fly at a venture (1 Kings xxii. 34-38) and the cruel fate of the wife and sons of the covetous king make the most practical comment conceivable upon the inspired declaration, "He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house."

Gehazi's little piece of sharp practice, born of covetousness, brought upon him and his posterity forever the leprosy of Naaman. (2 Kings v. 27.)

Is it necessary to multiply illustrations? The Bible teems with them. O may God open the eyes of men everywhere to the fact that there is no more fearful, insidious, subtle, and ruinous sin known to mortals!

Let us, before leaving this phase of the subject, look at another graphic picture which has been hung up by God's own hands on the walls of the magnificent art gallery of the Old Testament, and which is illustrative of the truth that the covetous man only amasses trouble for his own family. (Gen. xiii.)

On that memorable and great historic spot, Bethel, you observe two kinsmen in earnest conversation. God had prospered them, and the land was not sufficient to support their herds. The one is magnanimous and faithful; the other, "greedy of gain." I hear the words of Abraham: "If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." I see Lot with quick, shrewd glances sweeping the rich plain of Jordan. Behold how the eyes of the young Oriental twinkle with delight as he scans the well-watered val-

ley! He makes his choice. I see the old patriarch and his nephew as they divide their flocks. Mark the erect, steady carriage of Abraham as he leads away his herds. Honesty and benevolence are written on every lineament of his noble, manly countenance. The eastern morning sunlight seems to borrow splendor in his pathway from the light reflected from his open face. God is with him, and his riches increase; but he sets not his heart upon them. I see him again and again. God opens heaven, and shows the old patriarch at rest. It is enough.

But behold the quick, nervous step of Lot. Visions of wealth float before his deluded eyes. He even has political aspirations, and I see them gratified. He increases in wealth and popularity; he dons the royal cloak and sits in the gate of the city (Gen. xix. 1), the mayor of the cities of the plain. But after he had married his daughters to the most promising young men of the city, and after his "greed of gain" and political aspirations had in some measure been gratified, I see him in the early dawn of morning pleading with his sons-in-law; but alas! he had lost all influence over those young lords, and "seemed as one that mocked." I hear subterranean thunders; I see pitchy clouds, parted by the forked lightning, hover over the devoted cities; I feel the oppressive stillness that precedes the earthquake and awful electric storm. I see Lot, the wife, and two daughters hurried from the city by angelic hands. The sorrowful, heart-broken mother lingers; the married daughters yet remained; the little, prattling grandchildren, with their tiny, chubby hands and dimple cheeks, were pulling at her heart-strings; the livid flash of heaven's artillery plays

about her path. There comes a terrific crash, the earth belches forth fire, and the poor, grief-burdened mother is transfixed to the spot—a pillar of salt.

Would you trace the picture farther? Would you follow Lot and his daughters to their place of refuge? Nay, verily. Let the curtain fall; for in truth “he that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house;” and thou, O covetous man, “hast consulted shame to thy house by cutting off many people, and hast sinned against thy soul.”

Therefore it is observable that the covetous man not only cuts “off many people” who might, under a proper use of his money, have become jewels in his now lost crown of life, and that he not only brings shame upon his own house, but he sins against his own soul.

“For this ye know, that no . . . covetous man, who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God.” (Eph. v. 5.)

God cannot save an idolater. Has it ever occurred to you that the *only* species of sin which Christ did not cast out when confronted by it was covetousness in respectable circles? Have you noticed that the only earnest, sincere petitioner that he ever disappointed was a covetous man? “And he went away grieved, for he had great possessions.” (Mark x. 17–22.) Have you observed that God has not only revealed the fact that covetousness is idolatry, but actually *demonstrated* the revealed truth in the case of the young ruler?

One more picture, and I will conclude this discourse. Behold the Son of man, accompanied by twelve disciples, walking over the hills and valleys of Judea. See,

they enter a humble home at Bethany, and as they recline at meat a woman who had been a great sinner glides through the open court and into the apartment where the Lord and his disciples are feasting, and, breaking an alabaster box of precious ointment, poured its contents upon the head and feet of the Master. (Matt. xxvi. 6-13; John xii. 1-8.) The disciples murmured at this waste of the precious ointment. Christ gently rebukes them, and commends the act. (See Matthew's account.) The gentle rebuke quiets all but one (see John's account); and that one is the most highly honored of all, as the world counts honors, for he is the treasurer. He even estimates the worth of the ointment down to the small denomination of pence. Ah! when one keeps books with Christ, he is not far from covetousness.

Mark his countenance. The *waste* of the ointment preys upon him night and day. Now behold him, having separated himself from the little band that looks upon the agonies of Gethsemane, as he covenants with the august Sanhedrim for thirty pieces of silver; hear their *click, click, click*, as they fall into his hand. See, he leads the mob to Gethsemane; mark the kiss; listen to the hypocritical utterances of his tongue. Ah! he who keeps books with Christ will betray Christ.

But look at him again as he wends his way, under the cover of darkness, along the alleys and lanes of the holy city. See, he starts; he looks this way and that. He is pale, his form totters, his eyes are dilated, his bosom heaves, his hair stands out, and his nostrils are extended from intense grief and remorse.

He makes his way to the Sanhedrim's council chamber, throws down the accursed silver which burns his hands like coals of fire at the feet of the council, and rushes out into "outer darkness," a wreck forever and ever upon the coasts of hell.

Christ betrayed by covetousness! Let the curtain fall, but let not the Church fail to profit by the awful object lesson.

The sermon was the leading topic of conversation during the week which followed the young minister's first visit to White Oak Ridge. Both of the stewards were much displeased with the tone of the sermon, and their displeasure was augmented by the fact that the people generally throughout the neighborhood alluded to the discourse as a *personal* thrust at these two leading members of the little Society. For, besides the difficulty already mentioned between English and his son, Crookshanks's eldest daughter had eloped, some years prior to the occasion of which we are writing, with a very suspicious character who had drifted into the community as a clock-repairer, and of whom it was whispered that he had been married to several wives then living in various parts of the United States. The couple had left for parts unknown, and the father had forbidden any member of the family to allude to the occurrence or mention the name of his disgraced daughter. The sermon, though these things were not known by the young preacher, was to these two Church officials like probing an old sore. The longer they meditated upon and the oftener they talked with each other about the personal attack made upon them by the young preacher the

more incensed they became, till at last, one afternoon about a fortnight after the sermon had been delivered these two officials concluded, at a private indignation meeting which they were holding, to withdraw their influence, support, and membership from the little Society, and to unite with a Society of Friends in an adjoining community.

They imagined that by so doing they would in some measure retaliate on the young parson. It is a little remarkable that even the most covetous fancy that the Church is dependent upon them for support, and as these two offended brethren talked over their departure or withdrawal from the Society which had been indeed well-nigh throttled by their avarice and its influence upon the community, they fairly gloated over the prospect of a ruined, irretrievably ruined, Church at White Oak Ridge.

While thus engaged, sitting in Crookshanks's piazza as they were, they beheld the young preacher making his way along the road which passed near the dwelling. It was their opportunity, and they determined to use it by breaking the news of their *disastrous* resolution to the inexperienced young upstart, as they characterized the youthful clergyman, and thus bring down upon his devoted head the fruits of his own folly. So important a conference as that which was likely to take place is worthy to be recorded within these pages. I have therefore thought it proper to give it a place in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MOMENTOUS CONFERENCE.

THERE was a counterfeited tone of friendliness in William Crookshanks's voice as he hailed the young minister and invited him into his dwelling, notwithstanding the indications of the brewing storm which were recorded in the preceding chapter. In Christianized lands there is a respect for, or shall we say an awe of, the minister, even among the basest, that is frequently surprising to witness. It was so in this case. George English was lamb-like, and the features of his friend's face had assumed somewhat of its Sunday expression.

As the trio seated themselves in the long, old-fashioned piazza, and exchanged a few commonplace remarks relative to the weather and the clergyman's recent advent into the community, it was evident that the young pastor did not have the slightest anticipation of any ill-will toward him existing in the hearts of these two official parishioners.

But his broad forehead, angular cranial make-up, somewhat aquiline nose, deep-blue eyes, high cheek-bones, and firmly closed lips all told eloquently of the courage, decision, and competency with which he was possessed. A consciousness of the preacher's superiority on the part of his hosts doubtless made them more diffident than they otherwise would have been in approaching the subject for which they had stopped him.

But the awful crisis, however, was at last reached. Crookshanks nervously cleared his throat, and began to launch forth his pent-up thunder-bolts, or at least he had imagined that they would be such when announced to his pastor.

"Ahem, ahem!" said he, "Brother English and myself called you in to tell you of our determination to resign our office as stewards at White Oak Ridge."

"Very well," remarked the parson, without the least change in his countenance indicative of surprise, "I will attend to the matter at our next Quarterly Conference."

The preacher had seen enough of men to appreciate the workings of prejudiced and biased human nature, and frequently remarked that he had learned an alphabet composed of only two letters, which kept him cool and collected at all times: Do right, and then *let-her-go* and *let-her-rip*.

The stewards looked at each other in surprise when they witnessed the calmness with which their announcement was received. The lamb-like expression on English's face matured with amazing rapidity, and he now looked remarkably *sheepish*. Crookshanks realized that the responsibility of bringing the young parson to sorrow rested solely upon him; therefore his countenance assumed somewhat of its work-day gravity as he renewed the attack.

"Ahem, ahem, ahem!" coughed he, as if the phlegm sometimes incident to a death-struggle was gathering in his throat, "we are going to move our membership also, and we want a certificate of Church-membership."

"Very good," calmly replied the preacher, "that

will contravene any action on the part of the Quarterly Conference. If you will furnish me with writing material, I will give you certificates now."

While the minister was engaged in writing a number of certificates—one for each member of the two families, as requested—the two stewards looked at each other in blank amazement. English's sheepish expression had taken on age to a wonderful degree, and he now looked like an aged and helpless sheep. Crookshanks was really startled at the calmness of his pastor, for the covetous old steward had been the hero in every enterprise he had undertaken for the last forty years; but in this occurrence it seemed to him that the self-possession of the parson would completely spoil the prospective victory. Therefore by the time the certificates were completed his countenance had assumed a phase best described by that very expressive term *ashy*.

The minister, without the least sign of regret or agitation, calmly passed the certificates over into the hands of his now dismissed official board of White Oak Ridge, and as English feebly reached forth for his pocket edition of Church-membership he impressed the pastor as a dying sheep; while Crookshanks, as he placed the bits of paper in his side pocket, seemed somewhat *ashily* delighted that he had at last succeeded in pocketing the Church itself.

The parson, after a few commonplace remarks, arose from his seat, preparatory to taking his leave of the twain.

But Crookshanks was not willing to be thus outdone. "O," said he, "don't leave yet. Sit down; we haven't told you why we are moving our membership.

You would like to know why we have taken this step, would you not?"

"Well," replied the parson, politely resuming his seat, "I assume that you are in the exercise of your own rightful prerogative; and, while I am by no means a secessionist, I grant that men have a perfect right to act in their Church relationships as seems good to them, and I presume that you have private reasons for the action you have taken which it does not behoove me as a Christian gentleman to inquire into; nevertheless, if you desire to rehearse to me your reasons for so doing, I will gladly hear them."

This utterance of the preacher fell like a thunder-clap upon the ears of the now really pastorless ex-officials. They had both been accused of being in sympathy with the secessionists; for they were bitterly opposed to war; not, however, from any love of the South, but because, as one might readily have seen, their property would suffer more or less if such should take place. They were struck, therefore, from the preacher's remark, by the analogy of their action to that of the Southern States in withdrawing from the Union, or as so construed by the preacher. Therefore English folded his hands across his bosom, dropped his head, and looked like an aged, dead sheep, for he was a strong Unionist; while Crookshanks's embarrassment impressed one with the idea of a *skeered* sheep. After gaining a measure of composure, however, he began to set forth his grievances. Said he: "You made a personal attack upon us in your last sermon over at the Ridge, and that is why we have withdrawn our membership; and not because, as you intimate, we are secessionists."

“O, I did not mean to intimate that you were in sympathy with the South,” apologized the preacher; “the remark was born of that which is uppermost in all of our minds at this time; and I hope you will do me justice in not attributing such to have been my meaning. And as to the personal attack, I must say that I fail to see how my sermon could possibly bear such a construction. I spoke in general terms, and you must have observed that all of my illustrations and a large portion of the subject-matter were taken directly from the Bible. I assure you, gentlemen, that I merely meant to attack a sin which the financial exhibit of your Church for a number of years would lead one to believe exists somewhere in this community. I cannot conscientiously apologize for anything contained in the sermon, but I am sorry that you have placed so uncharitable a construction on my remarks upon the sin of covetousness.”

“I can remember a time when Methodist preachers preached a pure gospel, and never mentioned money from one year to another,” replied the ex-steward.

“That may be very true, Brother Crookshanks; but I assure you they did not preach an entire gospel, though it may have been pure as far as they preached it. Have you not read ‘The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts;’ and that ‘Every beast of the field is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills?’ Has not God emphatically declared that ‘All the earth is mine?’ When, therefore, the Church has need of money in order to extend her borders, is it a crime to ask for what God has declared to be his own? Surely I do not understand your position in this matter.”

"Yes; but preachers nowadays seem to think that they have a right to *command* men to give money, and that it is a crime for a man to take care of and lay up what he has made by hard work," answered the ex-steward.

"And so they have such a right by every title which God can give, for has he not declared 'All souls are mine?' Did it ever occur to you that when Christ was on the earth he claimed the high prerogative of the literal ownership of men, which necessarily involved all of their possessions? He commanded men to leave their homes and all that they had accumulated, and to follow him. He did not ask it as a favor. He claimed this prerogative as his own *inalienable right*. Is his authority less when vested as it is to-day in the hands of his ambassadors? Inspired truth teaches us that no man can absolutely claim the right to the smallest portion of property. To illustrate the point: If you were to instruct your power of attorney to use a portion or all of your gains from this plantation, or your business interests anywhere, in fitting up a plantation in the wilds of the West or in the jungles of Asia, would a single overseer or clerk or book-keeper in your service have the right to enter a protest against such demands?

"The cases are analagous. Since God has declared that all property belongs to him, and that 'Ye are stewards of my manifold gifts,' and among these is reckoned the material resources with which he has blessed us, we are either compelled to disprove his title (and that would make us infidels) or violently rob him of his dues or accede to his commands. Therefore if his powers of attorney *demand* money

for the execution of that injunction, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature,' no steward of his has the right to withhold his property or in any way to contravene his purpose.

"And as to the other misdemeanor with which you charge our ministry—viz., that it is a crime to lay up or take care of the means with which God has blessed men—I simply assert that you are mistaken. The sermon to which you alluded awhile ago contains, if you remember, an answer to the charge. In the biographical illustration showing the difference between the lives of Abraham and Lot—both rich men—that point was, I thought, made clear. I merely mention the fact in order to refresh your memory.

"Again, since this charge, if true, is a serious one, let me make the matter clear to you by quoting the words of another: 'Man has a right of property toward his fellow-man; he has none toward his God. Viewed in this latter light, no man can say that what he possesses is his own. For here comes in the prior, the inalienable claim of the great Maker and Owner of all things; and in his regard the wealthiest and most powerful descend at once from the rank of proprietors to that of stewards of another's rights.'

"Therefore I hope, my brother, that you see the injustice of the charge which you have brought against the ministry at large."

The long and unanswerable defense which the preacher had made even brought a degree of life into English's *dead sheep* looks, for at the conclusion of these remarks the ex-steward's parasite raised his bowed head and peered beseechingly into the somewhat troubled countenance of his life-long adviser,

as much as to say: "Can't you try him along some other line?"

"Well, ahem, ahem! [that throat-clearing again, a bad omen, thought English] ahem, ahem! I was going to say that I have, ahem, been a member of the Methodist Church for thirty years, and the Holy Spirit has never impressed me that it was my duty to give to the Church further than what is necessary to support the preacher; and if everybody would give a little, that would not come hard on any of us; but the preachers are getting proud and must have big salaries, while the Saviour commanded them to take neither purse nor scrip."

"It may be very true, my brother," replied the parson, "that the Holy Spirit has never impressed you with your duty in this respect; for he is a witness to the truth as it is in Christ; and a witness always executes the functions of his office through the medium of words. So the Holy Spirit does not impress us with duty apart from the revealed word of God, but he uses that word; for it is expressly stated that 'He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.' (John xvi. 14.) And again: 'He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.' (John xiv. 26.) Therefore we are not to expect to be impressed with duty apart from the express declaration of God's word.

"Besides, your Church vows obligate you 'to do good whether your hearts be free to it or not.' This vow rests upon St. Paul's declaration: 'For the love of Christ constraineth us.' You will observe that it is not our love for Christ, but an overwhelming con-

viction and an acute knowledge of his boundless and sacrificial love for us that constitutes the motor of our actions. 'Ye are not your own, . . . ye are bought with a price.'

"And then, my brother, in the text which you quoted relative to carrying purse and scrip, you will observe that the Saviour gives as a reason for that negative injunction that 'the servant is worthy of his hire.' Again St. Paul affirms that the minister's position relative to salary is analagous to that of the priesthood under the old dispensation; and they were the highest-salaried men in the Jewish theocracy: 'Do ye not know that they which minister about holy things live of the things of the temple? and they which wait at the altar are partakers with the altar? Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel.' (1 Cor. ix. 13, 14.)

"Furthermore, relative to our obligation to meet the demands of the Church in extending her borders, it is actually declared that we are bound to sell our coat for Missions: 'He that hath two coats let him impart to him that hath none.' (Luke iii. 11.) But the obligation we are under to send forth the word of life even transcends that which we have just noticed: 'Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?' (1 John iii. 16, 17.)

"It is not necessary that I should quote texts showing who our neighbors and brethren are. Christ has

set that point beyond all controversy in the parable of the good Samaritan. So, my brother, you see the extent of the moral obligation under which the death of Christ has brought us.

“Relative to the *pride* of preachers I have no reply to make further than this: that it is a very personal allusion; but I assure you that it will not cause me to change my present Church relationship.”

At the conclusion of this vindication of the requirements of the gospel all hope of triumph had fled from the countenances of the two ex-stewards. The parson bid them good-by, and left them drooping like two sheep nigh unto death.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TWO ARTIFICIAL QUAKERS.

THERE are times when persons, attempting something from spite, seem to be transformed, in look, gesture, and general carriage, into some such sentence as this: "How do we look now?" Could the reader have seen William Crookshanks and George English on their way home from the Quaker meeting-house, on the Sunday following the events recorded in the last chapter, he would have almost instinctively answered: "Somewhat artificial."

It is a patent fact that when one changes his religious principles he generally becomes an extremest in his new relationships, and very often a bigot in maintaining the tenets of his adopted views. This is all very natural, because men wish to impress the world with the fact that they have ample grounds for any change of opinion. Their extreme bigotry is therefore in justification of their change of views; therefore such bigotry is born of hypocrisy.

The two ex-stewards, the late official board of White Oak Ridge Methodist Episcopal Church, were therefore dressed in full Quaker uniform, even then growing almost if not quite obsolete: broad-brimmed hats and drab-colored suits. It was an amusing spectacle; for English in his new outfit looked a little mousey, while Crookshanks, with his great crop of beard and smilingly parted lips, reminded one of a regular caricature of a man of peace—viz., an opos-

sum tickled by the captor's grasp, humbly smiling its suit for a cessation of further hostilities.

A remark made by Crookshanks to his tenacious admirer, as they rode away from the Quaker church, showed that after all the young Methodist parson's sermon was not really the cause of this change of Church relationship. The whole country was on the verge of civil war; the intensest excitement prevailed everywhere, and in many Northern States he who did not boldly express his opinion for putting down by force of arms what they ardently termed a rebellion was looked upon as a friend to the Southern cause, and was treated more or less with a coolness that bordered on ostracism. I merely make this statement of fact to throw light upon the following conversation:

"I feel that I have to-day accomplished the greatest work of my life, friend English," observed Crookshanks, as the two rode along the highway. "I have always thought that the Friends were right in their interpretation of the Scripture. You see now, friend English, there is no money-loving ministry to domineer over us from the pulpit [they had united with the Hicksite branch of Friends], and no foreign missionary cause forever ringing in our ears; these Friends simply look after their poor at home, and in this land where everybody ought to be able to take care of themselves, do you see? that will not come hard on any of us."

English assented heartily to the remarks of his friend, and ventured to add: "And no silk beavers and kid gloves and broadcloth suits to pay for, either."

"Thy head is level, friend English," dropping his

voice several tones lower, "and these are perilous times, too. Suppose a Southern army should sweep down upon us, what would become of our hard-earned property? Or suppose this country should become the camping-ground of the United States soldiers, what would become of our crops and cattle and all of our financial interests? Yes, yes, friend English, these are perilous times. And do you see? it is a providence that tries the works and doctrines of the Church, and shows whether they be 'wood, hay, or stubble.' Would to God all the people, North and South, were as we have become this day—opposed to war. Do you see—men of peace, friend English, eh?—religiously opposed to war, and *friends* to both sides? And do you see?—the Constitution of the government forbids it to interfere with our religious opinion. Yes, friend English, our course is the only *safe* way, and it is remarkable how the fiery trials of providence reveal the way of right. To tell thee the truth, friend English, I never thought much about what denomination was really right until the last few weeks; and, marvelous to tell, I have been living here among the Friends for fifty-nine years October coming, and I have never seen any thing in the name of the true followers of Christ till now—*Friends*, do you see?"

"I had never thought of that," said English, peering out from under his broad-brimmed hat like a mouse peeping from under a flat band-box; "and then, friend Crookshanks, it seems to be providential all around. That young money-bag that the bishop sent to our Methodist brethren by his personal thrusts at us first put us to thinking. As you say, it is remark-

able how God lays hold of profane persons and things to open the eyes of his true children."

Just at this juncture of their conversation they spied the head of what appeared to be a vast column of mounted men moving toward them. They looked at each other in blank amazement.

"What does that mean?" ejaculated English, as they reined their horses to one side of the road to make way for the approaching column of United States cavalry.

"Jeff Davis and his men, I'll warrant you," replied Crookshanks in a whisper.

By this time the great column of blue had reached the point where the two *friendly* disposed horsemen were standing. As the line of cavalry began to file past them an amused expression wreathed the faces of even the war-visaged officers. On and on it swept, with many a chuckle and mischievous look from the soldiers as they passed the two *friendly* citizens. When the center of the column reached the recently gowned converts to the tenets of the immortal Fox, being somewhat remote from the direct supervision of the officers, the chuckles and sly looks on the part of the soldiery passed into ridicule.

"Quack, quack, quack," said a mischievous-looking churl, as his steed capered by the two *peaceful* citizens. "Quack, quack, quack," one and then another took up the word until the noise made thereby sounded like the rushing of many waters, in the ears of two of the most peaceable citizens in the world. When that by no means euphonious sound died away, another tall, angular *down-easter* pranced his steed near the humble twain, and raised with the point of his saber the

broad-brimmed hat, which Crookshanks had pulled down over his brow during the *quacking* ceremony; and as he did so uttered the words "Foxy, foxy, foxy," a number of times, which in turn was taken up by every horseman till it likewise ran its course.

Finally, as if the mischievous soldiery had deliberately planned a climacteric series of indignities, there strode by the now thoroughly humbled twain an extremely serious-looking individual, who held out his hand to the two pacific brethren, and said in a very obsequious manner and tone: "An alms, Friends." No one else uttered a word, but the entire portion of the column then passing assumed, after the example of their leader, the most serious look and deportment; and thus, with extended hands, they passed by, mutely, seriously, and in the most pantomimical manner. Then came the rear of the column, and with it a few officers so busily engaged in discussing the great political questions of the day that they did not notice the two citizens by the way-side; but the privates passed with many sly winks and nods and wry faces and mock salutations and low bows.

Thus passed the long column of blue, which proved not to be "Jeff Davis and his men," but Northern soldiers who, in obedience to the call of Lincoln on the 15th April, 1861, were on their way to what afterward became the scenes of the bloodiest conflicts of modern warfare—the battle-fields of Virginia—for the purpose of putting down by force of arms those "combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings;" and which came well-nigh being "too powerful to be suppressed by the" extraordinary course of Northern arms.

As the two peaceably inclined citizens resumed their journey they rode for some distance in profound silence.

At length English broke the oppressive silence by observing: "Those were *our* men."

"I claim no stock in them," sarcastically replied Crookshanks; "I am a man of peace, friend English."

"O, so am I too," quickly interposed the satellite, feeling sensibly the somewhat concealed rebuke in his friend's words; "I meant to say they were Northern soldiers."

"Y-e-s," replied Crookshanks slowly; "but henceforth I shall know no North and no South. I am a man of *peace*."

There was still a hidden rebuke in Crookshanks's reply; but English, for fear of making matters worse, concluded to turn the line of conversation. "What did the rascals mean by saying '*Quack, quack?*' Did they mean to call us geese?" he asked.

"Y-e-s, I suppose so," answered Crookshanks; "and if the Southern belligerents should prove too strong for them, and should drive them back in this direction, I'm afraid they'll be at the *picking*."

"They shall not fleece me, if there's any power in this government to protect me," said English, looking somewhat sheepish. "I'm a man of peace from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet."

After this remark the couple again rode along for some distance, and each one seemed to be deeply engaged with his own thoughts.

At last Crookshanks raised his head and remarked: "Friend English, what do you suppose they meant

when that stack of bones raised my hat with his saber, and remarked '*Foxy?*' Did they mean to say I was drunk?—I have heard drunk men called *foxy*—or did they mean to say that I was playing a shrewd game by casting in my lot with the Friends?"

"O," replied English, who had been reading up for the last few days the history of the Friends, "I suppose they meant to taunt us with being followers of George Fox, the founder of our Church."

This explanation seemed to lift a great burden from the mind of the inquirer, and he immediately became more cheerful. Ah, indeed "conscience is the book in which our daily sins are written," and so long as sinful men can conceal its pages from public scrutiny they feel satisfied.

"Friend English," said Crookshanks, with a fiendish twinkle in his eyes, "I think those fellows in the rear who were so intent on a collection must have been Methodist brethren, and must also have sat at some time or other under the ministry of the young parson over at White Oak Ridge."

"Possibly so," said English, "but they won't have much trouble counting their cash."

O depraved humanity, whose attempts at wit and sarcasm so often rebound on the parsimony and stinginess so deeply imbedded sometimes in the human heart! Satan himself must sometimes become ashamed of his own work.

But conscience again whispers in Crookshanks's heart, and he inclines to the serious side of matters just as the twain are about to reach his gate. A sad train of thought had been set in motion by English's remark, and it preyed heavily upon the covetous old

man's mind. "Ah, friend English," said he, "this war is bound to make taxes high, and don't you see, if, as I said awhile ago, the army should be driven back upon us, the *collection* won't be by any means light. Ah! friend English, I'm a man of peace; peace don't cost anybody a cent. War is expensive, and the money to carry it on has to come from somewhere, and from where else will it come but from out of the pockets of hard-working poor men such as we are?"

The couple had now reached the home of Crookshanks, and therefore they parted for the day. As English took his leave of his financial adviser and general trustee an amusing little episode took place. A saucy little urchin, a child of one of Crookshanks's tenants, was standing at the gate as the two men parted, and of course the little fellow was listening to all that was said, for all bright children are close observers. "Good-by, *brother*—ah! ahem, I beg pardon—I mean *friend* English," said the old steward of White Oak Ridge.

"Good-day, *friend* Crookshanks," and the satellite rode away toward his home.

As the old gentleman alighted from his steed and started toward his dwelling, the little observer and listener met him with this pertinent inquiry: "Mr. Crookshanks, have you and Mr. English quit being brothers?"

"Go along away from here, you impudent little brat," scolded the somewhat incensed man of *peace*, "or I'll wear you out with this cowhide; leave my gate, or I'll switch you within an inch of your life."

The little fellow scampered away as fast as his lit-

tle feet could carry him, and the man of *peace* sought the shelter of his pacific home.

O the depths of deception, falsehood, hypocrisy, and insincerity that are born of covetousness in the human heart! No wonder that God has branded it as the worst of crimes!

CHAPTER XIX.

CATASTROPHES AND CATACLYSMS.

WHEN George English reached his home, after the incidents which we have recorded in the previous chapter, he found his faithful wife prostrated upon a bed of sickness. The meek, sweet-spirited woman had been pining away day by day ever since Edward, her only child, had left home, until now she had become physically a mere shadow. The cavalry of which we have spoken had passed the residence of George English and a soldier had hitched his steed for a few moments at the gate of this, to the languishing wife at least, sad home, and with clanking saber and rattling spurs had entered the house. He threw his arms around the frail form, and with tears streaming from his eyes kissed the pale cheeks of her who had given him birth.

It was Edward. The mother and son exchanged, amid sobs and tears, a few words; and then, after repeated embraces, the young cavalier tore himself away from a mother's fond clasp, and with his whole form convulsed with grief threw himself into the saddle and galloped away to resume his place in the line of march. The mother, having followed with tottering steps the manly form of her son to the gate, stood there looking after the receding form of her soldier boy. The pistols that swung from the saddle-tree, the carbine suspended from his shoulder, the cartridge-box belted around his waist, together with

clanking canteen and saber, impressed the sorrowful mother with visions of blood. She saw, in her excited imagination, the pale, upturned face of her boy as he lay upon a bloody field of strife, pierced through by the flying missiles of death, with none to care for him or bandage the blood-belching wound. The shock was too great for her. She sunk down upon the cold earth in a swooning condition, whence she was borne to her bed by a faithful servant. In this condition, suffering from extreme nervous prostration, the husband found his faithful, uncomplaining wife when he stepped into his house.

A physician was immediately summoned, but ere he reached the bedside of the dying woman, she struggled wildly, and in her delirium called for writing material. When her request was granted, she became remarkably calm, asked to be raised to a sitting posture, took the pencil and paper on her lap, and penned the following lines in a bold, legible hand:

Dear Eddie: I am dying. Leave the battle-field, and so live as to meet me in heaven. O do not imbue thy once chubby little hands, covered with ten thousand times ten thousand of thy fond mother's kisses, in human blood. O my son, remember that our Master says: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." Come back, my boy! Come back.

Lovingly, dying,

MOTHER.

The last sentence was scarcely legible; beginning in a clear, plain hand, the short letter showed the traces in each succeeding word of failing strength, till the last word "Mother" had to be guessed rather than spelled. When the epistle was concluded, she fell back upon her pillow, and faintly whispered: "Send it to Eddie, and bury me at White Oak Ridge,

by the side of darling Fannie's little grave." She was dead, and Fannie was her little infant daughter that had died twenty years before this sad scene.

George English was almost frantic with grief. His conscience whispered continually, as he paced the silent halls of his own home: "Thou didst it!" In his intense grief and bewilderment he had nervously fingered through the pockets of his garments, and feeling in his vest pocket a strip of paper he drew it out and read it:

The bearer hereof, Katie English, has been an acceptable member of the Methodist Episcopal Church at White Oak Ridge, Pennsylvania Conference. Given April 8, 1861.

JAMES C. OWEN, P. C.

"Died out of the Church which she loved," said he, as he read the certificate for which he had asked the young pastor without for once letting his wife know of the bold step he had taken relative to her membership at White Oak Ridge. "Died out of the Church for which she would have given every cent's worth of property that I own, had it been necessary and had I permitted her," he continued to soliloquize; "out of the Church in which we were married, and whence we carried, twenty years ago, the dead body of our darling little Fannie." Then, pacing to and fro, he said: "I gave but little to the Church she loved, and permitted her to give nothing, and this day I have derided the Church that was so dear to her, and—O my God!" said he, breaking down with grief, "is this a judgment from heaven on my sinful head!"

In his paroxisms of grief he tore the Quaker uniform from his body and thrust it into the fire that

burned in the grate of his apartment. After donning another suit, he came out of his room, kissed the cold cheek of his now sainted wife, kneeled a moment at the couch upon which she lay, and then summoning a servant, sent him post-haste after the pastor of White Oak Ridge.

When the young minister arrived, the grief-stricken husband took him into a private apartment, confessed his crime, begged to return the certificate, and thus restore his wife to membership in the Church of her choice, and pledged his allegiance to the Church which she loved so long as he should live.

Without tiring the reader with all the details of the burial of Katie English and contingent events, I wish to say that two months after that sad scene the following parties might have been seen seated around the bedside of George English, who lay fatally ill: William Crookshanks, still in his Quaker uniform, and who was so ill at ease that his nervousness betrayed itself to every one present, a physician, the young pastor of White Oak Ridge, and a lawyer, who sat at a table busily writing a legal document—the last will and testament of George English. He gave and bequeathed half of his property to Edward English, his heirs and assignees forever, and the other half to the Methodist Episcopal Church, to be used by that denomination for the glory of God, as the discretion of the Church might judge best.

A few days after the above transaction the obsequies of the testator took place at White Oak Ridge; and the young minister, who had remained with him to the last and who had received assurances of his trust in Christ and of an abundant pardon through the all-

prevailing merit of Christ, chose these words as a text for the funeral discourse, which he delivered on that occasion: "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." (Judges xiv. 14.)

The discourse made a profound and lasting impression upon the vast audience that listened to it, and from that day the little chapel began to put on new life, and is to-day one of the leading Churches within the bounds of the Pennsylvania Conference.

It seems that there is a point in the scale of crime which when reached only brings forth disaster, death, and ruin. George English trembled on the verge of that awful crisis, and was wise enough to see his crimes, and was, in the very nick of time, rescued by divine grace from irretrievable and eternal ruin.

But the saddest phase of this piece of family reminiscence is the fact that William Crookshanks persevered persistently in the course of action which he had adopted. The old man, clad in his peace costume, lived from day to day under the darkest clouds of apprehended danger and calamity. He had reached that point where his own family had become disgusted with the perfidy and hypocrisy which were so palpably manifest in all of his dealings. Before the end of the year 1861 his two remaining daughters had left home and his four sons had enlisted in the Northern army. One by one they fell, and at the end of the year 1862 he was without a son. His wife died in March, 1862. His line of steamers had been so crippled and destroyed by privateers that they amounted to a clear loss. One disaster after another rolled upon the covetous old man of peace until at the beginning of 1863

he was even homeless, his dwelling having accidentally burned down at the beginning of that year. His daughters, who had drifted as nurses into a Pennsylvania hospital, had contracted small-pox from the soldier patients, and were no more, so that the old man was left to nurse his sorrows and disasters without hope or comfort of any kind.

The old man thus unfortunate placed a number of papers in an old haversack, strapped it across his shoulders, and set out to find Edward English, whose trustee he was. A record of his journey is reserved for another chapter.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MAN OF PEACE LOOKS UPON WAR.

CERTAIN sins may become so incorporated into one's nature as to thoroughly impress the one thus imbued that the great end of life consists in fostering, cultivating, and making ample provision for such sins and their results. This is true especially of the sin of covetousness. The devotee at the shrine of mammon reaches at last a point where he conceives it to be the highest and most binding duty in the universe to preserve and perpetuate his hard-earned and ill-gotten gains by placing them in the possession of those who have a *legal* claim upon them. This is frequently done at the expense of justice. One of the strangest characteristics of covetous men is that while they frequently violate every principle of justice and equity in accumulating their fortunes, they are very averse to being considered *legally* dishonest. The hope of their life is to die regarded as honest men. This is so because all sin seeks to vindicate itself, and when one becomes a specialist in any department of sin, that desire develops in proportion to the growth of the sin.

It is not surprising, therefore, that William Crookshanks, when he met with the disasters to which we have already alluded, should have sought Edward English in order to place within his hands the papers which secured the investments of his father's money. It was not, however, a spirit of honesty that com-

pelled him to this step. Men too frequently, alas! attribute such acts to a desire to be honest, when really they are defensive of dishonesty and sin.

The old man had really reached that point in a life of covetousness where the sum total of life consisted in covering up, or attempting to do so at least, every possible trace of dishonesty. It was the supreme ambition of the old man's life to be considered an honest, upright man. And so far as *legal* requirements were involved and the law demanded he was of undisputed integrity. But to be truly an honest man implies a great deal more than mere conformity to the letter of the law. Many men have been esteemed as strictly honest and scrupulously just who were indeed very far from being either.

When George English had consulted William Crookshanks relative to his son's desire to attend college, and had received advice growing primarily out of the old man's desire to handle every available cent of English's money, which really led to the sad scenes already noticed, he was actually *cheated* by his financial agent out of the joy and peace of domestic life, and eventually out of the life of the precious wife of his own bosom. Edward English had also been cheated out of the love of a father and the brightest prospects in the intellectual world, and had been sent adrift with that great current of *floating* individuals who are carried hither and thither upon the restless tides of individualistic fancy. No amount of money could repair his losses, and the covetousness of William Crookshanks had really deprived the English family of that to which all the wealth of the world is incomparable.

The curse-burdened old man was determined, however, to deal honestly with Edward English, so far as dollars and cents were involved. Therefore he set out to seek the wayward young man among the tented fields of Northern Virginia. His heart assured him that by so doing he would lift a great burden from his soul. He desired to die clear of any charge of dishonesty—this was his god. He had friends in Washington who were under pecuniary obligations at least to him, and these friends were connected with the government. Through their instrumentality he secured official papers which gave to him protection as a citizen of the United States and also the privilege of visiting and holding conference relative to business matters with Edward English, then supposed to be in Gen. Grant's army.

When Crookshanks reached the place of his destination, however, it was only to meet with the bitterest disappointment. The name of Edward English was found on an old company's roll, but opposite it was marked "*Missing.*"

The old man was about to retrace his steps, feeling that life itself was a burden and that keenest sufferings and disappointments would meet him at every step, when he was accosted by a tall, serious-looking *Down Easter*: "Friend, an alms." Looking up into the face of the mock beggar, he recognized the petitioner as the one who had led in the farcical collection on that eventful Sunday in 1861 as he and George English awaited by the roadside to let the line of cavalry pass them. Though neither English nor Crookshanks had recognized Edward English in the long column of soldiers that passed them on that occasion, Crookshanks

knew from what they afterward learned that he was really one of the passing column. Therefore the recognition of this individual, who would mock his religious proclivities, was really a pleasure upon the part of Crookshanks, who hoped that he could gain from the scoffer at his garb and religion some clue as to the whereabouts of the object of his search. Therefore he replied: "Indeed! I will give thee a hundred alms if thou wilt tell me where Edward English is."

"And pay it out of Edward English's father's money into the bargain, would you, old foxy?" sarcastically replied the yankee.

"Nay, verily, friend, thou doest an innocent old man great injustice. Edward English shall have every cent of his dead father's money that is in my hands. Tell me, friend, dost thou know aught of his whereabouts?" replied Crookshanks in a somewhat offended tone.

"Well, old *quakey*, since you seem about ready to turn up your toes and bid farewell to earth, I guess I can put you on track of him, if his trail an't too cold to follow," answered the yankee.

This was welcome news to the heart-broken and partially crazed old man, and he listened intently as the droll yankee rehearsed to him how Edward English had been one of his most intimate friends, and how they had wandered here and there prior to the great civil struggle that was then shaking the government from center to circumference, and how they had fought side by side up to the time of Edward's disappearance.

The story was a long one, and it is only necessary to record so much of it here as is essential to a clear

exposition of the mystery of the hoary old cliff-walker already so frequently alluded to within these pages.

Edward English and his chum had wandered, during a space of inaction between the two opposing armies, too near the Confederate line of battle, a soldier had discovered them, and in their flight had shot down English and had left him, as he supposed, dead. That soldier, as the reader must have already guessed, was Dick Ivey. Under the cover of night English's faithful friend had re-visited the scene and had discovered the body of his friend, and as he was still living had borne him to a farm-house in the vicinity of the almost fatal scene, where his wounds were dressed and where he was cared for till he sufficiently recovered to travel on foot.

The yankee had learned from the inmates of the farm-house that English had determined to quit the army and go South by wandering along the great blue chain of mountains into the Carolinas. This was all he knew of the whereabouts of his old friend.

The old Quaker dropped a few coin into the hand of the Union soldier, and in a few hours he had passed the farm-house already alluded to and was rapidly pushing his way into the heart of the immense range that stretched away toward the south. His journey was a lucky one. As he prosecuted his search from day to day he discovered that he was unmistakably on trail of his missing ward. The simple-hearted mountaineers who had entertained English were ready to give the old man all the information which they possessed relative to the wandering soldier who had drifted along the great chain of mountains. Thus he

followed the *missing* soldier to the scene already described in the introductory pages of this book—viz., The Dismal.

While he was standing one day upon a crag of frowning old Cæsar's form, he beheld Edward English moving about the cabin already described—viz., that of Micajah Grant.

Then there arose a great struggle within the old man's heart. Now that he had found the object of his search, he was greatly perplexed as to what course he should pursue. The old man was really partially crazed by the troubles which had come upon him; he was in the land of the enemy, and so was the object of his search. Edward English's heart was embittered against him; besides, one who had cultivated the sin of covetousness to the degree that William Crookshanks had, would naturally, notwithstanding his desire to be legally honest, have a strong desire to put off or defer restitution till the last moment. Therefore the somewhat dementated old man concluded to keep a close watch upon his ward and at the same time keep himself aloof from Edward English. He therefore adopted the mode of life already described, and visited periodically the cliffs above the little cabin that he might satisfy himself of English's safety and well-being.

Clad in a large white blanket, with his long white hair and beard toyed with by the wind, together with the dementated state of mind that always seized upon him during these visits and caused him to cry out, as already portrayed, for it was then that he thought especially upon his life and troubles; all of these things taken together had been instrumental in spreading

terror through The Dismal and in giving to the cliffs the reputation of being haunted.

The solution of this mystery brings us to the disappearance of Edward English on the day that he was shot by Dick Ivey. We must therefore turn to that phase of our narrative.

CHAPTER XXI.

EDWARD ENGLISH RESCUED.

WILLIAM CROOKSHANKS was only a few steps away from the precipice upon which Dick Ivey stood when he shot Edward English. The report of the pistol caused the half-dementated old man to start up from behind the great rock where he was reposing just in time to see the body of Dick Ivey struggling on the edge of the precipice where he had lost his foot-hold in his hasty attempt at flight, and whence he fell. The mysterious old cliff-walker rushed to the bloody scene at the base of the cliff, picked up the bleeding, unconscious form of Edward English, and bore it away up the steep acclivities of the mountain side as if he were carrying a mere infant.

At last he reached a great shelving rock, where the old man had, by some artificial means, made for himself a tolerably comfortable habitation. Under this great rock and upon a cot of dried ferns and moss he deposited the bleeding and exhausted body of his ward. A hasty examination of the wound convinced him that it was not necessarily fatal. He therefore stopped the flow of blood by a free application of cold water, bandaged the wound, and, as English had by this time regained consciousness and manifested signs of great restlessness, the old herbalist administered a large dose of the infusion of scull-cap, so that his patient was soon soundly sleeping, and thus the old Quaker had time to revisit the bloody scene of the

intended murder. He found nothing remaining on the spot, however, but Dick Ivey's revolver, which had fallen from his hand when he fell from the precipice whence he shot Edward English. The old recluse secured the weapon and was leisurely sauntering along the mountain-side brandishing the revolver in his hand, for the initials, "E. E.," engraved upon the silver mounting of the breech had thrown the old man into one of those fits of soliloquy so frequently characterizing the partially demented, especially when such mental aberration is produced by the stinging rebukes of conscience.

"Edward English was shot with his own revolver in the hands of another, and I am largely responsible for it," muttered the old man as he wandered along the rocky precipice. "Ah! all is gone, children and property, but what is left I will gather together and put it in the hand of him whom I have wounded and wronged more sorely than others have done." Thus soliloquizing, and utterly forgetful of every thing round about him, the partially crazy old man had moved along the rocky ledge until he reached a point directly over the spot where Dick Ivey was sitting. The blood from the wounded man had stained the tip end of his long white beard and had dyed crimson here and there the white blanket that fluttered about his tall, angular form.

The partial reverie into which the old man had fallen was dissipated by the sight of the would-be murderer as he reclined his throbbing body against one of the giant oaks of the primeval forest that crowned the rocky declivities of the sublime heights that arose tier upon tier toward the heavens. There, amid the

grandest and wildest scenery, transpired the episode described in a previous chapter.

William Crookshanks, as he stood watching the fleeing form of Dick Ivey, knowing the hatred for English that must have rankled in the heart of the cowardly assassin, and believing that every moment spent in the vicinity of The Dismal would be at the hazard of a life around which entwined every tendril of hope in his own now broken and thoroughly shattered heart, determined to remove as quickly as possible his ward from the community over which, in his candid estimation, had gathered every ominous cloud of danger and out of which thunderbolts of pent-up wrath and hate were about to dart down upon the devoted head of the wounded man now resting upon his crude bed of ferns and twigs under the great shelving rock which constituted the temporary dwelling-place of the ghost of the cliffs.

He hastened back, therefore, to the side of the wounded man, resolved on transferring him to some place of safety as soon as he gained strength enough to undergo the fatigue incident to the removal. As he entered the crude rock-roofed apartment in which Edward English had been placed, he shuddered as he looked into the pale face of the sleeping man. He drew near the couch, and stooping over the prostrate form he discovered that his patient was breathing gently. This fact dissipated his fears; and, inspired with fresh hope relative to English's recovery, he began to make a more thorough examination as to the character of the wound. The ball had entered the right shoulder from above, had ranged downward, fracturing the collar-bone, and thence plowing just

under the skin was barely imbedded in the flesh just beneath the right nipple. The knife of the old "root doctor" quickly dislodged the bullet. The improvised surgeon was in the act of applying salves when the wounded man awoke. The powerful narcotic had spent its force, and the sufferer gazed wildly around him. Fixing his eyes at length upon the old cliff-walker, he seemed determined to look him through and through. Like a wounded eagle, he lay helpless and panting at the feet of one whom he suspected had wounded him. He watched every movement of the old man, and for a few moments suffered indescribable mental agonies, owing to the fact that he surmised William Crookshanks to have been the agent of his present suffering, and he knew not how soon he would complete his bloody work. But his foreboding fears were born only to be dissipated by the genial smiles of the old friend of his father.

When William Crookshanks perceived that his patient was awake, he drew near to the couch upon which the wounded man was lying, and taking him by the hand, while tears of joy streamed down his furrowed cheeks, gave him every assurance of friendship and almost paternal interest.

"Ah! friend Edward, I have rescued thee from the very jaws of death," said the old man, bowing over the prostrate form of his ward; "and had it not been that I am a man of peace, I would have emptied these loaded barrels into the heart of thy enemy only a few moments ago. The temptation was strong, I tell thee, friend Edward, and it well-nigh overcame me."

Here he produced the revolver which he had picked up on the unfortunate spot already described.

"O my God," groaned the afflicted man, "are all my wounds and sufferings to come from my own weapons?"

"What aileth thee, my son? The enemy hath fled, casting away his arms?" said the old Quaker as he observed the shudder that passed over English's countenance when he beheld the revolver from whose muzzle had leaped the bullet that had shattered his shoulder.

"I mean that Egypt is a broken reed, upon which if one lean it shall thrust him through and through," enigmatically responded Edward as he scanned the revolver.

"Is this accursed agent of war and violence endued with talismanic charms?" asked the perplexed old man as he reached forth to take the revolver from the hand of English, who seemed to be forgetful of every thing else as he looked the weapon over and over.

"Touch it not, William Crookshanks," replied the interested examiner. "It is a dangerous instrument; its sting is as fatal as the rattlesnake's fang. Touch it not, for it brings to me lessons of wisdom as well as keenest pangs of grief and remorse."

"Art thou beside thyself, friend Edward?" mournfully queried the old man.

"O no! I am just coming to myself, like the prodigal of old, and I half believe that I am being clothed in my right mind. O that I could sit at least at the feet of even an earthly comforter," ejaculated the poor sufferer as he burst into a flood of tears.

William Crookshanks was confused, and evidenced in his very look that there was something in English's

words which stung his very soul. Therefore he asked: "Friend Edward, dost thou accuse and threaten thy father's best friend?"

"O no; I neither accuse nor threaten any one," said Edward, while a radiant light began to gather about his countenance. "I have felt for the first time in my life that no hate, malice, or revenge dwells in my heart."

Again the wounded man examined the great "Colt's revolver" that he still held in his hand, turned it over and over, and then with a parting look which spoke volumes, he handed the weapon to Crookshanks as he soliloquized: "Yes, I have been more seriously wounded with weapons of my own manufacture than by this my own accursed instrument of suffering and destruction. Put it up."

"Friend Edward," said the old man, as he laid the pistol away, "hast thou at last become a man of peace?"

"Ay, ay," answered English, "a man of peace, and is it not strange how the lessons of other days, so long forgotten, come crowding themselves back into my mind? The long ago Sabbath-school lessons at White Oak Ridge are as fresh as if learned but yesterday, and it is just now that I begin to appreciate their meaning—'Put up again thy sword into its place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.' Yes, I am a man of peace—'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' My precious mother taught me that long years ago, and I feel like a little child living over again those happy days of childhood's

innocency. O how she shuddered as she looked upon that accursed instrument of bloodshed on that bright Sabbath morning when I last pressed her frail form to my bosom. I wonder if she yet lives?"

"Nay, my son," said the old man as he produced the letter written by the mother on her death-bed.

English read it. His lips uttered faintly: "Inasmuch as ye did it"—"it is so dark—take me to my mother."

The patient fell back exhausted on his crude couch as the last sentence fell from his lips. The loss of blood, the shock of the revelation, and the pain from the wound, together with the great spiritual excitement under which he had been laboring, proved too much for his well-wrought frame, and he had swooned under the great pressure.

Crookshanks hastened to his side and sponged the wounded man's face with the cold, pure water of the mountain spring. There was no evidence of suffering in that open countenance, peace was written on every lineament of that heaven-lit face, coruscations of divine light seemed to play upon and over it as the beams of a summer day's morning sun dance upon the bosom of a joyful earth.

The effort to revive Edward English was effectual. Again he opened his eyes and quietly thanked his nurse. There he lay under the shadow of the great rock, the very embodiment of peace, humility, and meekness. In a moment of time the whole trend of his life had been changed because the Rock of Ages had overshadowed him and the dove-like spirit of truth had entered and had filled to overflowing his once vacant and bleeding heart.

Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies.

A seed of divine truth learned at White Oak Ridge long years ago had lain dormant in the heart for lo these days and years, but now germinates even amid these troubles and afflictions that press so heavily upon the wounded man—"Put up again thy sword into its place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Mysterious providence! that plants the seed, and then evolves after successive years the circumstances and conditions that awaken those associations that lead to repentance and faith in the twinkling of an eye. But after all

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.

A pious mother had died gasping a prayer for her wayward son, and the prayer—heaven had answered it in due season, and all is now well, despite the storm of trouble that howled about that frail mother's pathway.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest thine own ark;
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have thee.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PARTING INTERVIEW.

Awhile she stood,
Transformed by grief to marble, and appeared
Her own pale monument! but when she breathed
The secret anguish of her wounded soul,
So moving were the plaints, they would have soothed
The stooping falcon to suspend his flight,
And spare his mourning prey. —Fenton.

THREE weeks after the occurrence of the events recorded in the last chapter William Crookshanks and Edward English sat under the great shelving rock, engaged in earnest conversation.

“I will not go,” exclaimed English, with an unusual degree of emphasis.

“But, friend Edward, they are hunting thee as Saul sought David among the mountains of Judea. Wilt thou foolishly put thy life into the hands of thy enemies? We may reach the line of march of the mighty Sherman as he crosses the State, and thus our countrymen will protect our lives. Do you see, friend Edward, it is the only way of safety?” persuasively pleaded Crookshanks.

“I cannot believe,” protested English, “that there is a single denizen of The Dismal, except Dick Ivey, who would harm a hair of my head.”

“Then thou dost doubt the word of thy father’s best friend; for I have told thee that I heard only yesterday, at the house of the sick man to whom I minister, that the whole community believe you to

have been in league with a mysterious appearance that from time to time has frightened the people of The Dismal. They say you are a *conjurer*, and that, should you ever again make your appearance among them, they will kill you," reproachfully replied Crookshanks.

"Ah! is that the trouble?" exclaimed English, as he smiled at the old man's ignorance of the fact that his night walks and demency was really the ground of the people's absurd conjectures. "I will set them right on that point, and convince them that I am not a wizard."

"Thou art heady, friend Edward; thou gavest thy parents much trouble. Dost thou know that when ignorance and superstitious prejudice are once aroused they become a mighty tide, against which no man can battle with the hope of victory? The Son of God himself fell before their proud waves. Canst thou stay their onward march? Thou art over-confident. Thou speakest as a child."

This pointed utterance on the part of the half-demented old miser had the effect of silencing for the time the tongue of his companion. Edward sat for a time, watching the shadows of the clouds chase each other across the forests of The Dismal, and just as a flood-tide of light burst forth from under a large black cloud, and bathed the entire valley in a sea of glory, putting smiles upon frowning rocks and laughter in every waving tree-top, sweeter music in the throat of every gurgling stream, and gilding even stern Cæsar's brow with a crown of joy, he declared, while simultaneously a brighter light broke from his own countenance: "I will this night ask the advice of one who is dearer to me than life."

The words were a soliloquy, born of intense mental agitation and addressed to no one, but containing a resolution stronger than life. Ah! the problem was wisely solved; for God has decreed from the beginning that "it is not good that man should be alone," and the "helpmate" provided for every time of trouble and perplexity, by merciful Omniscience, is woman. The heaven-commissioned angel who must unravel every tangled skein, and dissipate every complex problem, and banish the unutterable loneliness of this life, is woman. Edwin Arnold has truthfully said:

Not in the swaying of the summer trees,
When evening breezes sing their vesper hymn;
Not in the minstrel's mighty symphonies,
Nor ripples breaking on the river's brim,
Is earth's best music; these may have awhile
High thoughts in happy hearts, and carking cares beguile.

But even as the swallow's silken wings,
Skimming the water of the sleeping lake,
Stir the still silver with a hundred rings,
So doth one sound the sleeping spirit wake
To brave the danger and to bear the harm—
A low and gentle voice, dear woman's chiefest charm.

What wiser course, therefore, could he adopt than to sit at the feet of love's unerring counsel? Much indeed of true manliness consists in listening to the advice of those who love us. I would rather have the decision, in the most difficult problem, of a woman who loves me than the calm and mature judgment of the wisest philosopher.

Again he spoke, turning away this time from the western sun's beams that continued to kiss every jutting crag and waving tree; and, addressing Crook-

shanks, who sat silent and moody farther back under the granite roof of their improvised dwelling-place: "I will go with you if Jerusha Grant says it is dangerous for me to remain in The Dismal."

"Thou wilt have thine own way, friend Edward, but let not a mountain lass's smiles beguile thee. Thy father's friend will watch while thou tarriest, and greet thy coming again. Shades of thy father and gentle mother be thy guardian angels, and deliver thee safe into my hands again, ready to depart at 12 o'clock to-night!" solemnly spoke the old, care-worn man.

The western sun was now coquetting with earth's loveliest scenes, throwing good-night kisses from his far-away couch. His lingering glances seemed loath to leave for one night the enchanting scenes of his day's ministrations. Already the night birds, impatient because of his prolonged, lingering smiles, were beginning to dart from the crevices of the towering crags; and the deep bass and melancholy cries of the great gray owls were coming up from the darkest valleys, and echoed from crag to crag as if scores were answering each other. The tinkling bells, suspended from the necks of mountain kine, told of their homeward walk; the lonesome low of cattle and the pathos-burdened bleat of the fleecy sheep proclaimed the day's end, even if the western sky were unwilling to admit the decree of stern, inexorable law. Yes, the day was passing away. The most impressive, though least observed, scene which nature affords is that of the death-throes of a beautiful day.

Edward English picked his way along the precipitous declivities of Cæsar's great pedestal, and was by

no means unconscious of the rural sounds that were borne aloft on every passing breeze, and of the indescribable scenery that greeted his eye no matter which way he looked. Was he listening to the medley of sounds that came up from the dark valley for the last time? Would this, the superbest workmanship of nature's God, ever again greet his eyes? What will be Jerusha's decision? As these questions spontaneously rose in his mind his pulse beat faster, and he became unconscious of the pain from his throbbing wound.

The full-orbed moon peeped up, anon, from behind the great cliffs and threw long shadows across his pathway; fitful gusts of wind swept around the crags and through the branches of the trees; the deep bass mutterings of far-away thunder greeted his ear; the black skirts of clouds began to sweep forward like battalions of soldiers rushing into line of battle. It seemed that earth was angry because day was gone. "Is this an omen of what awaits me?" thought Edward, as he hastened onward toward the little cabin in Cæsar's lap. "Thy will be done," he gasped, just as the dim outlines of the place of his destination struggled through the darkness and greeted his eyes.

At last he stood before the door and knocked for admittance, just as the storm was beginning to sweep the earth with its terrific violence. The door swung gently back upon its hinges. Tom Grant stood with one hand resting upon the wooden door-latch, while the other hung listlessly by his side. His eyes were dilated, and he was speechless with amazement. Elvina Grant threw up her hands in horror, as she exclaimed, transfixed to her chair in the chimney's cor-

ner: "Is it his *sperit*?" Just then Edward stepped upon the threshold, and a beautiful form and a face pale as death with grief swept forward with almost noiseless tread from the rear portion of the little room.

"No, mother," exclaimed the soft, musical voice of Jerusha, "not a spirit, but Edward himself." They met and grasped each other's hands, while their lips trembled with emotion and tears of joy flowed down their cheeks. Their hearts were so full that the lips were not competent to speak the volume of their mutual joys. There she stood, the maiden beautiful in simplicity and perfected under nature's unerring tuition. As she stood unadorned by art, the more unfortunate yet more accomplished may well envy her lot.

She never feels the spleen's imagined pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
Her homespun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs;
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.

She led the unexpected visitor to a chair, and while the storm raged without he unfolded to them the mysterious occurrence which they supposed had resulted in his death. At the conclusion of his narrative Jerusha breathed a prayer of thanksgiving, while Elvina Grant, having gained a measure of composure, ejaculated: "Ther's more trouble bound to come, for a whip-poor-will come an' hollered right in the aidge of the yard to-night; an' night afore last a screech-owl come an' perched right on top of the house, an'

screeched all night long; an' trouble's bound to follow."

"I hope not, mother," said Jerusha. "You know times have changed very much since you were young and learned the signification of omens, and that change necessarily involves an alteration in all signs and omens."

These words were spoken, as may be seen, as an apology for the ignorance and superstition of the mother. "But all people," she observed, turning to Edward English, "are more or less superstitious; and it is wonderful," she said with a tremulous voice, "how the people of The Dismal have associated you, Edward, with the apparition on the cliffs, and they even imagine that you are somehow or other an evil spirit;" and then, dropping her soft voice to a lower tone, she said: "It is not safe for you to be here, Edward; for the people would kill you instantly, if they were to lay hands on you."

"Why, what harm have I done?" inquired the ex-Union soldier.

"No harm at all, Edward," responded Jerusha; "but it is not always necessary to do wrong in order to become the subjects of prejudice and malice. And again," pleaded Jerusha with those persuasive tones which woman alone is capable of uttering, "you must know that Dick Ivey is your mortal enemy. He, together with a Confederate deserter named Hamby, has lost no opportunity to sow seeds of deadly hate against you in the hearts of the people. He has also discovered, by some means, that you are the man whom he killed between the lines, as you have heard him boast; and every one believes you to be none

other than a mysterious deserter, in league with the ghost."

The soldiers were daily returning from the bloody fields of conflict. Four years of camp life had made many of them reckless. The pungent remorse of coming defeat and the wreck of their little mountain farms, from inattention and the robberies of deserters, who had killed their cattle and stolen the scanty produce of their little farms, cultivated for four long years by the hands of their faithful wives and daughters—these things, together with the bitter tales of hardships, deprivations, and sorrows from the lips of their wives and children, begat within the hearts of many brave soldiers a degree of desperation and recklessness rarely seen. One may therefore imagine the dangers that beset Edward English, a deserter from the enemy's ranks; and this state of feeling, so prevalent in *The Dismal*, was fed and aggravated as oil feeds the flame, by the wonderful descriptions of "the ha'nt," and the garnished accounts of the talismanic power of English, whom they believed either to have been in co-operation with "the ha'nt" or to have been the real old night-walker himself. "Why," said they, "he can thess all but put life in a dead bird, an' can thess do any thing a sperit can do."

The wonderful tales born of superstition and ignorance, and winged with prejudice, flew, like hideous night-birds, to the four points of the compass, and

The flying rumors gathered as they rolled;
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who heard it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too;
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew,

till at last the name of Edward English became the synonym for all that was diabolical and ghostly. The smoldering fires had indeed belched forth, and in three weeks they had wrapped in splendor diabolical every crag and cove and valley of that picturesque region; and now the unfortunate lover must flee for his life, and he hears that sentence pronounced by one who would have given her life in defense of his, and who would have undergone any deprivation for his sake.

He was taking his departure, to return some time it might be, but he was leaving conscious of the fact that he had impressed his intellectual make-up upon two members of that household. The only gift from a mother's hand, slipped into his pocket on that bright Sabbath four years ago, when he looked upon her for the last time—a little pocket Bible—yet remained among his scant possessions. As dear as it was to him now, since his conversion, he must part with it. He placed it in Jerusha's hand, and bid her read its precious pages and follow its counsels. Ah! there is no gift too precious for that cause or that purpose or that person in which we have a *loving* interest. The great heaven-born force which is at last to break down, dispel, and utterly exterminate the last vestige of selfish prejudice and narrow-minded individualism, is a liberal investment of our means and even ourselves in the wants and interests of others. He will never forget her in whom is literally invested every hope of his life.

At a late hour, and amid the dying wails of the storm they parted.

Farewell! There is a spell within the word;
Methinks I never heard it sound so mournful.
O, thou subdued, oft scarce articulate sound,
How powerful thou art! how strong to move
The hidden strings that guide us puppet mortals!
Pass-word of memory, of by-gone day—
Thou everlasting epitaph—is there
A land in which thou hast no dwelling-place?
Wherein may be nor pageantry nor pride,
Nor altars, save the pure one of the heart;
Nor tombs, except for sorrow; and no tears?
There is a world, O God, where human lips
May say “Farewell” no more

Jerusha stood, with heaving bosom and streaming eyes—poor, alas! too poor to place one souvenir in the hand of her lover, save a curl clipped from her waving locks; and then, plucking from her shapely hand a ring carved by Edward's own hand, she said: “Take it, and wear it for me till we meet again.” Then, casting her eyes upward, she beheld from the threshold upon which she stood the hoary, blanket-clad form of William Crookshanks, standing upon the overhanging crag, keeping watch like a sentinel. “Yes, take it,” she urged; “and I will keep the other. See, your guardian awaits your coming.” Again she urged her lingering lover:

You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.

Edward stepped out into the darkness, and stood for a moment like one who

Has lost his way, and no man near him to inquire it of;
Yet there is a Providence above that knows

The roads which ill men tread, and can direct
Inquiring justice. The passengers that travel
In the wide ocean, where no paths are,
Look up, and leave their conduct to a star.

Be of good cheer, homeless one:

Though long of wind and waves the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam,

The storm is dying, and

Soon shalt thou reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SCENES SHIFT.

The birds, against the April wind,
Flew northward, singing as they flew;
They sang: "The land we leave behind
Has swords for corn-blades, blood for dew."

"O wild birds, flying from the South,
What saw and heard ye, gazing down?"

"We saw the mortar's upturned mouth,
The sickening camp, the blazing town."

— *Whittier.*

EDWARD ENGLISH had not left the cabin door a moment too soon. The apparition, standing on the peak overhanging the house, had been observed by other eyes than those of Jerusha Grant as she stood on the door-step urging her lover to be gone. A brave soldier, who had just returned from the bloody fields of battle a few days previous to the occurrence of which we are writing, beheld the strange figure standing motionless upon the granite crag; and, having heard the story of Edward English, as told by the inhabitants of The Dismal, hastily collected, by passing from house to house, a party of old soldiers, and immediately set out for the little cabin in which the Grants lived, determined to kill the deserter on the spot, should they find him, as they conjectured that he would be at the home of the Grants.

Edward English had just passed the spot where he had received the almost fatal wound from Dick Ivey, and was clambering along the almost perpendicular

sides of the great mountain, when he was accosted by the familiar voice of the old Quaker: "Ah! friend Edward, thou art a heady youth; and the danger from which thou hast escaped, if thou wilt be prudent, is great indeed. Follow me, my ward, lest a ball pierce thee through and through, and I will show thee thy danger."

Thus addressing English, he took the large white blanket from his shoulder, and, compactly folding it under his arm, he led the way along the sides of the mountain to the crag upon which he had stood, like a ghostly sentinel, only a few moments ago.

"Now, friend Edward, keep thy tongue, and stand here with me, in the dark shadow of this rock; and I will show thee that thou art not safe while thou tarriest in this fair Southland."

The full moon lit up The Dismal with an effulgence that rendered every object in the vicinity of the cabin visible; and the voices of its inmates in conversation, as well as their footsteps across the uncarpeted floor, could be distinctly heard from where they stood. The road leading up to the cabin could be clearly traced through the forest for some distance, and in certain places its barren bed could be seen through the parted trees.

"Now keep thy eye on yonder clear spot in the road, just beyond the ravine, and tell me dost thou see any signs of life," whispered the old man, as they took their places under the dark shadow of the rock.

Edward looked in the direction indicated; and as he watched he beheld one figure, and anon another, cross the opening with rapid step, bearing huge army

muskets, from whose muzzles had doubtless sped many a death missile, and whose long barrels glittered in the moon's beams like silver. The men seemed to be congregating in a piece of heavy woodland near the ravine, and as Edward English beheld them gathering, one after another, he could not but be impressed that they designed some mischief, and that he was doubtless the object against whom their designs were formed. But how could they have received intelligence of his visit to Jerusha's home? Ah! not only had the old "cliff-walker" been observed at his old post, but even Edward English himself had been seen on his way to the cabin. Dick Ivey and James Hamby beheld him, and had crouched behind a great rock as he passed within a few feet of them. Therefore the news had spread over The Dismal as fast as the swift feet of excited men could carry it.

The party of mountaineers at last filed out from the cover of the forest, and marched up the road toward the "cabin in Cæsar's lap." Their silent tread and glittering guns, their determined demeanor and fixed bayonets, all betokened the danger that awaited the victim of their hate, should they apprehend him. Edward English looked at them, and his pulse beat faster as he beheld their onward march. At length they reached the cabin and surrounded it. Four men stepped from the ranks and entered the cabin. After thoroughly searching it, they returned to their companions and held a council. The two watchers under the shadow of the rocks could distinctly hear their voices, and thus enter intelligently into their deliberations.

A hardy mountaineer excitedly ejaculated: "I be-

lieve the *blue-coat* coward is in that house, and we'll have him or burn down the house over his head."

"I tell you," declared another, "we have searched every corner of the house, and he is not there. They say he's gone."

"Gone where?" came simultaneously from fifty throats.

"Don't know," replied the searchers.

"We'll soon see," vociferated Dick Ivey, somewhat intoxicated. "Let's smoke the wolf from his den."

"Pull down the house!" roared a score of voices, as the crowd began to move nearer the little cabin.

Just at this crisis Jerusha appeared in front of the little house that had sheltered her from her infancy, and that was dear to her because it was her home. Her slender form was drawn up to its greatest height; her flaxen curls played in the brisk breeze about her shapely shoulders; her cottonade garments fluttered about her graceful form; in her hand she held her father's trusty old rifle; determination was written on every lineament of her beautiful face. As she thus stood, with the mellow beams of the full-orbed moon falling upon her person, she looked like an angel in earthly apparel and engaged in worldly strifes.

The mob comes to a halt. There is silence in their ranks. She speaks: "My father, gentlemen (if I may address you by that title), sleeps to-night on the battlefield. He gave more than either of you to his country. He left us this legacy [pointing to the cabin], and I will defend it with my life. Edward English is our friend. He is not here. You will never lay your hands upon him; but if you attempt to burn or pull

down my home, I will shoot down the first man who touches it."

A murmur of suppressed applause arose from the ranks of the mob, now at a stand. In the excitement Edward English unconsciously moved forward from the shadow in which he was concealed, and stood upon the very verge of the overhanging precipice, in the full light of the pale moon. In the midst of the excitement he would, however, have remained unobserved, had it not been for the old Quaker, who, awaking from a spell of moody reflection which had rendered him unconscious of what was going on around and beneath him, and perceiving English's position, he cried out in stentorian voice, that echoed through the valley beneath him like a clap of thunder: "Ha! ha! my ward! art thou a fool?"

All eyes were immediately turned toward the cliff whence came the voice, just as the old Quaker was rushing to the side of English. Fifty muskets were simultaneously raised; there was a flash of fire, and then the reports of the heavy-charged weapons died away in faint echoes among the distant hills.

Was he killed? Listen; from among the towering crags comes the answer to Jerusha's ear, as she stands like a statue with upturned face, while the breech of the old rifle rests upon the ground; and her figure, slightly inclined, rests supported by the long barrel, which she grasps with both hands: "Ha! ha!" coldly and ghostly laughs the old Quaker; "thy bullets are flattened against the rocks, and Edward English is safe."

Fainter and fainter grows the sound of his demoniacal voice, as he and his companion climb the steep

walls of Cæsar's fortresses, until it is at last lost in the distance: "Farewell, gloomy depths of The Dismal! Thou hast faithfully concealed my ward, and now thy children would devour him. Ha! ha! farewell!" rolled back among the last utterances, like a dying echo; but these demoniacal chatterings brought welcome news to Jerusha: Edward was safe.

The mob quietly dispersed. There was evidently a spirit of fear and superstition brooding over them. As they walked away, many affirmed that they actually saw the ghost of the cliffs rise on great white wings like an eagle, bearing along with him English, as that noble bird bears aloft its prey; but one utterance brought to them a volume of consolation, and that word was "Farewell." If the old cliff-walker were true to his utterance, the inhabitants of The Dismal would now rest easier, and their quiet slumbers would no more be disturbed by his unearthly screams. But the impression, alas! that Edward English was a spirit was now thoroughly confirmed in the minds of the people.

The little cabin and its inmates were avoided by nearly every denizen of that dark valley. Dick Ivey and James Hamby, like wild animals, sought their den, and the former day after day sought relief from his burdens in the illicit whisky which his companion distilled.

The Grants retired, after the attack by the mob; and as the belle of The Dismal dreamed of smoking muskets and angry soldiers, the one sparkling setting to the dark scene was that Edward English had escaped the fearful vengeance which the mob had determined to wreak on him.

While Jerusha thus dreams the old Quaker and his ward are leaving far behind them the picturesque scenes of their former habitation.

They traveled a westward course, skirting the north-western boundaries of The Dismal, crossing in their retreat from the enraged populace the tri-pronged head waters of the beautiful Saluda ("Corn River," as the name means in the soft, sweet language of the Cherokees), and passing the perpendicular wall of picturesque Table Rock, lifting its bare side of solid granite eleven hundred feet above them, as they groped their way among the immense rocks that lay scattered here and there at its base, they reached the foot of that tallest sentinel of the lines, Mount Pinnacle, towering three thousand four hundred and thirty-six feet above their heads. At the base of this conic pile they stopped for awhile to rest their weary limbs. The moon was fast dropping behind the great craggy heights in their rear, and the long shadows of the gently swaying trees, as the stiff breeze bent them to and fro, suggested to English's mind, as he looked upon their silent and stealthy motions, thoughts of the subtle movements of the artful and crafty Cherokee who once inhabited the wild and magnificent tracts of scenery by which he was surrounded. The train of thought passing through his mind had touched that secret spring of superstition hid away somewhere in every man's nature, and he was conscious of shrinking back to hide himself from the shadows. The shriek of some wild animal, followed by the report of a gunshot in their rear, caused him to spring to his feet and look wildly around him.

"That was but the cry of a catamount, friend Ed-

ward," said the old Quaker; "but the shot thou heardest in the Dismal tells us that we must move onward."

Without replying to the remark of his companion, Edward English resumed his flight from the angry populace, and was followed like a shadow by his guardian.

At daylight they had put at least twenty miles between them and their foes, and stood upon one of the high hills overlooking the beautiful vale of the Keeowee ("River of Mulberries" in the Indian tongue). English was not ignorant of the historic interest that clusters about this obscure valley; and, as he stood for the first time and looked upon the beautiful landscapes about him, he was impressed with the capacity that the Cherokees must have had to appreciate the beautiful in nature; for here they reared one of their largest towns. Here lived that tribe of the Indian race which has left its impress upon so many streams of the old Palmetto State; and so long as her rivers murmur a synphonious requiem to the ashes of the quietly sleeping and almost prehistoric past, so long will they also continue to proclaim in accents as soft as the murmur of their waters, and as enduring as their granite falls, the poor Indians' appreciation of the beautiful. Here lived those red men who first named the State "Chicola" ("The Place of the Fox"), who called the tortuous Enoree the "River of Muscadines" (as the name signifies), and who, marking the meandering course of the Santee as its eddy waters rolled lazily through the cypress swamps of the low country, called it (as its name means) the "Snake's Trail."

But we may not thus digress; suffice to say that these softer scenes in nature, upon which English now looked, helped him to bear the burdens that were crushing his heart. May they not be prophetic of sweeter years to come than any that have ever yet crowned his life? As he and his companion turned away from the vale of the Keeowee and directed their steps toward the capital of the State, such thoughts at least filled the heart of the fleeing lover.

Thou loveliest of earth's valleys, fare thee well!

Nor is this parting pangless to my soul.

Youth, hope, and happiness with thee shall dwell,

Unsullied nature hold o'er thee control,

And years still leave thee beauteous as they roll.

O I could linger with thee! yet this spell

Must break e'en as upon my heart it stole,

And found a weakness there I may not tell—

An anxious life, a troubled future claims me; fare thee well.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SHIPWRECK.

And now, lashed on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught the dreadful scene drew near.
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death;
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath.
In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
Even Zeno's self and Epictetus old
This fell abyss had shuddered to behold.
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue famed,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaimed,
Beheld this scene of frenzy and distress,
His soul had trembled to its last recess.
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove;
The tottering frame of reason yet sustain,
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!
In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For now the audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shattered top half buried in the skies;
Then, headlong plunging, thunders on the ground.
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps resound!
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And, quivering with the wound, in torment reels.
Again she plunges. Hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock.
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims, shuddering, roll their eyes

In wild despair, while yet another stroke
With deep convulsion rends the solid oak;
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length, asunder torn, her frame divides,
And, crashing, spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

— *W. Falconer.*

A SHIP driven by the winds, with broken spars and masts, upon the treacherous breakers, presents a fearful picture. Life is very much like the sea. It is storm-swept, and beneath its glassy surface there is frequently hid immense rocks, shoals, and quicksands, around which lie in wildest confusion, like broken ship material, ruined hopes, disappointments, and dead men's bones, telling indeed of many a sad wreck. He, therefore, who dares undertake a voyage across the troubled waters, where the storm god revels in his thunder chariot, without chart or compass, will inevitably meet with eternal disaster. The most expressive words in any tongue, when considered in the light of all their pent-up meaning and their vast applications, are "drifting" and its kindred term, "driven."

Dick Ivey learned their fearful import, literally and experimentally, as thousands in every age have done. The deserter's habitation was but a fitting school for hell; and the first draught of James Hamby's whisky neutralized and dissipated, while its effects lasted, the troubles that threatened to hopelessly engulf the life of the poor wretch whose plans had proven so shamefully abortive. From day to day, therefore, the thoroughly foiled man sought to bury all of his disappointments in the flowing bowl.

Is there not, therefore, a fearful philosophy underly-

ing the fact of the permitted existence of wicked men, other than the long-suffering and merciful attributes of God? Why was Dick Ivey accidentally thwarted in his determination to stain his own hands with his life-blood, and spared to even a worse course? May we venture to assert, in the light of revealed truth, that he was not yet fitted for *his place* in the nethermost world. The hand that pens this sentence trembles at the thought; yet it is driven along the page from a conscientious belief that such is the truth. What means those inspired declarations wherein it is asserted that the cup of iniquity of nations and individuals was not and is not yet full? What deep and unfathomable truth, if it is not so, underlies the Master's affirmation of failure to reclaim the Jews from their stubborn and willful perversion of truth, when he said: "Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers?"

May we not affirm that the sufferings of hell do not proceed from a source external to the sufferer? that he carries in his own soul the elements of the nethermost pit, and that therefore men are fitted for that dark abode by passing through those diabolical fitting schools which are to be met with everywhere in life? Otherwise, why do they exist? May we not go a step farther, and say that the excruciating pains of the bottomless pit consist largely in consummated desire and appetite, with no possible chance of gratifying them; and, therefore, that hell is not the same to all who are so unfortunate as to be turned into its dismal abodes? not the same, I mean, relative to the *character* of punishment? Of course all suffer to the fullest degree of their capacity. Is not so much revealed

in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus? Are there no lessons in the fact that the two richest men of Bible times are brought face to face in different states? Is there not the bitterest dart of lost opportunity to the sufferer growing out of this very fact? Is there no lesson in the truth that the poorest of men once lay at the gate of the one, and now pillows his head on the bosom of the other? Ah! this is the rich man's hell; not that of the poor inebriate, gambler, or libertine.

Is there not a proof of the declaration which I have made in the frequently misquoted words of Christ: "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched?" Therefore it is seen that the punishment of hell varies as men's appetites and passions differ. It is "where *their* worm"—their peculiar carnal desires—cultivated to the highest possible pitch here on earth, dieth not. Nevertheless they remain ungratified.

Therefore I trust that I have at least shown the possibility of great underlying principles other than the mercy of God, which may have deterred Dick Ivey from his premeditated crime. The devil had other training schools through which he must pass. Indeed, in that school of crime in which Dick Ivey drowned his sorrows Satan has a variety of shops, varying in so-called respectability from the palace bar to the little dug-out on the mountain side, thence to the "fifth-class dive," where a number of his satanic majesty's clerks stand in the livery of hell, to serve—politely or impolitely, as the case demands—the woe-burdened devotees of the king of the nethermost pit, and thus fit them for their own apartments

in the nethermost basement of his infernal habitation.

Therefore to warn men, like a light-house built upon the treacherous breakers, the awful *finale* of the devotee at the shrine of Bacchus is photographed upon the pages of revealed truth: "At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." "Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things." "Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast."

The nautical caption, then, of this chapter, wherein the utter wreck of a human being is depicted, is not inappropriately chosen. Dick Ivey, broken off from the objects to which his faith faculty tied him, is at sea. He drinks to drown trouble; he drinks to satisfy appetite; he drinks because it alone hushes the cry of stinging conscience. What a fearful picture! A poor, tempest-tossed body and soul, swept thither upon the sea of passion! Look! he sinks into the troughs of the sea! Now he is borne upon a mighty wave of despair! Mark his bony fingers as they clutch the greenish foam about him. He starts, and rises up from his storm-lashed couch; his blood-shot eyes stand out from their bony sockets; his thin, mobile lips quiver with the intense agony that racks his body, grown prematurely frail through fearful excesses. Now you seem to read some remains of purpose and decision in his pale face. The will seems to be feebly trying to assert its supremacy over warring appetites. He looks up from his briny couch, as if feebly imploring help and salvation from the fangs of the serpents and harpies that beset him

on every side. But behold! Is it a mere dream? or is there reality in it? There seems to drop noiselessly down over the awful scene two cherubim. They part their wings from over their faces; they appear to gather their spotless robes about their forms, that the murky billows may not stain them. They hover a moment over the scene, with anxious faces and extended arms. He seems to recognize them; his lips move. "*Mother, father.*" Slowly the accents fall upon the murky atmosphere about him, and the muscles of his bony countenance twitch and quiver as if some awful convulsion shook his wasted frame. They tell of the struggle going on within his heart.

But behold again! Out of the cruel waves of unrestrained passion and appetite there arises on sooty pinion the drink fiend. It places the cup to the quivering lip of the suffering devotee. The cherubim cover their faces and depart; the voice of the struggling will is hushed; and poor, inebriate Dick revels again in the midst of the boiling, seething waters.

But mark yonder swelling wave, swept onward by the hottest blast of hell! Behold the besotted creatures that prey upon human flesh and blood, and that devour human souls as they writhe in this oncoming billow of unrestrained passion! On and on it comes, freighted with despairing and lost mortals and bound for the coast of Apollyon. It sweeps over the poor inebriate, and as it rolls away you hear Dick Ivey's ghost-like voice from the very midst of the wave: "They have stricken me, . . . and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not. When shall I awake?" And at last, as the billow disgorges its victims into the bottomless pit, you hear, amid the

fryings and hissings of its spray: "I will seek it yet again."

Thus poor Dick Ivey met his self-imposed doom. Life was a failure because there was no cable to hold him to the heavenly and divine. A wreck forever on a lake of fire!

CHAPTER XXV.

PANDEMONIUM.

WILLIAM CROOKSHANKS determined to join the Union army under Gen. W. T. Sherman, then on his memorable march to the sea. Therefore he and his companion made Columbia, Carolina's fair capital, their objective point.

They reached the doomed city just as the Union soldiers were amassing upon the opposite side of the Congaree River. The city was in the state of wildest confusion. The very atmosphere seemed to be impregnated with a foreboding sense of the doom that awaited the devoted namesake of America's unfortunate discoverer. The line of march from Savannah to Columbia, with its smoking ruins, its devastated farms, its impoverished and homeless people, told plainly enough of what awaited the capital of the Palmetto State, esteemed, as she generally was, the hot-bed of secession and the Mecca of the State rights party not only for South Carolina, but in some degree for the entire Confederacy.

If she was worthy, however, to wear that honor, she paid dearly for it, and may be very justly and honorably crowned as a martyr for the cause for which she was burned at the stake.

On the 16th of February, 1865, William Crookshanks and Edward English walked, unmolested, the streets of the city that was so soon to pay the penalty of death and utter extinction for the part which she

took in the defense of Southern rights. The broad streets lined with elms and majestic oaks, palatial residences almost buried by towering magnolias and evergreens, shaped by the gardeners' shears into cones, squares, globes, arches, and indeed every figure, could not fail to attract the attention of these two Northerners who had been accustomed to look upon crowded cities and more sterile scenes.

The populace hurried hither and thither; magnificent coaches, with the ebony-hued driver in his elevated seat, thundered along the broad streets. They attracted the attention of Edward English, for while he had walked the streets of great cities and had frequently observed the carriages of the great and wealthy, he had never before beheld the Southern slave urging his master's steeds along streets which were really but a synonym for picturesque beauty. The coachmen sat in their seats with a grace and a suave bearing alone peculiar to that class of Southern slaves. These old coachmen were the aristocrats of their race; they imitated the polite bearing of their masters, and were apt to imbibe any peculiar trait or idiosyncrasy which distinguished their owners, so that if one were familiar with the master he might know to whom the coachman belonged by his mannerisms. They, as a class, are now extinct, but on the 16th of February, 1865, as their coaches thundered along the streets of the old capital that was, as they sat in their seats with an air of a king who had conquered and was celebrating his victory in triumphal procession, with a spirit as calm as a summer evening's sunset, and with a loyalty to the master and mistress rivaled only by that of the faithful spaniel to his owner, they

could not but make the impression on Edward English that they would make to-day upon the younger children of their old masters were it possible for them to behold them.

“Is this Southern slavery of which Abolitionists have spoken and Northern poets have sung in verses burdened with blood and groans? Is this the foulest blot upon American civilization?” Thus thought Edward English as he wandered along the streets and marked the slave's devotion to his master, even while the stars and stripes floated over the blue columns of the great masses of soldiers who came to be their friends and whose lines were but a few hundred yards away. He had, hitherto, seen but little of that institution which had been painted in such horrid colors; he had been lead to believe by the speeches he had heard and the books he had read upon the subject that the groans of the slave under the ever falling lash in the master's hand were ever ascending in volumes awful to hear to the God of justice. These impressions were dissipated, and the young Northerner was doubly impressed with the fact that many of his Anglo-Saxon countrymen were really subjected to a more galling bondage than that of the Southern negro. In the ranks of the blue columns that lined the majestic Congaree he knew that there were many who had seen harder phases of human life than any sable son of Ham that walked the spacious breadths of Carolina's rice and cotton fields or that served a master's will around the magnificent homes that were then greeting his eyes. I have said so much because Northern writers would fain impress even the children of Southern slave-holders that the institution of slav-

ery, as it existed in the South, was fraught with every degree of barbarity and crime; the son myself of a Southern slave-holder and having had my earliest associations formed amid the scenes of plantation life under the economy of the old South, and having spanned the bloody chasm of war and disruption, and living as I am to-day amid a new order of things, I am in a position to say that no country has ever been more grossly misrepresented than the fair land which I have the honor to claim as the cradle of my nativity and in whose soil rests the ashes of my Huguenot progenitors. The reader will pardon this digression, for it is born of what Edward English saw, and he shall yet have more convincing proofs.

Thus passing the day amid the rush and excitement that prevailed, the two companions laid themselves down at night-fall to rest in one of the superbly furnished sleeping-chambers of a deserted palatial home. But could Edward English sleep? The din of the camp just across the river, and the unbridled license of a triumphing soldiery, as they moved like specters among their innumerable blazing camp-fires, and shouted epithets too awful to greet the ears of even the profanest, together with the tumult of a doomed city, drove all sleep from his eyes. In those menacing shouts and threats he read the death-knell of the fair city along whose streets he had spent the day wandering in a state of enchanted amazement and abstraction.

The day-king as he peeped through the window lattice and gilded the richly furnished apartment with a flood tide of splendor proclaimed to English the birth of February 17, 1865. But he had scarcely

proclaimed that memorable day when his effulgent glory was obscured by a passing cloud. A sad prophecy! In that silent apartment where the innocent slumbers of some Southern beauty had up to that time remained undisturbed, where as just a few moments ago, the beams of the day-king had morning after morning silently crept through the vine-covered lattice and had hastened to get the first kiss of innocent beauty's cheek, now, alas! chronicled his disappointment by veiling his beaming face with an angry cloud. "A sad prophecy indeed!" soliloquized Edward English. He almost fancied that amid the awful silence of that deserted apartment, whence even the sun in sorrow and disappointment has just withdrawn his smiles, as was the case in hundreds of Columbia's homes, he could almost hear the rustle of invisible crape.

"Ah! if God veiled the sun when his Son suffered, surely he will not let the effulgent face of the day-king behold the destruction of this fair city." So thought Edward English as he arose from the soft couch upon which he had tried to sleep amid the perplexities that filled his mind.

And so it shall be. It is decreed in the council-chamber of heaven, that if fair Columbia is to fall as a martyr for a just though "Lost Cause," the sun shall not behold the tears of her daughters; and it was so.

On that day, never to be forgotten so long as Americans read the pages of the history of the bloody struggles of an oppressed South for her inalienable rights, the Mayor formally surrendered the unprotected "city to Colonel Stone, commanding a brigade

of the Fifteenth Corps, and claimed for its citizens the protection which the laws of civilized war always accords to non-combatants." But alas! after repeated promises of protection from the invading foe, the destruction of the city had been predetermined. No human pen can justly describe the scenes that were enacted on that ever-after historic spot on that fatal day. Edward English was a silent observer of much that occurred. Before he left the apartments where he had spent the night it was entered by a lieutenant and several privates.

William Crookshanks had just finished packing up in a more compact bundle the many papers which he was so careful to preserve that he might deal justly with his ward, and thus in some measure atone for much, as he doubtless thought, which he had done contrary to every principle of equity and justice, when the little party of marauders entered the apartment.

The tall, muscular lieutenant and his little party stopped a moment and looked the two inmates full in the face, and then broke out in an uproarious laugh, while the lieutenant remarked: "Quack, quack, found your gosling in a downy, Southern nest, have you?"

"Thy persecution of a man of peace ill becomes thy emblems of office," quietly observed the old Quaker, as he proceeded to roll up the bundle of papers and place them in the oil-cloth sachel that he carried suspended from his side.

"A man of peace, and first to the spoils, eh? Hand me that bundle, old crazy."

"Though I am a man of peace, I'll die by this bundle," replied the old man with some spirit.

A scowl came over the face of the lieutenant, and with the quickness of the flash of a thought he drew his sword from the scabbard and thrust the old man through the heart. The old Quaker fell upon the plush carpet, grasping even in the throes of death the bundle of papers which embodied every hope of his life for time and eternity. Ah! many a man in calmer times has thus gone down to the grave basing his hope of salvation on what he hopes to do by way of reparation for ill-gotten gain and unjust deeds, yet never actually does it.

Edward English sprung forward and caught the arm of the beastly lieutenant, but too late, alas! to break the force of the blow. The murderous wretch turned upon English with uplifted blade; but some unseen power arrested the blow, and the blood-stained weapon fell from his hand upon the floor. The two men stood looking each other in the face. English broke the silence that ensued.

"Ned Arnold, don't you know that there is a providence which will avenge such uncalled for acts of violence? What harm has William Crookshanks ever done you? The bundle which you demanded is made up of his own private papers, of no value to you nor to any one else but him."

"Why did he not say so, then?" replied the lieutenant. "I supposed it contained valuables which the old man of peace had pilfered from this house, and which justly belong to those who have fought for the Union, and not to men of peace, nor deserters."

"Ned Arnold, the valuables you speak of belong neither to soldiers nor other persons; they are private property," retorted English.

"As a deserter, Ed English, you may consider yourself under arrest. Take yonder seat; and if you move, you do it at the risk of your life. Be quiet, and we'll show you what is private property and what is not."

English obeyed the lieutenant, and sat a silent observer of what took place.

"To the spoils, my lads!" exclaimed the lieutenant, as he ripped open the large feather bed upon which the murdered man and his companion had attempted to sleep the previous night, and emptied its contents upon the floor, searching in vain for hidden treasure. Next they tore up the carpet, emptied the contents of the wardrobe and drawers upon the floor, ransacked every nook and corner; and, then, as if angered by the failure to find jewelry and plate, they smashed the mirrors, broke to pieces the furniture, and left their prisoner to survey the ruin which they had wrought.

Such were the scenes that took place in hundreds of vacated houses all over the city during that eventful day. Houses were ransacked, furniture was destroyed, ladies were insulted. The awful scenes grew blacker as night approached. It seemed that Satan himself would have grown sick in contemplating the scene. There is but one word that approximately conveys the idea of the fearful ravages that obtained upon every hand, and that word has but few earthly affinities—it was *pandemonium*.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PANDEMONIUM AND FIRE.

THE hate and animosities of contending armies reached a climax in the burning and plundering of "The City on the Congaree." Perhaps no instance of civilized warfare so nearly approximates this atrocious blot upon the pages of American history as "the barbarous excesses of Wallenstein's army in the Thirty Years' War, and which, even at that period of the world's civilization, sullied the fame of that otherwise great soldier." On the 17th day of February, 1865, when the Mayor of Columbia surrendered the city to an officer of the Northern army, thousands of defenseless men, women, and children were put under the protection of the triumphing columns of men who wore "the blue." If they, or if any member of that army set fire to the city, which had been the hot-bed of secession, we have no hesitancy in declaring that it transcended nefarious criminality to burn homes over unprotected heads; for he who betrays a trust committed to his hand, especially where helplessness and innocence are involved, sinks to the lowest level of gross brutality.

It is not our purpose to discuss the burning of South Carolina's capital relative to fixing the responsibility of the crime on any man or on any set of men. The sad fact, however, must ever blot the pages of our country's history. Columbia was burned to the ground on the evening following its surrender. The

writer well remembers having been led by the hand of a kind father, who had just returned from the camps of the Southern soldiery, out into the darkness on that historic night to an unobscured eminence whence we beheld, at a distance of seventy-five miles, the awful glare of the burning city, playing over the southern sky at 10 o'clock at night like *aurora borealis*.

"O what makes it?" was my childish inquiry.

I shall never forget the tremulous tones of his voice as he replied: "Columbia is burning."

It was the death-knell of Southern hopes, and with its ashes were mingled the bitter tears of thousands of patriotic sons and daughters of the Southern Confederacy, who had already been orphaned and widowed by the cruel hand of war, but this was the "unkindest cut" of all.

No true and patriotic son of American soil does not sigh when he thinks of this awful tragedy of the closing scenes of that great civil struggle in which our fathers bled and died. No loyal son of our common country, North or South, can stoop to so low a plane of unpardonable meanness as to hurl back and forth criminating and recriminating innuendoes over the ashes of the burned city. We can but hang our heads in shame and declare: "Cæsar frowned, and it was done."

"The Fair City on the Congaree" had been used as a great store-house for the safe-keeping of the valuables of Southern men. From the endangered cities of the Southern coasts of the Atlantic, from the smoking and devastated hills and valleys of Virginia, and from many an inland town and city all over the South

plate, jewelry, specie, and valuable pianos and furniture had been sent to Columbia for safe-keeping. The vaults of her banks were full, and many private houses became places of deposit for distant friends. But Cæsar shook his gory locks over the devoted city; and not only were many made homeless, but the effects of the calamity were felt to the extremest borders of our fair land.

The richly stored city burned to the ground, and Edward English looked upon the awful scene. He had during the day secured a hasty burial for William Crookshanks. And now, having secured about his person the papers of the murdered man, he walked unmolested amid the awful glare of the flames. Homeless mothers and children swept shrieking along the streets, or wept over their burning homes. The thief and scoundrel wrought their fiendish deeds. The low and debased danced amid the red glare of the devouring flames like incarnate devils. Cæsar frowned more bitterly than ever before on American soil. It was "fire and pandemonium," the climax of the horrors of civil strife and bloodshed.

Among the swaying masses that swept hither and thither English ever and anon beheld the tall, fiendish figure of Ned Arnold. Now he snatches a brooch from the bosom of some fair Southern belle, again he tears a watch from the belt of some matronly figure, then he pulls the jeweled ring from the shapely hand of a weeping maiden. But mark the scoundrel! See, he grasps the locket that hangs from the pure white neck of a beautiful woman clad in the weeds of widowhood! She shrieks and follows him.

"O pray, sir, give me back the locket! It contains

the only picture I have of my poor husband, whose body sleeps on the bloody field of Gettysburg. Give me the photograph then, and keep the locket," she pleads; but alas! with no avail. The hard-hearted criminal thrust the poor woman from him, and she hid her beautiful and sorrowful face in her hands, while her slender body quivered with grief.

Edward English placed his hand upon the revolver that hung at his side, with the determination of shooting the ghoulish robber through the heart, but a voice within whispered, as it had once before: "Put up again thy sword into its place; for all they that take the sword, shall perish with the sword."

The robber walked away, looking for another opportunity to ply his dark deeds. Edward English grew faint, and almost reeled in his tracks as he turned away from the sickening scene and made his way toward the eastern suburbs of the city. He determined to look no longer upon the awful occurrences which he was powerless to prevent.

The night, with its groans and tears, its crimes and tragedies, passed away; and in the early morning, English, having pushed his way eastward, looked back toward the burned city. The smoke ascended as from a thousand furnaces, and hung in one great, black cloud over the spot where once stood many a palatial dwelling. As he looked upon the great, black mass of smoke that hung like the pall of midnight over the spot where once stood the martyr city, he convulsively gasped: "The crape that covers ten thousand naked sorrows!"

Several days after the burning of Columbia, while Sherman's army was at Cheraw, S. C., Edward En-

lish stood at the depot at Florence, S. C., and watched an engine, to which was attached a freight-car, as it came rapidly down the track from toward Sherman's head-quarters. When it rolled into the little station, several determined-looking men came out of the old car bearing along with them no less a person than the robber lieutenant, Ned Arnold, the murderer of William Crookshanks. He was handcuffed, and around his neck was tied a rope by which he was led forward. The agonies depicted upon his countenance were awful to behold.

He had lingered in the wake of the army, and had been captured by Southern soldiers while plying his dark deeds. His end was near. They led him away toward the swamp, where he paid the penalty for his black crimes. Verily, "All they that take the sword, shall perish with the sword." (See "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., pp. 716, 717.)

From this point English made his way to that beautiful portion of the State that lies along the east bank of the Great Pedee; from among the papers which had fallen into his hands at the death of William Crookshanks was the old land grant made to his ancestors who had first settled in what was then known as Welsh Neck, and who afterward moved thence to Pennsylvania. It was mere curiosity to see the place where his progenitors had struggled with the hardships incident to the colonization of a country that directed his steps to that section of the Palmetto State.

Once within its bounds, he was delighted with its broad cotton-fields and rich soil. He determined,

therefore, to make it his home—at least to remain there until the times should become more peaceful.

He therefore hired himself to a Mr. Addington, a large planter on the Pedee. He unfolded to his employer the history of his past life, and by his diligent attention to whatever was committed to his hands he soon won the confidence and respect of not only Mr. Addington, but of all with whom he came into contact.

Here he remained, but no day ever passed over his head that he did not think of the aerie in Cæsar's lap, of its inmates, and of his affianced.

He had beheld the war-clouds floating away into the dark vista of the past; he had felt the sting of two bullets as they penetrated his body; he had read the faded letter from a dying mother's hand, and had learned of the death of his father. He had been chased like a bear from The Dismal; he had beheld the awful murder of his covetous guardian, and he had witnessed avenging justice overtake his *ante bellum* companion, Ned Arnold, the man who had raised with saber-point the broad-brimmed hat of William Crookshanks, as already described, who had rescued English after he had been shot, who bore his body to the farm-house, and who put the old Quaker on track of the missing soldier; but alas! who had plunged deeped and yet deeper into crime, and reaped at last the legitimate results of a life unrestrained by law and order.

And now, amid the shocks incident to a re-adjustment of civil law and order, our hero calmly awaits a propitious day wherein he may return to The Dismal

and claim the hand of the belle of that dark valley. Will that day come? or will the keen, shrill yelp of misfortune's blood-hounds, which have followed his trail in the past, again bring him to bay amid the moss-fringed forests of Peedee's ample plains? We shall see by and by.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOMELESS.

STORMS are said to purify the atmosphere. We believe that there is a law in the moral world corresponding with, or analogous to that principle in the physical world which produces the same result: the purification of the moral atmosphere. This law is capable of very broad application. Storms of pungent grief and remorse sweep over the penitent soul before that calm peace, born of faith, fills the trustful heart. Cyclonic waves of affliction seem oftentimes necessary to clear away the moral miasmas that poison and debilitate our spiritual manhood, and the long looked for era of "peace and good-will to men" was born amid storm scenes that caused men to tremble and turn pale. The trembling earth, reeling to and fro like a drunken man, and the sun, veiling his face with deepest-hued crape of twice triple fold, were but symbols of stormier scenes within the smaller compass of human hearts. The thundering of Sinai chronicled the birth of law, and the crashing of worlds amid tempests of devouring flames shall precede the purification of the moral and physical universe. If God has, therefore, coupled the storm king with such events, may we not affirm that the same old thunder-breathing monarch will yet have a hand in weaving chaplets of peace and crowns of prosperity for at least two of Cæsar's subjects.

The hurricane-like blasts that swept over The Dismal on the event of English's last visit to the cabin under Cæsar's frown have already arrested the attention of the reader. The morning that succeeded that eventful night was inauspiciously ominous. Heavy columns of fog marked the tortuous courses of the North, South, and Middle Saludas, stretching upward from their pellucid waters like impregnable walls of purest agate. A tear stood in the red eyes of every lichen that clung to the granite blocks that lay in disorder and confusion about the base of the stupendous mountains that raised their heads toward the sky. The tasseling and aromatic panoply of the primeval pines that crowned the rocky declivities watered the earth with the copious weepings of their sorrows; and when the last, suppressed breathings of the demon of the storm troubled their bushy tops, their sad wail reproduced in the mind of Jerusha a favorite couplet often quoted by English:

Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught,
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

The sweet-toned forest warbler dared not break the sepulchral silence that reigned, for its variegated plumage was wet too with nature's tears.

Clouds of fog hovered over The Dismal and shut out Cæsar's frown, but ever and anon they parted, and he, grim-visaged, looked down on his secluded subjects. As the day advanced the weeping fog goddess began to gather up her trailing skirts, revealing "crag, knolls, and mounds confusedly hurled," as the poet would say, from the Creator's hand on creation-day without method or design and each saturated with



AFTER THE STORM.

the tears that the storm king had wrung from every twig, leaflet, and bud of the stunted forests that crowned their rocky heights.

The day sped on, and at last the tardiest skirt of fog vanished behind the lofty peaks of the blue mountains and the sun bathed the dripping forests of The Dismal in flood-tides of genial and mellow spring-like sunshine. The Grants had promised a visit on that day to a family that lived on the opposite side of the valley. They were on their way by the time the last fog-cloud had vanished, and having reached their destination they spent the day and night with that degree of pleasure which the memory of those recent events already recorded would allow.

Early, however, on the next morning the trio set out on the return trip, planning to go by that somewhat remarkable phenomenon, the "Grumbling Spring." Having reached the basin in which the fountain was, they sat for awhile and listened to the melancholy sound of the gurgling waters as they struggled up from the dark under-ground reservoirs and emptied into the little brook that ran chattering and laughing away toward the South. It was a picturesque spot, silent, like so many places in the mountains, as the tomb itself, but the awful quietness of the place was relieved as one drew near the spring by the noise of the brooklet and the groans of the fountain. It impressed an observer with the thought that it was the one sacred spot where nature's groans and sighs met and commingled with her joys and laughter. The gurgling brook and groaning spring, for thus it might have been more appropriately christened, produced commingling emotions of joy and sadness in the heart

of one who listened to their sorrowful wails and happy songs.

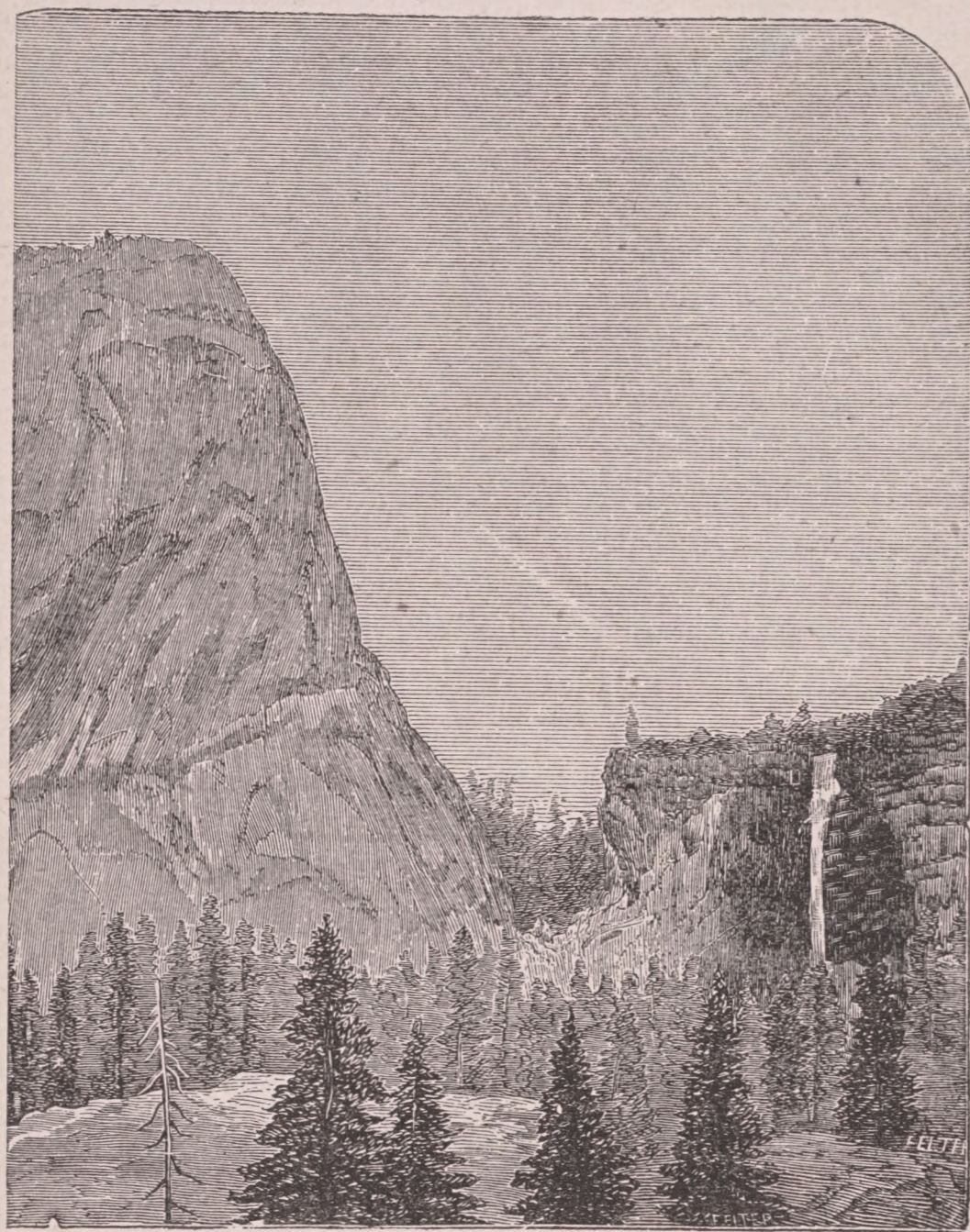
Looking up from the rock upon which she sat, while a tear dropped from her large blue eyes, Jerusha exclaimed: "O is not this a perfect epitome of our lives: groans and laughter?"

"Let's go," said Tom, for boys and men never like tears, "or we will be too late to see the shadow of the peacock on the face of the mountain."

It was, however, the same sentiment, almost choking him, as that to which his sister had given utterance that caused him to make the proposition to leave, rather than the fear of being too late to look upon the phenomenon to which he had alluded.

The trio slowly turned away from the grumbling spring and chattering brooklet and wended their way in silence toward the face of Cæsar's Head, where at a certain hour the shadows of projecting rocks made a perfect picture of a peacock.

There is a sad tradition connected with this phenomenon. On the banks of Saluda River, which heads in The Dismal, about one mile below Ware's Shoals and sixty miles distant from Cæsar's Head, in that picturesque portion of Laurens County locally famed on account of its high hills, there may be seen a great shelving rock, under which the writer has been sheltered from many a shower in boyhood's piscatorial sports, protruding from the left bank as one journeys down the stream. From a crevice at the base of this rock gurgles a beautiful little spring of purest water. Its clear waters, upon which the sun's rays never fall, form a little brook about twenty feet in length, and are then lost in the volume of the rushing river. This



THE "GRUMBLING SPRING," WITH TABLE ROCK TO THE LEFT.

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spring, could it speak, might tell many interesting pages of unwritten history, but alas! the things it has witnessed, like its pellucid waters, have never seen the light. The rock out from under which its waters burst forth is locally known as "Peacock's Rock." It was thus named because a Tory of that name made it his hiding-place during the perilous days of the Revolutionary War. He amassed—by robbery, it is said—much gold and silver. His hiding-place was discovered by the Whigs, however, and he was compelled to flee for his life. We may also state in this connection that Peacock was one of the seven Tories that murdered Hawthorne in Welsh Neck, the particulars of which have been given in a preceding chapter.

He fled with his ill-got gains up the river, and like Grant sought the secluded shades of The Dismal as a hiding-place. It is said that the Indians, having captured him while in The Dismal, took him across the mountain, or at least began their march with him in that direction. They had not proceeded far, however, when Peacock gained his liberty and made a rush for life. He was closely pursued by several young warriors and a gallant chief. They chased him to the brow of the awful chasm at a point near what is now known as the "Devil's Dining-room." Here the hotly pursued Tory leaped from the edge of the yawning precipice to a jutting crag some fifteen or twenty feet beneath. When he reached the almost equally balanced rock, it tilted somewhat, it is said, toward the yawning chasm. The Indian chief, however, determined not to be outdone by the pale-face, and hence leaped after him. The additional weight was too great for the swaying rock, and, tearing aloof from

the awful precipice, it thundered down, down the dizzy abyss with its victims.

In its downward rush it broke off jutting crags and swept from their resting-places great loose boulders, so that the chief and his prisoner were buried at the base of Cæsar's gigantic form beneath an avalanche of rock and earth. The face of the precipice as left by this awful tragedy is such as to produce the perfect shadow of a peacock just at the hour the shocking incident of those dark days occurred. It is formed, as has been stated, by a protruding crag casting its shadow upon a certain portion of the face of the great, bare rock; slowly but steadily the picture of the haughty fowl grows to perfection, spreading its plumage like a thing of life, and then it passes by degrees away. The sight causes the observer to hold his breath in silence, for it fills the soul with feelings of awe.

Elvina Grant had rehearsed in cracker dialect this tradition to her two children after they had looked upon the gradual formation of the remarkable phenomenon.

"Where did you say Peacock came from at first?" inquired Tom.

"Sumers away off, frum a river named Pedee, I mind hearn your pap say," replied the mother.

The sentence had scarcely fallen from her lips when a suppressed shriek escaped the lips of Jerusha: "O can our house be burning down?"

The mother and son looked toward home, and beheld a black column of smoke shooting up above the tree-tops which concealed the little cabin. The manly form of the brave son sped away like a deer to-

ward the burning building. The somewhat feeble mother and lithe daughter followed in his tracks. But alas! when they reached their objective point it was only to look upon the smoldering ashes of what once was home. The fiendish hand of some incendiary, taking advantage of their absence, had applied the torch, and they were homeless.

But even more pungent sorrows await the children. They shall be orphans indeed. Elvina Grant had been afflicted with heart disease for several years prior to the incident of which we are speaking. The run, the fright, together with the grief that came over her soul, proved too much for her. When the poor woman reached the spot and looked upon her burned home, she fell to the ground and expired almost without a struggle.

Tom and Jerusha looked at each other in utter despair. For the first time in their lives they felt absolutely alone in the world. They were homeless and orphans.

But it is not our purpose to tire the reader with a record of their grief, nor with every particular of the awful scene. Suffice it to say that the neighbors, attracted to the scene by the burning building, rendered every possible assistance; and, after burying Elvina Grant under the shadow of Cæsar's colossean form, Tom and Jerusha went to live temporarily with a kind-hearted neighbor.

Some weeks after the incident which we have recorded, Tom Grant climbed to the top of the mountain, and while walking along the brow of the great precipice he came to the place of the traditional leap of Peacock and the Indian chief. The story, as re-

lated by his mother on the afternoon of her death came into his mind. This called up the last utterance from his mother's lips that ever greeted his ears: "Sumers away off, from a river named Pedee."

The sentence rang in his ears, and as he looked away toward the south-east he determined to seek a home out from under the shadow of the great blue mountains that stretched away toward the east and west. He hastened to his temporary home, and informed Jerusha of his intention.

"Why, where will you go?" inquired the beautiful girl, as her large blue eyes dilated with wonder.

"To Pedee," replied Tom, with as much assurance as if he knew all about the section of country through which the river ran.

"Why Pedee is a river running through eastern North and South Carolina. What will you do when you get there? and *how* will you get there?" inquired the beautiful girl.

"Work on the farm; and as to getting there, we can walk, if there is no other way," answered Tom, in a spirit that showed how firm a hold the resolution had taken upon his soul.

"We need not walk," said Jerusha, as she drew from her pocket in the folds of her dress a roll of bank-bills. "Mr. English slipped these into mother's hand the night he left us, and begged her to accept them as a gift. I did not know of it until the day before she died, when she asked me to take care of them for her."

Tom's eyes brightened with delight when this bit of information fell from his sister's lips. The pleasant surprise relative to ways and means filled his heart

with gratitude and thanksgiving, while visions of success fired his bouyant soul.

To cut short a long story, we may state that Tom and Jerusha Grant were soon domiciled in a comfortable tenant's house on the plantation of Col. Osborne, a wealthy farmer on the banks of the Great Pedee. The sum of money was sufficient to meet their traveling expenses and to scantily furnish their rented home with the barest necessities of life. Tom worked on the plantation as a day laborer, and Jerusha made home a pleasant place for the determined youth; and, strange to relate, he tilled from day to day a portion of that tract of land that had been owned by his great-grandfather, and which had been confiscated after the close of the Revolutionary War. Will Heaven smile on the plucky youth? or will the frowns that rested upon his fathers follow him to the grave itself? God forbid that such should be the case!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A DUDE OF THE SLASHES.

THE great public highway running parallel with the turbid Pedee, on the eastern side of the river, cannot fail to be interesting to the intelligent traveler. Many bloody scenes occurred along this thoroughfare during the Revolutionary War. Marion, the swamp fox, has many a time swept along its marshy distances, on his missions of surprise and defeat to the enemy. Along almost every inch, too, of this lonesome highway Whig and Tory contended stoutly for the mastery. The predatory warfare of the Scotch Tories, whose stronghold was on the Little Pedee, illumined the dark forests on either side of this historic road with the burning buildings of the brave sires who fought for their country's freedom; and many a time the families of these heroic men were driven shelterless into the gloomy depths of the almost impenetrable swamps.

Ancient Indian mounds are also found, dotting the country here and there at intervals of not very considerable distances. This was their happy hunting-ground and the sacred tract of country where their fallen braves slept in peace beside the silently sweeping waters of the great river, the murmur of which seems yet to be but a suppressed requiem to their peacefully reposing ashes. Indeed, many of the implements of war and the chase, once used by a now extinct tribe, are still found scattered over the fertile

fields that ever and anon break the monotony of the dreary highway. The handsomely wrought and beautifully designed jars, vases, pipes, ovens, and other objects which have been taken from these mounds demonstrate the fact that this extinct race had reached a higher degree of civilization than any of the other tribes that figured in the history of the old Palmetto State. Why was this so? This chapter may solve the problem.

But there are other objects of equal interest to the traveler who pushes his way along this historic road. The plain marble shaft marking the spot where reposes the dust of the heroic Colp; and also showing the site where the hardy Welsh settlers reared, prior to the war of American independence, the first Baptist Church in Eastern Carolina; the old church, also, where Marshal Ney, long supposed by many historians to have been really executed, actually taught school for some years after his reported execution in France;* the old homestead of Baron Polnitz, who introduced from Poland that species of nut-grass which has since made many of the fertile farms of this section utterly worthless, together with many other objects, cannot fail to interest the traveler as he pursues his journey along this historic old highway, the magnificent distances of which are arched by the gnarled branches of the willow oak, fringed and draped as they are with the long tresses of Spanish moss, that wave noiselessly to and fro in the slightest breeze.

All of these things, together with the oppressive

*The fact that Marshal Ney was spirited away and never executed has been denied, but tradition stoutly claims that he actually taught school at this point after his supposed execution.

solitude that prevails in the slashes and swamps through which the road passes, almost force the traveler to think of the historic past. And as the swaying trees move leisurely their long, crape-like veils of moss, and as their shadows move noiselessly over the surface of the marshy ground, the lonesome wayfarer is almost forced to think of the shades of the departed—of the spirits of those who fought and bled and died in these wilderness depths. Are their spirits yet in the carnage of deadly hate and vindictive strife? The journeyman is half persuaded that such is really the case as the shadows wane and flicker and vanish, and he intuitively craves for a companion if he is alone.

William Dorsey, an itinerant Methodist preacher, was on his way to an appointment for the following day on a beautiful Saturday in the month of June; and as he pursued his way through the slashes and swamps bordering on the fertile lowlands of the Great Pedee, over the road which we have just described, he overtook a somewhat peculiar-looking and oddly attired young man. His hair was coarse, perfectly straight, and was as black as jet, while his cheekbones were high and prominent. His complexion was nearly as dark as that of a mulatto, but he had none of the features of the African race. In fact, the characteristics of Indian blood were so prominent that his national identity was unmistakable even by one who was by no means a connoisseur in ethnology.

A wreath of roses encircled the young man's hat crown, and a cypress twig waved like a plume from the lapel of his coat. He was attired in what was evidently his best and gaudiest suit, and was doubtless on his way to the house of some tenant where he

meant to spend the following day in efforts to win the heart and hand of some fair maid of the slashes who had doubtless already smitten his heart.

The minister, as he scanned the footman from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, thought within his heart: "Surely this is a dude of the slashes."

William Dorsey, however, glad to have a traveling companion, when he came within speaking distance, requested the footman to take a seat with him in the buggy. The invitation was accepted, and the two men were soon engaged in conversation. The minister asked the young man his name.

"Henry Berry Dare," he replied, "and I'm a *Scuff*, but I've been livin' in 'Coon Slashes for 'bout five years." The young man meant that he was from the tribe of Croatan Indians that have a reservation in Robeson County, North Carolina, which reservation is known locally by the name of Scuffletown, hence he meant to say that he was by birth a Scuffletonian.

The very name, Henry Berry Dare, sent a dart of sorrow and sadness through the good man's heart, for he was not only familiar with the history of the first attempts to colonize America, but he had just read "Hawk's History of North Carolina," and was also familiar with "Hakluyt's Annals," and in these works had read with much sadness the supposed fate of "The Colony," planted in 1587 at Roanoke by Sir Walter Raleigh. The minister remembered Gov. White's record of the birth of his granddaughter, the first white child born in America. The governor wrote:

"The 18th, Eleanor, daughter of Gov. White,

and wife to Ananias Dare, one of the colonists, was delivered of a daughter in Roanoke, and the same was christened there the Sunday following, and because this child was the first Christian born in Virginia she was named Virginia."

"Can it be possible," thought the minister, "that this young man is a descendant of that child?"

Henry Berry was the name, as history informs us, of one of the lost colonists. *Henry Berry Dare!* Had the good man solved one of the dark problems of history?

Gov. White, we are told, returned at the solicitation of the colonists to England, and left his daughter, Eleanor Dare, at Roanoke, and she shared the fate of "the lost colonists," whatever that fate may have been. "The Croatan Indians," we are informed, "visited Roanoke Island," and had "invited the colonists to reside with them, and the latter, prior to the departure of the Governor, expressed to him their intention to accept the invitation and to remove fifty miles 'up into the main.'"

"It was" further "understood that if they went to Croatan they were to carve the word 'Croatan' on the bark of a tree in some conspicuous place, that the Governor might know where to find them on his return. It was also understood that if they left the island in distress they were to carve the Christian cross above the word 'Croatan.'"

Gov. White sailed for England, after thus having agreed with the colonists at Roanoke, on the 27th of August, 1587, and the colony which he left was never again found by white men.

When Gov. White returned to the place where

he had left the colonists, his efforts to discover their whereabouts were fruitless, and he speaks thus of his search, as published by Hakluyt:

“On the 15th of August, toward evening, we came to anchor at Hattorask in $36\frac{1}{3}^{\circ}$, in five fathoms of water, three leagues from the shore. At our first coming to anchor on this shore, we saw a great smoke rise in the isle Roanoke near the place where I left our colony in the year 1587, which smoke put us in good hope that some of the colony were there expecting our return out of England. The 16th and next morning, our two boats went ashore, and Capt. Cooke and Capt. Spicer and their company with me, with intent to pass to the place at Roanoke where our countrymen were left. At our putting from the ship we commanded our master-gunner to make ready two minions and a falcon, well loaded, and to shoot them off with reasonable space between every shot, to the end that their report might be heard to the place where we hoped to find some of our people. Our boats and all things filled again, we put off from Hattorask, being the number of nineteen persons in both boats; but before we could get to the place where our planters were left it was so exceedingly dark that we overshot the place a quarter of a mile, when we espied toward the north end of the island (Roanoke) the light of a great fire through the woods, to which we presently rowed. When we came right over against it we let fall our grapnel near the shore and sounded with a trumpet a call, and afterward many familiar tunes and songs, and called to them friendly, but we had no answer. We therefore landed at day-break; and coming to the fire, we found

the grass and sundry rotten trees burning about the place. From hence we went through the woods to that part of the island directly over against Dasamonguepeck, and from thence we returned by the water-side round about the north point of the island, until we came to the place where I left our colony in the year 1587. In all this way we saw in the sand the print of the savages' feet of two or three sorts trodden in the night, and as we entered up the sandy bank, upon a tree in the very brow thereof were curiously carved these fair, Roman letters, 'C R O,' which letters ere presently we knew to signify the place where I should find the planters seated, *according to a secret token agreed upon between them and me at my last departure from them*, which was: That in any way they should not fail to write or carve, on the trees or posts of the doors, the name of the place where they should be seated; for at my coming away they were prepared to remove from Roanoke fifty miles into the main. Therefore, at my departure from them in August, 1587, I willed them that if they should happen to be distressed in any of those places that they should carve over the letters or name a cross (†) in this form, but we found no such sign of distress. And having well considered of this we passed through the place where they were left in sundry houses, but we found the houses taken down and the place very strongly inclosed with a high palisade of great trees with curtains and flankers, very fort-like, and one of the chief trees or posts at the right side of the entrance had the bark taken off, and five feet from the ground in fair capital letters was graven, 'Croatan,' *without any cross or sign of distress.*

This done, we entered into the palisade, where we found many bars of iron, two pigs of lead, four iron fowlers, iron locker, shot, and such like heavy things thrown here and there, almost overgrown with grass and weeds. But although it grieved me much to see such spoil of my goods, yet on the other side I greatly enjoyed that I had safely found a certain token of their being *at Croatan*, which is the place where Manteo was born, and the savages of the island our friends."

Manteo, it will be remembered by the student of history, was an Indian chief who was made by Sir Walter Raleigh "Lord of Roanoke and Dasamonguepeck." It is very plain from Gov. White's story of his fruitless search for the "lost colonists" that Croatan lay south of Roanoke, and was, in the estimation of Gov. White, on the coast, for we learn from Hakluyt that he attempted to sail to that section of the then unexplored country on the open sea. A recent writer says: "It is probable that the *island* mentioned was one of the long islands curtaining the coast and embraced within the present county of Carteret. It is so located on one of the oldest maps, bearing date of 1666. On a map published by order of the 'Lords Proprietors' in 1671, the peninsula embracing the present county of Dare (North Carolina) is called Croatan. Lawson's map of the year 1709 also locates Croatan in the same region. The sound immediately west of Roanoke Island still bears the name Croatan."

According to a secret understanding between Gov. White and the colonists, as we have already noticed, he understood Croatan to be south of Roan-

oke, for he says: "There Manteo was born, and the savages of the island our friends."

The Governor, in search for his colony, therefore sailed southward, but the storms of Hatteras so completely injured his vessels that he was compelled to return to England without finding the place where the planters had gone.

Nearly three hundred years passed away, and no trace of the unfortunate colonists was found. But Lawson, who wrote in 1714, two hundred and twenty-seven years after the "Lost Colony" disappeared, says, in speaking of the Indians that occupied that very portion of the country designated by Gov. White as Croatan: "The Hatteras Indians, who lived on Roanoke Island, *or much frequented it*, tell us that several of their ancestors were white people and could talk in a book, as we do; the truth of which is confirmed by gray eyes being frequently found among these Indians, and no other. They value themselves extremely for their affinity to the English, and are ready to do them all friendly offices."

In addition to these almost positive proofs that the "lost colonists" allied themselves with the Croatan or Hatteras Indians, we have the following tradition as rehearsed by one of their old men in a speech during the late war between the States. The incident that led to the rehearsal was this, says an eye-witness:

"Three young men of the Lowrie family," and Lowrie was one of the names of the families composing the "Lost Colony," "were drafted, according to military law, to work on the fortifications at Fort Fisher, in Eastern North Carolina; and while on the

road to the nearest depot in Robeson County, they were killed, it is supposed by a white man who had them in custody. An inquest was held, and at its conclusion an old Indian named George Lowrie addressed the people assembled as follows: 'We have always been the friends of white men. We were a free people long before the white men came to our land. Our tribe was always free. They lived in Roanoke, in Virginia. When the English came to Roanoke, our tribe treated them kindly. One of our tribe (Manteo) went to England in an English ship, and saw that great country. When English people landed in Roanoke, we were friendly, for our tribe was always friendly to white men. We took the English to live with us. There is the white man's blood in these veins as well as that of the Indian. In order to be great like the English, we took the white man's language and religion, for our people were told they would prosper if they would take white men's laws. In the wars between white men and Indians we always fought on the side of white men. We moved to this land and fought for liberty for white men, yet white men have treated us as negroes. Here are our young men shot down by a white man, and we get no justice, and that in a land where our people were always free.' "

The minister was familiar not only with the historical quotations which we have incorporated into this chapter, but the address of the old chronicler of their tribe was still fresh in his mind. Could it be possible that his traveling companion was really the descendant of the first white child born upon American soil? History and tradition confirmed that fact in

the mind of William Dorsey, therefore he was glad of an opportunity to talk with a dude of the slashes, and the conversation confirmed more than ever the impression already on his mind that the "lost colonists," having despaired of help from England, had allied themselves with the Croatan Indians, and that these Indians, living to-day upon their reservation in Robeson County, N. C., are the descendants really of that colony and the friendly tribe which rescued them from starvation and death.

Other facts confirm the tradition and history which we have recorded, but we have reserved them for another chapter.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LOST FOR CENTURIES, BUT FOUND AT LAST.

THE story of the lost legions of Varus has awakened sad emotions in the hearts of many readers of German history. The solution by Drusus, who found the bones of his countrymen bleaching in a dark forest near the restless Baltic Sea, of their mysterious fate only added a darker shade to the mournful story. The ghastly bones of the unfortunate legions only told of extremest suffering and the most horrible of deaths.

The "lost colonists," it has long been supposed by historians who have not taken the pains to fully investigate the sad event, shared some such fate; but history and tradition do not by any means justify such conclusions. In addition to what we have already quoted from the oldest records, a recent writer—Hon. Hamilton McMillan, who thoroughly investigated the fate of the "lost colonists"—conclusively proves that at the coming of white settlers there was found located on the waters of Lumber River a large tribe of Indians, *speaking English*, tilling the soil, owning slaves, and practicing many of the arts of civilized life. They occupied the country as far west as the Pedee, but their principal seat was on the Lumber, extending along that river for twenty miles. They held their lands in common, and land titles only became known on the approach of white men. The first grant of land to any of this tribe, of which there is

written evidence in existence, was made by King George the Second, in 1732, to *Henry Berry* and *James Lowrie*, two leading men of the tribe, and was located on the Lowrie Swamp, east of Lumber River, in the present county of Robeson, in North Carolina. A subsequent grant was made to James Lowrie, in 1738. This "James Lowrie, one of the grantees in the deed made by George the Second, and recognized as a chief man of his tribe, is described as an Indian who married *Priscilla Berry*, a sister of *Henry Berry*, the other grantee mentioned. James Lowrie was a descendant of James Lowrie, of Chesapeake, who married a Croatan woman in *Virginia*, as Eastern North Carolina is still designated by the tribe, and became the progenitor of all the Lowries belonging to this tribe. According to the prevalent traditions respecting this family, the men were intellectual and ambitious, and, as a chronicler of the tribe described them, became 'leaders among men.' Many persons distinguished in the annals of North Carolina are claimed as descended from the original James Lowrie, of Chesapeake." Henry Berry, the other grantee, "was a lineal descendant of the English colonist, Henry Berry, who was left on Roanoke Island in 1587." Thus it is clearly seen that historical facts, tradition, and every conceivable link of circumstantial evidence agree in demonstrating the fact that the "lost colonists" allied themselves with the Croatan Indians, and their conjoint descendants live at this time on the reservation in Robeson County, North Carolina. This accounts for the high order of civilization, long a mystery to historians, that obtained (as the mounds along the Pee Dee reveal by their contents)

among the tribes of Indians that lived in these contiguous sections of North and South Carolina.

But as the man of God rode along through the great Pedee swamp, and conversed with Henry Berry Dare, he almost fancied that he was holding converse with some Englishman of the days of Chaucer, for this tribe of which Dare was a member speak almost pure Anglo-Saxon.

"Do you know any thing of the history of your tribe?" asked the preacher of his companion.

"Why, mon," said Dare, "my fayther told me that his fayther told him that his gran'sire said how that the Croatans come frum Roanoke; an' I aks him ef it was so, an' he spoken an' said how that it wus, an' that the English come to Roanoke an' built housen; an' that thair people lef' them, an' that our people lovend the English an' took them, an' thare's been pese without stryf ever sense with the English."

"Do you know that Virginia Dare was the first white child that was born in America, and that she was probably the woman from whom you descended?" inquired the preacher.

"Ay, mon," replied the Croatan, as his eyes sparkled with pride, "I've hearn that frum the cradel."

"Tell me some of the names of your people," said William Dorsey.

"Thare's *Henry Berry*, my gran'sire; an' *John White*, my mother's uncle; an' *Henry Berry Lowery* [afterward famous as an outlaw], an' *Billy Jones*, an' *Tom Butler*; *Billy Brown*, *Billy Willes*, *Ant'ny Cage*, *Tom Harris*, *John Wright*, *John Cheven*, an' *Jim Lasie*; an' there's lots more I don't mind now," replied the young Croatan.

"It is remarkable," replied William Dorsey, "that every name you have mentioned may be found in the list of family names which composed the "lost colonists of Roanoke, and I verily believe that you are a descendant of Virginia Dare."

"Ay, mon," the Indian replied, "but here's the road I mus' go."

The Croatan alighted from the buggy, and was on the eve of turning away into a path that penetrated the deep forest on the right hand side of the road.

"Can you tell me," said the minister, "where I may get a good drink of water?"

"'Bout half a mile on you'll come to Tom Grant's. Thare's the bes' water on the road. He's a *tender* on Col. Osborne's place, an come frum a place in the mountens, I've hearn they call The Dismul, an' the Curnel give him the bes' water on the place."

William Dorsey watched the receding form of Henry Berry Dare till it was lost among the tall trees of the primeval forest, and as it vanished from sight he soliloquized: "Ah! there is many a man in South Carolina and elsewhere who would, were it possible, give thousands of dollars for your lineage and blood, Henry Berry Dare; but alas the picture! You are buried in the depths of ignorance and social ostracism, as the "lost colonists" were swallowed up in the forests of the new world." He then tapped his faithful horse with the whip he held in his hand, and the animal moved off in his usual gait, while the minister's mind was temporarily occupied with the last utterance of the Croatan Indian: "Tom Grant, . . . frum a place in the mountens, I've hearn they call The Dismul."

The experiences of the night he passed at Dick Ivey's came rushing back into his mind, and he impulsively gasped, as he looked around the dark cypress forest, the dense foliage of which shut out the sunshine: "From Dismal to Dismal!"

He in a little while, however, reined up his horse in front of the little cabin, where he spent half an hour in conversing with its inmates. The sad history of his host on that memorable night he spent in The Dismal was rehearsed to him by Tom Grant, leaving out of course the courtship of the misguided man.

The visit of the minister was concluded, as was his custom, by prayer with the Grants. The good man first read a portion of Scripture, and then prayed earnestly for the salvation of this way-side household. The scriptural lesson made a profound impression upon the brave boy. How could it be otherwise? for the selection was the one hundred and third Psalm. It was the first time Tom Grant had ever heard that beautiful and divinely inspired song, and its sweet assurances continued to ring in his ears.

When the preacher took his leave of the little family, Tom Grant therefore followed him to the buggy, and as he shook the good man's hand he asked: "Mr. Dorsey, what does a Bible cost?"

"Not much of any thing," answered the preacher. "I will bring you one when I pass this way again."

The faithful horse carried the itinerant preacher out of sight, as he cantered down the historic old highway. Tom Grant watched his form till it disappeared, and then went back into the humble cabin to nurse the comforting anticipations of possessing a Bible in the very near future.

CHAPTER XXX.

NETHER CIRCLES.

THE last shall be first." The Bible declares it. No fact is more patent to an observer than that the uppermost circles of society grow out of the nethermost. Whence else could they grow? The limit of development, notwithstanding much vain speculation to the contrary, is wisely fixed. Upon every thing terrestrial may be written, at some period in its existence, that expressive word *grown*. Then begins the decline. The only receptacle for the toppling, decaying masses thrown off from *grown* associations is, of course, at the base of that vast fabric, the repository of learning, wealth, culture, and refinement, known as *society*. If a thing fall, it falls to the ground—down is its natural course—it cannot fall *up*, to be sure. The decaying limbs, leaves, and trunks of the trees of the forest fall only to enrich the soil for other and newer growth, so in society the nethermost circles form the receptacle for all that falls, and contain the seed-germs for newer and higher forms of growth. Good crops and a large yield depend upon the improvement and fertilization of the soil from which they are grown. Neglect here is disastrous. As long, however, as the husbandman looks well to this basal necessity his labors will be abundantly rewarded. The Church has been slow in learning this lesson as applied to the masses.

Evolution is from *above*, "which was the son of

Enos, which was the son of Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God." So wrote Luke, the beloved physician. Evolution is from *below*, too. If this is a paradox it is because it is true, for all truth moves along paradoxical lines. Its starting or initial force is from above, but to *evolve* it must enter the lowest phases of that fabric which it proposes to unfold and lift up. Therefore, the first time the Angel of the Covenant ever appeared to a human being was to an outcast, distressed slave mother and her perishing babe. Christ revealed himself to the Hagar in the wilderness and under the bondage of sin. He entered society where that complicated fabric begins to lose itself in poverty and discouragement and disease and death. He did so because that which is above is conditioned by that which is beneath. We cannot make up in cornice what is lacking in mud-sill, and Christ knew and demonstrated that fact. That entering point has by no means become obliterated by the din of rolling centuries, but the Church has often overlooked it. The glittering ore of the Black Hills minifies the priceless jewels that peep from tenement-houses that hide in slums, that nestle in Cæsar's lap, and that everywhere abide under his frown.

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields." (John iv. 35.) Jesus sat on the well. He had just finished a discourse, a few minutes before, about living water. It was delivered to an audience of *one*, and she was a dissolute woman. Stretching away toward the east, was the plain—a valley of corn-fields—which would be ready for the merry shout of the reaper in four months. To the west was the teeming, eager multi-

tude pressing forward to see the wonderful man sitting on the well, of whom the woman had said: "Is not this the Christ?" Sit to-day with Christ by the well of the water of life, and catch the deep meaning not only of the utterance that falls from his lips, but of the half-concealed symbolisms contained therein. A multitude wants to see the Christ who lifted a poor woman from the depths of sin and folly. Into yonder corn-field men put their money, energy, labor, and the sweat of their brows. "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields," for the laborers are not commensurate with the demands. A poor, old Chinese woman said to the missionary, Mrs. Crawford: "Why didn't you come before? My mother would like to have heard of this Jesus, but she is dead."

"What does a Bible cost?" It was a wail from the nether circles. But the answer brought tears of gratitude to the unsophisticated youth's eyes, as the minister pressed his hand and bid the questioner good-by.

The humble preacher, seated in his buggy while his faithful horse drew him along the smooth, level highway, noticed a mellow peep of the sun through an opening in the branches of the over-arching cypress and live-oaks, but alas! there came in a moment a succession of dark shadows, caused by the swaying moss and thick foliage of the overlapping trees; but even through these the bright, spring sun struggled and kissed the earth in miniature spots.

"How like life!" soliloquized the clergyman, "sunshine and shadows!" Then noticing the bright, little dots of mellow sunshine as they danced, waned, flickered, and were sometimes completely annihilated

by the fluttering branches overhead, he chuckled: "Why you naughty leaves! you are trying to spoil out the sun's pictures after it has struggled so hard to reach the cold earth." Then, his face assuming a more serious expression, he again soliloquized: "Life-like, indeed! 'the Sun of righteousness' would shed his healing rays on every heart, but the vanity and selfishness of this world struggle everywhere to shut out the light of heaven."

This saintly man of God had scarcely finished uttering the thought which we have just penned, when his horse suddenly stopped in a brook that noiselessly swept across the road, and began to slake his thirst. The thickly studded trees, with their great mass of interlocked limbs, moss, and foliage, shut out every ray of the sun, save in one place on the opposite bank of the brook, where a bright spot of sunshine, almost circular in shape and a foot perhaps in diameter, trembled as if it were frightened at the dark shadows that surrounded it. Near it was a slender stalk of grass, bleached white almost from the lack of sunshine. The slender and weak stalk bowed gracefully toward the bright, quivering spot, and impressed the beholder with the idea that it was doing its utmost to get its bowed head and chilled blades within the radius of the little circle of sunlight.

"I will help you," impetuously exclaimed the good man, as he stood upright in his buggy and with his long whip pushed aside a number of limbs and pulled away a great mass of moss, letting in a large volume of sunshine, which encircled the sickly stalk of grass on every side and flashed from the waters of the brook as if it had been reflected from a mirror. The reflec-

tion frightened the somewhat spirited horse, and he dashed away at a speed not by any means relished by the kind-hearted pastor. The master's voice, however, soon assured the horse that there was no danger, and the faithful animal assumed again his accustomed quiet gait.

But his master's trend of thought was not so easily checked. He smiled when he thought of his almost silly intervention in behalf of the sickly blades of grass. The unexpected effect of the reflection upon his horse made the little episode all the more amusing to the preacher. "But," said he, for he had this peculiarity of thinking aloud as he traveled alone on the highway, "it is our duty to let in sunshine wherever and whenever we can."

Then the question of the youth, suggested by the great law of the association of ideas, flashed into his mind: "What does a Bible cost?" "Ah! a morally dwarfed soul struggling for the sunlight of truth," thought the pious man.

Thus the man of God moved along the lonesome highway, meditating about the incident at the cabin. Every natural object that arrested his attention drew his heart closer to the youth that had left the secluded coves of The Dismal, that he might make life a success despite the frowns that everywhere shadowed his pathway.

Was there not a providence in it all? Why had God put eloquent tongues in grass blades and little spots of sunshine on that day? and why had he connected, in the preacher's thoughts, all the apparently insignificant things and commonplace scenes that were observed along the way with the question of the

poor but determined youth? Ah! if a good man may be so thoroughly brought into sympathy with a struggling grass blade as to interpose in its behalf, may we not justly expect God to mediate for the earnest soul struggling for light?

“But O the shadows and barriers!” sighed the minister, as he reined up his horse before a neat little country residence, and for the time, at least, dismissed the subject from his mind. Alas! it is too true that social distinction and iron-clad caste too frequently crush out the life of that which is nethermost. How beautifully our Saviour has photographed this trait of depraved human nature upon the pages of the gospel! When the pompous and oppressive Pharisees sent officers to apprehend Christ, they returned, saying: “Never man spake like this man. Then answered them the Pharisees, Are ye also deceived?” Then rolled from their poison lips that withering, crushing, blasting volume of towering, frowning, social pride and distinction: “Have any of the rulers or of the Pharisees believed on him?” (John vii. 45-48.)

Human nature is essentially the same in all ages, and there is to-day many a baneful upas that would poison all that is nethermost. But Tom Grant will triumph.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SWAMPED, YET AFLOAT.

THE kind-hearted and sympathetic minister had swept along through sunshine and shadows for about ten miles. The neat cottage before which he now stood was the home of David Addington, the employer of Edward English. The sun was quietly sinking into the west, and that degree of stillness—and, I came very near writing, sadness—that is so frequently observable at country residences at that hour, had settled over the house and its surroundings. Nature suppressed her breathings. In the distance the farm hands could be seen with shouldered hoes, slowly wending their way toward the little manorial cottage, where the preacher stood awaiting the coming of the landlord. The stillness was oppressive, made all the more so by the fact that there was within the scope of the minister's vision motion *without* noise. The company of hands already noticed, together with a half-dozen carts approaching from an opposite direction, could be seen; but each was so far away that the tramp of hoofs and the clatter of vehicles, together with the hum of conversation, could not be heard by the waiting visitor.

The man of God looked around him, and was for the first time impressed with the beautiful scene which opened up to the observer. The farm-house stood in the center of the clearing of perhaps fifteen hundred acres. Besides the houses and orchards in

the center, there was not an object that greeted the eye within the compass of the opening (I mean no fixed object), except the flower-clad cotton-plants that stretched away in every direction. This great field was in shape a perfect circle. It was completely surrounded by swamps, out of which grew great cypress trees, sublimely fringing the vast circle with a terrace of dark green. The horizon touched the tops of the cypress trees all around, so that as one looked up and thence away toward the circumference, he beheld the most beautiful azure canopy stretched by the hand of God over the whole scene. The red and white blooms, together with the dark-green foliage of the cotton-plants, made a beautiful carpet for the vast amphitheater. Around the circumference of the clearing levees, or dams of earth, about eight feet high, had been thrown up, in order to keep back the waters in a time of freshets. Upon these embankments the hedge-rose had been planted. Its thorn-armored branches had taken hold of the underbrush of the great cypress trees, and thus the entire circumference of the great cotton-field was bordered with a profusion of pure white blossoms peeping out from the thick green foliage. Thus nature had beautifully wainscoted her great circular building; and now the dome is destined soon to be studded with golden stars. These burning suns and wheeling planets are never seen till darkness comes. As the preacher, looking up, beheld the first star that twinkled with delight over the rural scene, he thought of the beautiful words of Jean Paul Richter: "The earth, like a bird's cage, is covered with darkness every day, in order that we may catch with more ease the strains of the higher, grander melodies."

Thoughts which in the glare of noon seem but smoke and mist stand out in the night with all the force of a brilliant, flaming light."

"How true!" ejaculated the good man, as he concluded the quotation; "and," he continued, "there is so much darkness and sorrow in this life that we may never be lost to the burning lights that God has put in the heavens above us. Here is a wonderful field for faith, and faith transforms every thing. Ah!" said he, as he gently stroked the black mane of his faithful horse, "every thing that is good and beautiful comes through faith:

"I heard Philosophy sigh,
'No rose without its thorn;'
And Faith made sweet reply,
'Of the thorns are the roses born.'"

Just as the minister ceased this bit of soliloquy, the stillness was broken by the shrill notes of a rooster, which in crowing had set the entire roost, hid among the thick foliage of the osage orange-trees, to cackling with a degree of energy which lively hens are capable of exercising. Just then a horseman crossed the dam, and the rider came rapidly toward the cottage where the minister was engaged in unharnessing his horse. It was Edward English, and he was singing a hymn that his mother used to sing:

Onward, onward, men of heaven!
Bear the gospel banner high;
Rest not till its light is given—
Star of every pagan sky;
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints beneath the torrid ray;
Bid the hardy forest ranger
Hail it, ere he fades away.

The beautiful hymn, as its sweet sentiments were borne out upon the still evening air by the mellow voice of the singer, was taken up by the sable sons and daughters of Ham, as they pushed their way toward the plantation cottage, so that representatives of Africa and England joined in pouring forth the sentiments of the second stanza, for the tenants on the plantation had heard English sing the hymn so frequently that they all knew it by heart. Therefore the mighty volume of song rolled from swamp to swamp, bearing with it these sweet thoughts:

Where the Arctic Ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow:
India marks its luster stealing;
Shiv'ring Greenland loves its rays;
Afric', mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

Then the men in the carts, who were Croatan Indians from the colony in the eastern section of North Carolina, and who were also tenants on David Addington's plantation, took up the favorite song of their overseer and joined in with the last verse; so that America, Africa, and Europe, through their representatives, chanted the glorious truths:

Rude in speech, or wild in feature,
Dark in spirit though they be,
Show that light to every creature,
Prince or vassal, bond or free.
Lo! they haste to every nation;
Host on hosts the ranks supply;
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

The beautiful coincident almost overcame the good man. The crowing of the cock could not but impress this student of the Bible with the bitter scenes of Peter's denial of his Master, and by association of ideas with the many who deny him to-day; while the song could not but impress the commission: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

The rose-clad dam told the story of the land's redemption from the angry waters; and the laborers, returning at the close of the day with the songs of the redeemed, pointed the minister to the wonderful gathering that will take place by and by, in our Father's house above. Ah! the good man was communing with nature, as the Master did; and God was teaching him out of his great volume, and impressing lessons that others failed to see, because he was *prepared* to be taught. "There is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself and the drop runs off. So God rains goodness and mercy as wide as the dew; and if we lack them, it is often because we will not open our hearts to receive them." O that even those who profess to believe on Christ might open their hearts to God, as he pleads in every dew-drop and in every incident in this life!

How truly has Dickens affirmed: "There is nothing—no, nothing—innocent or good that dies and is forgotten. Let us hold to that faith or none. An infant, a prattling child, dying in the cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those that loved it, and play its part through them in redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burned to ashes or drowned in the deep sea!"

At no time in his past ministerial life had there come such an overwhelming determination into the heart of the good man to live for the glory of God, and for his glory alone, as now, while he stood applying the lesson that God had been teaching him during that afternoon. The poor preacher (I mean *poor* in this world's goods) had suffered much during his life, but during that year he had perhaps endured more deprivations than in all his past life; yet in his poverty and suffering he was drawn nearer to God. The brightest days grow out of the blackest ones. Phillips Brooks has truthfully said that "there are no times in life when opportunity—the chance to be and do—gathers so richly about the soul as when it has to suffer. Then every thing depends on whether the man turns to the lower or the higher helps. If he resorts to mere expedients and tricks, the opportunity is lost. He comes out no richer or greater; nay, he comes out harder, poorer, smaller, for his pain. But if he turns to God, the hour of suffering is the turning hour of his life."

This faithful servant of God felt an interest in all the teeming millions of the earth more keenly than ever before. Was it the question, "What does a Bible cost?" that gave such a trend to all of his thoughts? Ah! he had helped a sickly grass blade by the way.

That was a good prescription given by a physician to a patient: "Do something for somebody." That phase of experimental religion which brings us completely into harmony with God is like a secret in arithmetic—ininitely hard until it be found out by a right operation, and then it is so plain that we are

amazed that we did not understand it sooner. What the Church needs, and what humanity needs, is for every man to do something for the man who is next to him. Get in harmony with God, and do all in your power to harmonize what there is about you; and then great good will flow out from your life. Dean Stanley truthfully asserts: "Each one of us is bound to make the little circle in which he lives better and happier; each of us is bound to see that out of that small circle the widest good may flow; each of us may have fixed in his mind the thought that out of a single household may flow influences that shall stimulate the whole commonwealth and the whole civilized world."

Thus the man of God had been brought into closer sympathy with what was close to him, and therefore his heart was filled with sympathy for all the world. There he stood in threadbare garments, without a penny in his pocket, reduced by the cruel war to a state of want; yet he was cheerful, and thought not of these things, but of those who were starving spiritually. It is too frequently the case that we expect, somehow or other, to *grow* up to a point in Christian experience where our prejudices are annihilated, and where we will be brought into fuller sympathy with what we know is our duty. But as

We pray for growth and strength, grief's dreaded showers
May be, in God's wise purpose, ripening rain;
He only knows how all our highest powers
Are perfected in pain.

The preacher stood holding his horse as English rode up to the spot where he was standing. While crossing the swamp, English's horse had bogged, so

that the rider was covered with mud. In exchanging the usual greetings, and in answer to the minister's inquiry after his health, the Northerner replied, with a facetious twinkle in his eye: "Swamped, yet afloat."

"Then you are like our crippled and fettered Church," answered the preacher, as they walked away toward the house. "O how this cruel war through which we have just passed has retarded every forward movement of Christianity! but I feel hopeful. 'Swamped, yet afloat!'"

A smile of peace wreathed the holy man's countenance, and he felt that God was with him; and as he retired that night—without tiring the reader with all that transpired—the utterance of English, spotted as he was with the slime and mud of the swamp, came back to the preacher: "Swamped, yet afloat."

"And the crew is responsible," said the man of God, as he kneeled in prayer. "We want more holiness of heart and life, that we may be not only righted up, but that the membership of our Churches may be purged from the mud and malaria of the *swamp state*; for does not St. James tell us that 'pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world?'" Thus meditated the good man, as he committed himself to the care of God for the night.

"Swamped, yet afloat," was the first utterance of the good man when he awoke on the following morning, so thoroughly had the thoughts which English's remark suggested taken possession of his soul.

After completing his toilet, the man of God stepped

out into the piazza, where he found his host seated, or rather reclining, in the swaying hammock that was suspended from the ceiling.

"You farm, I see, Mr. Addington, on redeemed land," said the minister, after passing the usual morning greetings.

"Yes indeed," replied Mr. Addington with a smile of satisfaction wreathing his features; "my father retrieved this entire plantation from the inundation of the river. He was the laughing stock of the entire community when he began the work of reclamation; for not only was the land considered worthless, but the work of damming it was generally considered to be a chimerical project; but he succeed, and now my farm is considered one of the most valuable plantations on the Pedee."

"The work of redemption, sir," declared the clergyman, "ever rewards not only the participant in that noble achievement, but the results of his labors effect, in some degree, humanity at large."

"That is very true," enthusiastically affirmed the farmer. "I have frequently thought that there is enough rich alluvial soil yet unredeemed from the freshets of this river to feed, were it properly cultivated, every inhabitant of our now prostrate State. Our resources, sir, are really beyond computation."

"When will the world learn, Mr. Addington, that Omniscience has called men to works of reclamation, and not destruction?" asked the thoughtful minister.

"Judging from what we have just passed through, I am afraid that the rudiments of that great lesson are yet very imperfectly understood," answered the cultured farmer.

"O that cruel war!" said William Dorsey with a sigh. "I have just seen it stated that Christian nations have spent for war during the present century over fifteen billions of dollars, while only three hundred millions have been contributed to the cause of the world's redemption from the darkness of heathen ignorance and superstition. One dollar for the sword of the Spirit to fifty dollars for the gods of war! Yes, you are correct when you affirm that we have not learned even the rudiments of that lesson, and—"

"Why I see it stated, Mr. Dorsey," said Addington, interrupting the clergyman, "that one ship recently sailed from an American port destined for the dark continent, and her cargo, sir, makes a good object lesson for our people to study—one missionary and one hundred thousand gallons of rum!"

"Indeed, it does afford a very fearful lesson for our study; and what I was just about to observe when you interrupted me gives us a still more fearful object lesson," asserted the preacher, "for statistics demonstrate that this so-called Christian nation expends annually for her universities and colleges about five millions and one hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars, while kid gloves alone cost the people twenty-five millions, and it is stated by good authority that adorned beauty lays five millions annually on the counters of the temples of fashion for ostrich feathers! Alas! it takes, in a Christian country, over four times as much to cover the hand than it does to clothe the mind with the immortal truths of the higher education."

"Kid gloves and ostrich feathers then cost the people of the United States just about six times as much

as the expenditures annually for Foreign and Domestic Missions, as that sum does not exceed five millions of dollars," said Addington.

"Just so," said the preacher, as he drew a small blank book from his pocket, "and I want to read you some statistics I have recently culled from reliable sources. Our country expends every year for liquor nine hundred millions of dollars; while the aggregate expenditures for charities, universities, colleges, Missions, and salaries of preachers amounts to two hundred and four millions, or it takes four times as much to satisfy one phase of the depraved appetite as it does to meet the present demands of the grand work of redemption."

"It is appalling to think of these statistics, Mr. Dorsey," said Addington. "I wonder if tobacco does not cost the world more than Christianity?"

"Christianity, my dear sir, does not really cost the world any thing: every cent invested in the kingdom of God is more than a clear gain; for, leaving out the moral results, the actual saving in money amounts to over three times the sum expended; but I understand what you mean by the question," said the clergyman, as he turned the leaves of the blank book, "and I have here some figures that solve the query you have expressed. The tobacco used by the people of this nation cost them six hundred millions of dollars every year, or just three hundred and ninety-six millions of dollars more than the Church, with all of her benevolent institutions. And besides I have here one other item: one hundred millions annually thrown away on mere frivolities."

"This is enough to discourage the Church," said

Mr. Addington, just as Edward English joined them, having completed his round of morning duties about the barn-yard.

"O no, we will not be discouraged," the minister said. "Mr. English gave me much hope and comfort on last evening when I met him and inquired after his health. 'Swamped, yet afloat,' was his reply."

The men laughed at the expense of English's misfortune on the evening before, and then walked in to breakfast.

"We were speaking, Mr. English," said the clergyman, as they sat down to breakfast, "of the useless expenditures for habit, fashion, and sin, and we find that the sum total of this waste amounts to one billion and six hundred millions of dollars. Can you tell us how to stop this wonderful outlay? For you observe that we have," reading to him the statistics already referred to, "just one dollar for our Redeemer and his kingdom to eight dollars for self and Satan. Now, sir, if you will solve the problem which I have advanced, we will crown you victor over contending millions," pleasantly asserted the man of God.

"I have but little hope, Mr. Dorsey, of winning the crown you so kindly offer, but I am free to say that I can give you a theory by which the work can be accomplished," said English; "and then if you accomplish the task by my theory, we will ascribe all the honor to you."

"Let's have your scheme," said the minister and Addington simultaneously.

"It is short and simple. Crucify Conservatism in the Church, burn Humanitarianism at the stake, and

publicly behead Individualism, and your problem is solved," English affirmed with much emphasis.

"You have given us the key to the problem, Mr. English," the minister said, "and I am of your opinion: we shall have to throttle the three monsters of which you speak before the world is brought to Christ."

"Have you any hope, Mr. Dorsey, that Mr. English's inquisitorial measures will ever prevail?" asked Mr. Addington, smiling at the very thought of the stupendous work proposed by his overseer.

"I have," said the clergyman, "and, pardon me, I must chide your incredulity. Have you not told me that your father's neighbors laughed when he began to redeem your valuable plantation from the muddy waters of yonder river? Yes, there is hope. 'Through this Red Sea of sin, sorrow, and darkness, in the fullness of faith and hope I see the coming kingdom.' There will yet dawn upon the world an era of peace and holiness. 'The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.' 'Behold, a King shall reign in righteousness.'"

"Your faith is well founded, Mr. Dorsey," Addington replied; "for the prophets give ample assurances of what you maintain; but I declare that this prevalence of evil, together with the slow progress of the Church, is any thing else but encouraging."

"Ah! my dear sir!" exclaimed the minister, "these things are but prophecy fulfilled. 'God lifted the curtain to that grand old prophet Daniel, and let him see the great beastly empires of earth, with all their destroying powers, wearing out the saints of the Most High.' But, thanks be to God! he let him see not

only what we now see, but he revealed to him things farther on—even until ‘the kingdom of evil shall be overcome and the kingdoms and dominion and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven shall be given to the people of the Most High.’”

“You have silenced my battery with the potent weapon, ‘It is written,’” said Mr. Addington; “and I assure you that my faith has been strengthened by the trend which our conversation has assumed.”

Breakfast was finished, and the trio returned to the piazza; where, by mere accident, Edward English was startled almost by some unexpected revelations which would draw out this chapter to an undesirable length; but we may affirm, before proceeding to record what there took place, that the kingdom will come, though the Church of to-day may be *spotted* with the sin of covetousness and *swamped* amid the malaria of sin and fashion.

“Given ten million consecrated Christians,” says a recent writer—such men and women as he who designs to push away the brush-wood to let in the sunlight of heaven upon a sickly grass blade—“and the whole world could be easily evangelized in twenty years. Think of it! All the millions of the unevangelized might hear the gospel in twelve months, if there were only preachers to declare it.” O may the Church of God right up herself! and may “the old ship of Zion” unfurl her sails to the breezes of heaven! and may the innumerable throngs of earth be gathered through her instrumentality into the kingdom of our Lord! Then

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze;

Out from under Cæsar's Frown.

All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessèd jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn!
Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.
Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply, and still increase:
Sway thy scepter,
Saviour, all the world around,

till no towering Cæsar's form shall overshadow the
dismal places of this sin-burdened world.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LOST TREASURES RESTORED.

WHEN the trio reached the piazza, Edward English, having been a few steps in advance of the other two men, picked up a small parcel that had evidently fallen from the minister's pocket as he drew out his blank book, when he referred to the statistics already noticed.

"Here is a little package that must have dropped from your memorandum-book," said English, as he delivered the little carefully wrapped parcel into the hand of the clergyman.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Dorsey; "it is a package for which I would be delighted to find the rightful owner. It has a somewhat interesting history."

"Will you favor us by relating it?" asked Mr. Adlington.

"With pleasure," Mr. Dorsey replied, "if you have the patience to listen to a long story. In the earlier part of the war I was made the bearer, chaplain as I was, of some papers from Gen. R. E. Lee's head-quarters to that brave cavalry officer, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. I delivered the papers, and was returning to my post in Lee's army. When I reached a dark, lonesome forest, a most terrific storm swept down upon me; and, in looking about for some place of shelter, I discovered a little path that led off through the dense undergrowth, evidently to some secluded habitation. I reined my horse into the pathway, and soon came to

a little farm-house, where I was sheltered for the night. The members of the family were staunch Methodists, and, having learned that their guest was a minister of that denomination, were more communicative than they would have been had it been otherwise.

"They were neutral, so far as the great issues that divided our common country at that time were concerned. Hence they had taken care of a wounded Union soldier, whose name they seemed never to have learned; but the man who rewarded them for their service, and who also conveyed the almost lifeless body to their house, was named Ned Arnold.

"The wounded soldier recovered; and when he took leave of this kind family, he assured them that he had determined to quit the army, and take up his residence somewhere in the South.

"But he left—having forgotten it, I presume—this little package. It contains a ring, a little golden locket, inclosing a photograph of an elderly woman, and also a large photograph of a little girl apparently about five years of age.

"The package was placed in my hands, with instructions to deliver it to the owner, should I ever succeed in finding his whereabouts.

"The most interesting incident connected with the package, however, is this: I was forced upon one occasion, on a warmly contested field of battle, to beat a hasty and disorderly retreat; and in the flight I lost this little parcel. I gave up all hope of ever seeing it again; but, strange to say, just eight months ago, in returning on horseback from the army, I spent a night with a bachelor whose name was Ivey, and who

lived in The Dismal near Cæsar's Head Mountain. Ivey had been a Confederate soldier, and in talking over old battle scenes I alluded to the incident which I have related, and my host produced the package, having picked it up on the battle-field the day after the fight. He was anxious to get rid of the little parcel, affirming, as he placed it in my hand, that 'The pictur' in the locket thess looks like she's cryin' every time I open it.'"

Edward English, with tears in his eyes, took the minister's hand, and said: "These are a mother's gifts to a wayward son—her photograph and that of an only sister, long since in the grave."

The minister, by an association of ideas, referred to the fact of having met Tom Grant. English stood transfixed to the floor. It was the first item of news that he had received from the Grants since he had parted with the family on that eventful night some months prior to the occasion of which we are writing. Could it be possible that the dearest idol of his heart at that moment lived a dozen miles from where they stood. It was even so, and the faithful man of God had let into English's heart, through the little bit of information, a larger volume of sunlight, perhaps, than had ever been sent thrilling through any other heart through his instrumentality. Ah! who indeed can measure the resultant forces of a disposition that seeks kindly to let in the light? F. W. Faber beautifully remarks: "Every solitary kind action that is done, the world over, is working briskly in its own sphere to restore the balance between right and wrong. Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning; and these three

never converted any one, unless they were kind also. The continual sense which a kind heart has of its own need of kindness keeps it humble. Perhaps an act of kindness never dies, but extends the invisible undulation of its influence over the breath of centuries."

Many dark moments had clouded Edward English's soul since he had bid adieu to Jerusha Grant. The slender form of her beautiful person, slightly leaning on her father's old rifle, had been stereotyped on his soul, and the volume of musketry that greeted his presence on the overhanging crag had not yet ceased to ring in his ear; but now out of all of these discordant and harsh memories, together with a long train of calamities, stretching over a century, a life of joy and peace was about to spring forth. God will "restore the balance between right and wrong."

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, soul, despair thou never.

Our God is good, in every place

His love is known, his help is found;

His mighty arm and tender grace

Bring good from ill that hem us round.

Easier than we think can he

Turn to joy our agony.

Soul, remember 'mid thy pains

God o'er all forever reigns!

And the believer only can decipher the hieroglyphics and short-hand of God's providence. But out of all the multiplied disruptions and bitter memories of the past there shall spring those forces which shall result in a closer union of humanity and the betterment of the human race.

There was a humble wedding on Col. Osborne's plantation. The daughter of Southern conservatism

and the son of Northern individualism meet upon Carolina's fair plains, and hands guided by loving hearts clasp across the bloody chasm of civil strife. The "Sun of righteousness" breaks off the fetters of prejudice, and the conservatism of the one and the individualism of the other find by no means untimely graves, from which we trust there will be no resurrection.

A prophecy, we believe, of a fraternity that shall never die, and even now

'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter;
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.
We may be sleeping in the ground
When it awakes the world in wonder;
But we have felt it gathering round,
And heard its voice in living thunder—
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

And those who love to let in sunlight will bring it.

Edward English secured his property in the North, and to-day he owns a valuable plantation on the Pedee, and in his home peace and prosperity reign. The last bitter frown of warlike old Cæsar has vanished, and Jerusha presides in a home as far superior to the cabin in The Dismal as a king's palace is to a hovel. The Spirit of God and of his Christ fills the hearts of the happy couple. Old Harmony's songs are yet sung by the woman redeemed from Cæsar's dominion. Edward English, no longer bound by the fetters of individualism, delights to practice the graces of Christianity, for a mind made generous by the Spirit of God never en-

joys its possessions so much as when others are made partakers of them.

Tom Grant, the hero of a sequel to this story, had many a struggle in climbing the heights which he reached, but enough for the present.

Then may the writer venture to ask the reader of these pages, has the cry of the soul of this imperfectly written book reached your ear and heart? If so, treat it not as the great men of England regarded Carey's petition, for the brightest jewels are dug from the darkest mines. May the "Shoe-maker Missionary's" spirit fill the Church! and may the time soon come when Cæsar's frown shall be driven from every land, for as an English poet has sung:

The greatest things in quiet places grow ;
And men are like the trees, which need the light
And free, fresh air to make them strong for life.
The noblest deeds in silence are thought out;
And plans are born while only stars look on,
And hopes are whispered to the birds and flowers
Which keep the secret. So the grand oaks grow
That once were acorns; so the grand deeds, too,
That once were only dreams.

A little village in Northamptonshire
Became the home, a hundred years ago,
Of a young man, poor and unlearned at first,
Whose thoughts were clarion-calls he needs must hear
And dared not disobey. He read the news
How India, with its costly merchandise,
It wondrous wealth, and vast extent of land,
Did now belong to England. And he read
How Agni, Soma, and a host of gods
Were worshiped by the Indians, and his heart
Was filled with longing to go forth and tell
The good news of the love of Jesus Christ

And the glad heaven which he has made the home
For all the peoples of the Father's world.

Great need had he of patience. No one cared
To listen to the visionary talk
Of him they deemed fanatic. So he took
The little village church they offered him,
And when the stipend, ten and fifteen pounds,
Proved all to meager, made the village shoes,
And mended them; and taught the village boys,
Making a globe of leather for his school,
And giving lessons in geography—
Chiefly of India. But the Moulton fields.

Were his prayer-place, and silent trees
Looked down the while he made his high resolves,
And the calm stars smiled with approving light,
And now and then the wakeful nightingale
Might hear another plaintive lay than hers
Break through the stillness, and "O Lord, how long?"
Come from the lips of Carey.

Much he tried
To get the ear of others. At all meeting-times,
When ministers together came for talk,
He was among them, and in earnest words
Pleaded the duty of the modern Church
To care for India. "God has given the land
To us," he cried, "and we must win it back
To Christ. O brothers, why still hesitate?
Let us go forward, and attempt great things
For God, and then expect great things from God,
Who will not disappoint us." Angrily
An older man cried out: "Sit down, young man."
Yet was not Carey silenced.

Many days
Passed on before he had his heart's desire;
And then, behold, in far-off Serampore
The man of Moulton! Honored, learned, praised,
Professor in the college, translator

Of the most Holy Book he loved so well,
Leader of modern Missions, whose good name
Was spoken in our English Parliaments
And in the homes of India; so he lived,
And, like a tree whose leaves for healing grew,
In stately strength and beauty reared his head,
Because his great, true heart was brave for God.

THE END.

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